

by Charles Dana Gibson

The Streets of Ascalon

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson



When all is said and done-

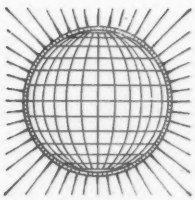
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Cosmopolitan Magazine

Vol. LII May, 1912 No. 6



Don't by any chance fail to read the first instalment of the new Chambers-Gibson novel in this issue. It is Chambers and Gibson at their best—and according to your own verdict **their** *best is* **the** *best*

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DEATHLESS FAME

By Elbert Hubbard

Drawing by Charles A. Winter



To achieve deathless fame, choose an unpopular cause *that you know is just*, then work for it, live for it, die for it!

DEATHLESS FAME

EVERY good thing has been condemned in its day and generation.

Every innovation has to fight for its life.

Error once set in motion continues indefinitely, unless blocked by a stronger force, and old methods of thinking and doing will always remain unless some one invents a new and better way and then lives and dies for it.

And the reason men oppose progress is not that they hate progress, but that they love inertia.

Even as great a man as John Ruskin foresaw that the railroads would ruin England by driving the stages out of business and killing the demand for horses, thus bankrupting the farmer.

Thomas Jefferson tells us, in his autobiography, of a neighbor of his who "was agin" the public schools because, when everyone could read and write, no one would work.

Sir William Berkeley thanked God there was not a printing-press in Virginia, because printing-presses printed mostly lies, and their business was to deceive the people.

In the time of Mozart, musicians were classed with stablemen, scullions, clowns, and cooks. They ate below stairs, and their business was to amuse the great man who hired them and his assembled guests.

The word business was first used in the time of Chaucer to express contempt for people who were useful. The word was then spelled busyness.

To light cities by gas would set them afire.

Electricity was dangerous, and to put up wires was to invite the lightning to come into our houses and kill us all dead.

Only a few decades ago any man who advertised in the newspapers was looked upon with suspicion, and even yet we have associations of professional men who stamp with their disapproval any individual among them who pays for his advertising.

Such a one was called an "irregular."

If we look back through history we will find that every good and beautiful thing has at one time or another been under the ban, and assailed as an evil.

And the argument seems to be this: if you think a thing is right, never mind what the many say, stand by it.

To achieve deathless fame, choose an unpopular cause *that you know is just*, then work for it, live for it, die for it!



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

"To our new friendship, Monsieur Harlequin!" she said lightly—

The Streets

The Story of a Woman's Sac-

By Robert W. Chambers

IT being rent day, and Saturday, the staff of the "Irish Legation," with the exception of Westguard, began to migrate up-town for the monthly conference, returning one by one from that mysterious financial jungle popularly known as "Down-town." As for Westguard, he had been in his apartment all day, as usual. He worked where he resided.

A little before five o'clock John Desmond Lacy, Jr., came in, went directly to his rooms on the top floor, fished out a check-

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"with every sporting chance, worldly hazard, and heavenly possibility in it!"

of Ascalon

rifice for the Love of a Man

Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson

book, and tried to persuade himself that he had a pleasing balance at the bank—not because he was likely to have any balance either there or in his youthful brain, but because he *had* to have one somewhere. God being good to the Irish, he found he had not overdrawn his account.

Roger O'Hara knocked on his door, later, and receiving no response called out, "Are you in there, Jack?"

"No," said Lacy, scratching away with

his pen in passionate hopes of discovering a still bigger balance.

"Sportin' your oak, old Skeezicks?" inquired O'Hara affectionately, delivering a kick at the door.

"Let me alone, you wild Irishman!" shouted Lacy. "If I can't dig out an extra hundred somewhere the State Superintendent is likely to sport my oak for keeps!"

A big, lumbering, broad-shouldered young fellow was coming up the stairs behind O'Hara, a blank-book and some papers tucked under his arm, and O'Hara nodded to him and opened Mr. Lacy's door without further parleying.

"Here's Westguard, now," he said; "and as we can't shoot landlords in the close season we'll have to make arrangements to pay for bed and board, Jack."

Lacy glanced up from the sheet of figures before him. "Hooray," he remarked to Westguard; "I can draw you a check, Karl, and live to tell the tale." And he rose and gave his place at the desk to the man addressed, who seated himself heavily, as though tired.

"Before we go over the accounts," he began, "I want to say a word or two—"

"Hadn't you better wait till Quarren comes in?" interrupted O'Hara.

"No; I want to talk to you two fellows first. And I'll tell you at once what's the matter: Quarren's check came back marked 'no funds.' This is the third time; and one of us ought to talk to him."

"It's only a slip," said Lacy—"it's the tendency in him that considers the lilies of the field."

"It isn't square," said Westguard doggedly.

"Nonsense, Karl, Rix means to be square."

"That's all right, too, but he isn't succeeding. It humiliates me; it hurts like the devil to have to call his attention to such oversights."

"Oh, he's the gay tra-la-la," said O'Hara indulgently. "Do you think he bothers his elegant noddle about such trifles as checks? Besides, he's almost as Irish as I am—God bless his mother and confound all landlords, Lester Caldera included."

"What does Quarren do with all his money, then?" mused Lacy—"soaking the public in Tappan Zee Park and sitting up so close and snug to the rich and great!"

"It's his business," said Westguard, "to see that any check he draws is properly covered. Overdrafts may be funny in a woman, and in novels, but once is too often for any man. And this makes three times for Rix."

"Ah, thin, lave the poor la-ad be, ye could-blooded Sassenach!" said Lacy, pretending to the brogue. "Phwat the divil!—'tis the cashier ye should blame whin Rix tells him to pay, an' he refuses to projuice the long-green wad!"

But Westguard, unsmiling, consulted his memoranda, then, holding up his sheet of figures, "There is a quorum here," he said. "Rix can read this over when he comes in, if he likes. Here's the situation." And he read off the items of liabilities and assets, showing exactly, and to a penny, how the house had been run for the past month.

"The roof's leakin'," observed O'Hara without particular interest.

"Write to the landlord," said Lacy—"the stingy millionaire."

"He won't fix it," returned the other. "Did you ever hear of Lester Caldera spendin' a cent?"

"On himself, yes."

"That's not spendin'; it all goes inside or outside of him somewhere." He stretched his legs, crossed them, sucked on his empty pipe, and looked around at Westguard, who was still fussing over the figures.

"Are you goin' to the Wycherlys', Karl?"

"I think so."

"What costume?"

"None of your business," retorted Westguard pleasantly.

"I'm going as the family Banshee," observed Lacy. "Did you ever hear me screech, Karl?" And, pointing his nose skyward and ruffling up his auburn hair, he emitted a yell so unendurable that it brought Westguard to his feet, protesting.

"Shut up!" he said. "Do you want to have this house pinched, you crazy Milesian!"

"Get out of my rooms if you don't like it," said Lacy. "If I'm going to a masked dance as a Banshee I've got to practise screaming, haven't I?"

"I," said O'Hara, "am goin' as a bingle."

"What's a bingle?"

"Nobody knows. Neither do I; and it's killin' me to think up a costume. Dick Quarren's goin', isn't he?"

"Does he ever miss anything?" said Lacy.

"He's missing most of his life," said Westguard so sharply that the others opened their eyes. A flush had settled under Westguard's cheek-bones. "It's the cold and uncomplimentary truth about Ricky," he said. "That set he runs with is making an utter fool of him."

"That set," repeated Lacy, grinning. "Why, we all have wealthy relatives in it—wealthy, charming, and respectable—h'm!"

"Which is why we're at liberty to curse it out," observed O'Hara complacently. "We all know what it is. Karl is right. If a man is goin' to make anythin' of himself he can't run with that expensive pack. One may venture to visit the kennels now and then, and look over the new litter—perhaps do a little huntin' once in a while—just enough so that the M. F. H. recognizes your coat-tails when you come a cropper. But nix for wire or water! Me for the gate, please. Ah, do you think a *man* can stand what the papers call 'the realm of society' very long?"

"Rix is doing well."

Westguard said: "They've gradually been getting a strangle-hold on him. Women are crazy about that sort of man—with his good looks and good humor and his infernally easy way of obliging a hundred people at once. Look back a few years! Before he joined that whipper-snapper junior club he was full of decent ambition, full of go, unspoiled, fresh from college, and as promising a youngster as anybody ever met. Where is his ambition now? What future has he?—except possibly to marry a million at forty-five and settle down with a comfortable grunt in the trough. It's coming, I tell you. Look what he was four years ago—a boy with clear eyes and a clear skin, frank, clean set, clean minded. Look at him now—sallow, wiry, unprofitably wise, rangé, disillusioned. They've mauled him to a shadow of a rag!"

Lacy lighted another cigarette and winked at O'Hara. "Karl's off again," he said. "Now we're going to get the Bible and the Sword for fair!"

"Doesn't everybody need them both!" said Westguard, smiling. Then his heavy features altered. "I care a good deal for Dick Quarren," he said. "That's why his loose and careless financial methods make me mad—that's why this loose and careless transformation of a decent, sincere, innocent boy into an experienced, easy-going, cynical man makes me tired. I've got to stand for it, I suppose, but I don't want to. He's a gifted, clever, lovable fellow, but he hasn't any money and any right to leisure, and these people are turning him into one of those dancing things that leads cotillions and arranges tableaux, and plays social diplomat and forgets secrets and has his pockets full of boudoir keys—good Lord! I hate to say it, but they're making a tame cat of him—they're using him ignobly, I tell you—and that's the truth—if he had a friend with courage enough to tell him! I've tried, but I can't talk this way to him."

There was a silence; then O'Hara crossed one lank leg over the other, gingerly, and contemplated his left shoe.

"Karl," he said, "character never really changes; it only develops. What's born in the cradle is lowered into the grave, as some Russian guy said. You're a writer, and you know what I say is true."

"Granted. But Quarren's character isn't developing; it's being stifled, strangled. He could have been a professional man—a lawyer, and a brilliant one—or an engineer, or a physician—any old thing. He's in real estate—if you call it that. All right; why doesn't he *do* something in it? I'll tell you why," he added, angrily answering his own question; "these silly women are turning Quarren's ambition into laziness, his ideals into mockery, his convictions into cynicism—"

He stopped short. The door opened, and Quarren sauntered in.

"Couldn't help hearing part of your sermon, Karl," he said, laughing. "Go ahead; I don't mind the Bible and the Sword—it's good for Jack Lacy, too—and that scoundrel O'Hara. Hit us again, old Ironsides. We're no good." And he sat down on the edge of Lacy's bed, and presently stretched out on it, gracefully, arms under his blond head.

"You've been catchin' it, Ricky," said O'Hara with a grin. "Karl says that fashionable society is a bally wampire a-gorgin' of hisself at the expense of bright young men like you. What's the come-back to that, sonny?"

"Thanks, old fellow," said Quarren, laughing and slightly lifting his head to look across at Westguard. "Go ahead and talk hell and brimstone. A fight is the only free luxury in the Irish Legation. I'll swat you with a pillow when I get mad enough."

Westguard bent his heavy head and

looked down at the yellow check on the table. "Rix," he said, "I've got to tell you that you have forgotten to make a deposit at your bank."

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed Quarren with weary but amiable vexation. "That is the third time. What are you fellows going to do? put me out of the Legation?"

"Why the devil are you so careless?" growled Westguard.

"I honestly don't know. I didn't suppose I was so short. I thought I had a balance."

"Rot! The minute a man begins to *think* he has a balance he knows that he hasn't! I don't care, Rix—but, take it from me, you'll have a mortifying experience one of these days."

"I guess that's right," said Quarren with a kind of careless contrition. "I never seem to be more than a lap or two ahead of old lady Ruin. And I break the speed laws, too."

"No youngster ever beat that old woman in a foot-race," observed Lacy. "Pay up and give her enough car-fare to travel the other way; that's your only chance, Ricky."

"Oh, certainly. No fellow need be in debt if he pays up, you Hibernian idiot!"

"Do you want some money?" asked Westguard bluntly.

"Sure, Karl, oodles of it! But not from you, old chap."

"You know you can have it from me, too, don't you?" said O'Hara.

Quarren nodded cordially. "I'll get it, no fear. I'm terribly sorry about that check. But it will be all right to-morrow, Karl."

Lacy thought to himself with a grin: "He'll kill somebody at auction to square himself—that's what Ricky means to do. God be good to the wealthy this winter night!"

O'Hara, lank, carefully scrubbed, carefully turned out as one of his own hunters, stood up with a yawn and glanced at his watch. "Didn't somebody say somebody was comin' in to tea?" he asked generally.

"My cousin, Mrs. Wycherly," said Westguard—"and a friend of hers—I've forgotten—"

"Mrs. Leeds," observed Lacy. "And she is reputed to be a radiant peach. Did any of you fellows ever meet her in the old days?"

Nobody there had ever seen her.

"Did Mrs. Wycherly say she is a looker?" asked O'Hara skeptically.

Westguard shrugged. "You know what to expect when one woman tells you that another woman is good looking. Probably she has a face that would kill a caterpillar."

Quarren laughed lazily from the bed. "I hear she's pretty. She's come out of the West. You know, of course, who she was."

"Reggie Leeds's wife," said O'Hara.

There was a silence. Perhaps the men were thinking of the late Reginald Leeds, and of the deep damnation of his taking off.

"Have you never seen her?" asked Lacy.

"Nobody ever has. She's never before been here," said Quarren, yawning.

"Then come down and set the kettle on, Ricky. She may be the peachiest kind of a peach in a special crate directed to your address and marked 'Perishable! Rush! With care!' So we'll have to be very careful in rushing her."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake stop that lady-patter," protested O'Hara, linking his arm in Lacy's and sauntering toward the door. "That sort of conversation is Ricky's line of tea-talk. You'll reduce him to a pitiable silence if you take away his only asset."

Westguard gathered up his papers, pausing a moment at the doorway. "Coming?" he asked briefly of Quarren, who was laughing.

"Certainly he's coming," said Lacy, returning and attempting to drag him from the bed. "Come on, you teacup-rattling, macaroon-crunching, caste-smitten, fashion-bitten Arbiter Elegantiarum!"

They fought for a moment, then Lacy staggered back under repeated wallops from one of his own pillows.

"Are you coming, Rix?" demanded Westguard again.

"Not unless you particularly want me," returned Quarren, yawning amiably. "I could take a nap if that red-headed Mick would get out of here."

Westguard said, "Suit yourself," and followed Lacy and O'Hara down the stairs.

The two latter young fellows turned aside into O'Hara's apartments, there to make a killing and deadly toilet. Westguard continued on to the first floor, which he inhabited. A few minutes later Mrs. Wycherly arrived with Mrs. Leeds.

All women, experienced or otherwise, never quite lose their curiosity concerning a bachelor's quarters. The haunts of men interest women, fascinating the married as well as the unwedded. Deep in their gentle

souls they know that the most luxurious masculine abode could easily be made twice as comfortable by the kindly advice of any woman. Toleration, curiosity, sympathy, are the emotions which stir feminine hearts when inspecting the solitary lair of the human male.

"So these are the new rooms," said Molly Wycherly patronizingly, after O'Hara and Lacy had appeared and everybody had been presented to everybody else. "Strelsa, do look at those early Edwards prints! It's utterly impossible to find any of them now for sale anywhere."

Strelsa Leeds looked up at the Botticelli Madonna and at Madame Royale; and the three men looked at her as though hypnotized.

So this was Reginald Leeds's widow—this distractingly pretty woman—even yet scarcely more than a girl—with her delicate color and vivid lips and unspoiled eyes—dark eyes—a kind of purplish gray, very purely and exquisitely shaped. But in their grayish-violet depths there was murder, and the assassination of Lacy and O'Hara had already been accomplished.

Her hat, gown, gloves, furs were black—as though the tragic shadow of two years ago still fell across her slender body. She looked around at the room; Molly Wycherly, pouring tea, nodded to Westguard, and he handed the cup to Mrs. Leeds.

She said smilingly, "And—do you three unprotected men live in this big house all by yourselves?"

"There are four of us in the Legation," said Lacy, "and several servants to beat off the suffragettes who become enamored of us."

"The Legation?" she repeated, amused at the term.

"Our friends call this house the Irish Legation," he explained. "We're all Irish by descent, except Westguard, who's a Sassenach—and Dick Quarren, who is only half Irish."

"And who is Dick Quarren?" she asked innocently.

"Oh, Strelsa!" cautioned Molly Wycherly—"you really mustn't argue yourself unknown."

"But I am unknown," insisted the girl, laughing and looking at the men in turn with an engaging candor that bowled them over again, one by one. "I *don't* know who Mr. Quarren is, so why not admit it? *Is* he such a very wonderful personage, Mr. Lacy?"

"Not at all, Mrs. Leeds. He and I share the top floor of the Legation. We are, as a matter of record, the two financial wrecks of this establishment, so naturally we go to the garret. Poverty is my only distinction; Mr. Quarren, however, also leads the grand march at Lyric Hall now and then, I believe."

"What is Lyric Hall? Ought I to know?"

Everybody was laughing, and Molly Wycherly said:

"Richard Quarren, known variously as Rix, Ricky, and Dick Quarren, is an exceedingly popular and indispensable young man in this town. You'll meet him, Strelsa, and probably adore him. We all do."

"Must I wait very long?" asked Strelsa, laughing. "I'd like to have the adoration begin."

Lacy said to O'Hara: "Go up and pull that pitiable dub off the bed, Roger. The lady wishes to inspect him."

"That's not very civil of Rix," said Mrs. Wycherly; "but I fancy I know why he requires slumber." She added, glancing around mischievously at the three men, who were all looking languishingly at Mrs. Leeds: "He'll be sorry when you three gentlemen describe Strelsa to him. I can prophesy that much."

"Certainly," said Lacy airily; "we're all at Mrs. Leeds's feet! Even the blind bat of Drumgool could see that! So why deny it?"

"You're not denying it, Mr. Lacy," said Strelsa, laughing. "But I realize perfectly that I am in the Irish Legation. So I shall carefully salt everything you say to me."

"If you think *I've* kissed the blessed pebble you ought to listen to that other bankrupt up-stairs," said Lacy.

"As far as pretty speeches are concerned you seem to be perfectly solvent," said Strelsa gaily, looking around her at the various adornments of this masculine abode. "I wonder where you dine," she added with curiosity unabashed.

"We've a fine dining-room below," he said proudly, "haven't we, Roger? And as soon as Dick Quarren and I are sufficiently solvent to warrant it, the Legation is going to give a series of brilliant banquets. Will you come, Mrs. Leeds?"

"When you are solvent, perhaps," said Strelsa, smiling.

"Westguard and I will give you a banquet at an hour's notice," said O'Hara eagerly. "Will you accept?"

"Such overwhelming offers of hospitality!" she protested. "I had believed the contrary about New-Yorkers. You see, I've just emerged from the West, and I don't really know what to think of such bewildering cordiality."

"Karl," said Mrs. Wycherly, "are you going to show us over the house? If you are you must hurry, as Strelsa and I are to decorate the Calderas' box this evening, and it takes me an hour to paint my face." She turned a fresh, winsome countenance to Westguard, who laughed, rose, and took his pretty cousin by the hand.

Under triple escort Mrs. Wycherly and Mrs. Leeds examined the Legation from kitchen to garret, and Strelsa, inadvertently glancing in at a room just as Westguard started to close the door, caught sight of a recumbent shape on a bed—just a glimpse of a blond, symmetrical head and a well-coupled figure, graceful even in the careless relaxation of sleep.

Westguard asked her pardon. "That's Quarren. He was probably up till daylight."

"He was," said Molly Wycherly; "and by the same token so was I. Thank you so much, Karl. Thank you, Mr. O'Hara—and you too, Jack"—offering her hand. "We've had a splendid party. Strelsa, we really ought to go at once."

"Will you come again?"

"We will come again if you ask us," said Strelsa; "we're perfectly fascinated by the Legation."

"And its personnel?" hinted Lacy. "Do you like us, Mrs. Leeds?"

"I've seen only three of you," parried Strelsa, much amused.

"We refuse to commit ourselves," said Molly. "Good-by. I suppose you all are coming to my house-warming."

They all looked at Mrs. Leeds and said that they were coming—said so fervently.

Molly laughed; she had no envy in her make-up, perhaps because she was too pretty herself. "Oh, yes," she said, replying to their unasked questions, "Mrs. Leeds will be there—and I plainly see *my* miserable fate. But what can a wretched woman expect from the Irish? Not constancy. Strelsa, take warning. They loved me once!"

After Westguard had put them in their limousine, he came back to find Quarren in his sitting-room, wearing a dressing-gown, and Lacy madly detailing to him the charms of Strelsa Leeds.

"Take it from me, brother Dicky, she's some queen! You didn't miss a thing but the prettiest woman in town! And there's a *something* about her—a kind of a sort of a something—"

"You appear to be in love, dear friend," observed Quarren kindly.

"I am. So's every man here who met her. We don't deny it! We glory in our fall! What was that costume of hers, Karl? Mourning?"

"Fancy a glorious creature like her wearing black for that nasty little cad," observed O'Hara disgustedly.

"It's probably fashion, not grief," remarked Westguard.

"I guess it's nix for the weeps," said O'Hara. "After all she probably went through with Reggie Leeds, I fancy she had no tears left over."

"I want to talk," cried Lacy; "I want to tell Rix what he missed. I'd got as far as her gown, I think."

"Go on," smiled Quarren.

"Anyway," said Lacy, "she wore a sort of mourning as far as her veil went, and her furs and gown and gloves were black, and her purse was gun-metal and black opals. Rather brisk? Yes? And all the dingles on her were gun-metal—everything black and sober—and that ruddy gold head—and —those eyes!—a kind of a purple-gray, Ricky, slanting a little, with long black lashes—I noticed 'em—and her lips were very vivid—not paint, but a kind of noticeably healthy scarlet—and that straight nose —and the fresh fragrant youth of her—"

"For Heaven's sake, Jack—"

"Sure. I'm through with 'em all. I'm wise to the sex. That was merely a word-picture. I'm talking like a writer, that's all. That's how you boobs talk, isn't it, Karl?"

"Always," said Westguard gravely.

"Me for Mrs. Leeds," remarked O'Hara frankly. "I'd ask her to marry me on the drop of a hat."

"Well, I'll drop no hat for *you!*" said Lacy. "And there'll be plenty of lunatics in this town who'll go madder than you or me before they forget Mrs. Leeds. Wait! Town is going to sit up and take notice when this new planet swims into its social ken. How's that epigram, Karl?"



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Encountering a burly masker dressed like one of Cromwell's ponderous Ironsides, the harlequin hit him a resounding whack over his aluminum cuirass, and whispered: "That Ironsides rig doesn't conceal you; it reveals you, Karl! Out with your Bible and your Sword and preach the wrath to come!" "It will come all right," said Westguard. "Do you know how many thousand dollars are wasted here to-night? And yesterday a woman died of hunger in Carmine Street. Don't worry about the wrath of God as long as people die of cold and hunger in Gotham town"

Westguard said thoughtfully: "There'll be notoriety, too, I'm afraid. If nobody knows her everybody knows about that wretched boy she married."

Quarren added: "I have always understood that the girl did not want to marry him. It was her mother's doings."

O'Hara scowled. "I also have heard that the mother engineered it. What was Mrs. Leeds's name? I forget—"

"Strelsa Lanark," said Quarren, who never forgot anything.

"Ugh," grunted Westguard. "Fancy a mother throwing her daughter at the head of a boy like Reggie Leeds!—as vicious and unclean a little whelp as ever—oh, what's the use?—and *de mortuis nihil*—et cetera, cock-a-doodle-do!"

"That poor girl had two entire years of him," observed Lacy. "She doesn't look more than twenty now—and he's been in—been dead two years. Good Heavens! What a child she must have been when she married him!"

Westguard nodded. "She had two years of him—and I suppose he seldom drew a perfectly sober breath. He dragged her all over the world with him—she standing for his rotten behavior, trying to play the game with the cards hopelessly stacked against her. Vincent Wier met them in Naples; Mallison ran across them in Egypt; Lydon in Vienna. They said it was heartbreaking to see her trying to keep up appearances—trying to smile under his nagging or his drunken insults in public places. Lydon told me that she behaved like a brick—stuck to Reggie, tried to shield him, excuse him, make something out of the miserable pup who was doing his best to drag her down to his own level and deprave her. But I guess she was too young or too unhappy or something, because there's no depravity in the girl who was here a few minutes ago. I'll swear to that."

After a moment Lacy said, "Well, he got his at last!"

"What was comin' to him," added O'Hara, with satisfaction.

Lacy added curiously, "*How* can a man misbehave when he has such a woman for a wife?"

"I wonder," observed Quarren, "how many solid citizens read the account in the papers and remained scared longer than six weeks?"

"Lord help the wives of men," growled Westguard. "If any of you fellows are dressing for dinner you'd better be about it. Wait a moment, Rix!"—as Quarren, the last to leave, was already passing the threshold.

The young fellow turned, smiling: the others went on. Westguard stood silent for a moment, then,

"You're about the only man I care for very much," he said bluntly. "If I am continually giving you the Bible and the Sword, it's the best I have to give."

Quarren replied laughingly: "Don't worry, old fellow. I take what you say all right. And I really mean to cut out a lot of fussing and begin to hustle. Only, isn't it a wise thing to keep next to possible clients?"

"The people you train with don't buy lots in Tappan Zee Park."

"But I may induce them to go into more fashionable enterprises."

"Not they! The eagle yells on every dollar they finger. If there's any bleeding to be done they'll do it, my son."

"Lester Caldera has already asked me about acreage in Westchester."

"Did he do more than ask?"

"No."

"Did you charge him for the consultation?"

"Of course not."

"Then he got your professional opinion for nothing."

"But he, or others, may try to assemble several farms—"

"Why don't they then?—instead of dragging you about at their heels from house to house, from cardroom to ballroom, from café to opera, from one week-end to the next!—robbing you of time, of leisure, of opportunity, of ambition—spoiling you—making a bally monkey of you! You're always in some fat woman's opera-box or on some fat man's yacht or coach, or doing some fool thing—with your name figuring in everything from Newport to Hot Springs—and—and how can you ever turn into anything except a tame cat!"

Quarren's face reddened slightly. "I'd be perfectly willing to sit in an office all day and all night if anybody would give me any business. But what's the use of chewing pencils and watching traffic on Forty-second Street?"

"Then go into another business!"

"I haven't any money."

"I'll lend it to you!"

"I can't risk *your* money, Karl. I'm too uncertain of myself. If anybody else offered to stake me I'd try the gamble." He looked up at Westguard, ashamed, troubled, and showing it like a boy. "I'm afraid I don't amount to anything, Karl. I'm afraid I'm no good except in the kind of thing I seem to have a talent for."

"Fetching and carrying for the fashionable and wealthy?" sneered Westguard.

Quarren's face flushed again. "I suppose that's it."

Westguard glared at him. "I wish I could shake it out of you!"

"I guess the poison's there," said Quarren in a low voice. "The worst of it is I like it—except when I understand your contempt."

"You *like* to fetch and carry and go about with your pocket full of boudoir keys!"

"People give me as much as I give them."

"They don't!" said the other angrily. "They've taken a decent fellow and put him in livery!"

Quarren bit his lip as the blood leaped to his face. "Don't talk that way, Karl," he said quietly. "Even you have no business to take that tone with me."

There was a silence. After a few moments Westguard came over and held out his hand. Quarren took it, looked at him.

"I tell you," he said, "there's nothing to me. It's your kindness, Karl, that sees in me possibilities that never were."

"They're there. I'll do my duty almost to the point of breaking our friendship. But I'll have to stop short of that point."

A quick smile came over Quarren's face, gay, affectionate. "You couldn't do that, Karl. And don't worry. I'll cut out a lot of frills and try to do things that are worth while. I mean it, really. Don't worry, old fellow."

"All right," said Westguard, smiling.

II

A MASKED dance, which for so long has been out of fashion in the world that pretends to it, was the experiment selected by Molly Wycherly for the warming up of her new house on Park Avenue.

Aloft in their rococo sky-gallery a popular orchestra fiddled frenziedly; the great curtains of living green set with thousands of gardenias swayed in the air currents like Chinese tapestries; a harmonious tumult swept the big new ballroom from end to end—a composite uproar in which were mingled the rushing noise of silk, clatter of sole and heel, laughter and cries of capering maskers gathered from the four quarters of fashionable Gath to grace the opening of the house of Wycherly. They were all there, dowager, matron, débutante, old beau, young gallant, dancing, laughing, coquetting, flirting. Young eyes mocked the masked eyes that wooed them; adolescence tormented maturity; the toothless ogled the toothsome. Unmasking alone could set right this topsyturvy world of carnival.

A sinuous harlequin, his skin-tight lozenge-patterned dress shimmering like the red-and-gold skin of a Malay snake, came weaving his way through the edges of the maelstrom, his eyes, under the black half-mask, glittering maliciously at the victims of his lathe-sword. With it he recklessly slapped whatever tempted him, patting gently the rounded arms and shoulders of nymph and shepherdess, using more vigor on the plump contours of fat and elderly courtiers, spinning on the points of his pump-toes, his limber lathe-sword curved in both hands above his head, leaping lithely over a chair here and there, and landing always as lightly as a cat on silent feet—a wiry, symmetrical figure under the rakish bi-corne, instinct with mischief and grace infernal.

Encountering a burly masker dressed like one of Cromwell's ponderous Ironsides, he hit him a resounding whack over his aluminum cuirass, and whispered:

"That Ironsides rig doesn't conceal you: it reveals you, Karl! Out with your Bible and your Sword and preach the wrath to come!"

"It will come all right," said Westguard. "Do you know how many thousand dollars are wasted here to-night? And yesterday a woman died of hunger in Carmine Street. Don't worry about the wrath of God as long as people die of cold and hunger in Gotham town."

"That's not as bad as dying of inanition—which would happen to the majority here if they didn't have things like this to amuse 'em. For decency's sake, Karl, pity the perplexities of the rich for a change!"

Westguard grunted something under his casque: then, adjusting his aluminum mask: "Are you having a good time, Dicky? I suppose you are."

"Oh, *I'm* gay enough," returned the harlequin airily, "but there's never much genuine gaiety among the overfed." And he slapped a passing gallant with his wooden sword, spun around on his toes, bent over gracefully, and stood on his hands, legs twinkling above him in the air. Then, with a bound, he was on his nimble feet again, and, linking his arm in the arm of the Cromwellian trooper, strolled along the ranks of masked and fanning dowagers, glancing amiably into their masked faces.

"Same old battle-line," he observed to his companion—"their jewels give them away. Same old tiaras, same old ladies—all fat, all fifty, all fanning away like the damned. Your aunt has on about a ton of emeralds. I think she does it for the purpose of banting, don't you, Karl?"

The uproar drowned his voice: Westguard, colossal in his armor, gazed gloomily around at the gorgeous spectacle for which his cousin Molly Wycherly was responsible.

"It's monkey-shines like this that breed anarchists," he growled. "Did you notice that rubbering crowd outside the police lines in the snow? Molly and Jim ought to see it."

"Oh, cut it out, Karl," retorted the harlequin gaily; "there'll be rich and poor in the world as long as the bally old show runs—there'll be reserved seats and gallery seats and standing-room only, and ninety-nine per cent. of the world cooling its shabby heels outside."

"I don't care to discuss the problem with *you*," observed Westguard. After a moment he added: "I'm going to dance once or twice and get out. I suppose you'll flit about doing the agreeable and fashionable until daylight."

"I suppose so," said the harlequin tranquilly. "Why not? Also *you* ought to find material here for one of your novels."

"A man doesn't have to hunt for material. It's in his bedroom when he wakes; it's all around him all day long. There's no more here than there is outside in the snow; and no less. But dancing all night isn't going to help *your* business, Ricky."

"It won't hurt any business I'm likely to do."

"Isn't your Tappan Zee Park panning out?"

"Fizzling out. Nobody's bought any building sites."

"Why not?"

"How the deuce do I know, Karl! I don't want to talk business, here."

He ceased speaking as three or four white-masked Bacchantes in fluttering raiment came dancing by to the wild music of Philemon and Baucis. Shaking their beribboned tambourines, flowery garlands and lynx-skins flying from their shoulders, they sped away on fleet little feet, hotly pursued by adorers.

"Come on," said the harlequin briskly; "I think one of those skylarkers ought to prove amusing! Shall I catch you one?"

But he found no encouragement in the swift courtship he attempted; for the Bacchantes, loudly protesting at his interference, banged him over his head and shoulders with their resounding tambourines and danced away unheeding his blandishments.

"Flappers," observed a painted and powdered clown whose voice betrayed him as O'Hara; "this town is overstocked with fudge-fed broilers. They're always playin' about under foot, spoilin' your huntin'; and if you touch 'em they ki-yi no end."

"I suppose you're looking for Mrs. Leeds," said Westguard, smiling.

"I fancy every man here is doin' the same thing," replied the clown. "What's her costume? Do you know, Ironsides?"

"I wouldn't tell you if I did," said Westguard frankly.

The harlequin shrugged. "This world," he remarked, "is principally encumbered with women, and naturally a man supposes the choice is unlimited. But as you live to drift from girl to girl you'll discover that there are just two kinds—the kind you can kiss and the kind you can't. So finally you marry the latter. Does Mrs. Leeds flirt?"

"Will a fish swim?" rejoined the clown. "You bet she will flirt. Haven't you met her?"

"I? No," said the harlequin carelessly. Which secretly amused both Westguard and O'Hara, for it had been whispered about that the new beauty not only had taken no pains to meet Quarren, but had pointedly ignored an opportunity when the choice lay with her, remarking that dancing men were one of the social necessities which everybody took for granted—like flowers and champagne. And the comment had been carried straight to Quarren, who had laughed at the time—and had never forgotten it, nor the apparently causeless contempt that evidently had inspired it.

The clown brandished his bunch of toy balloons, and gazed about him. "Anybody who likes can go and tell Mrs. Leeds that I'm her declared suitor. I don't care who knows it. I'm silly about her. She's different from any woman I ever saw. And if I don't find her pretty soon I'll smash every balloon over your head, Ricky!"

The harlequin laughed. "Women," he said, "are cut out in various and amusing patterns like animal crackers, but the fundamental paste never varies, and the same pastry cook seasoned it."

"You might say that about the unfledged," added O'Hara—"like those kittenish Bacchantes. Winifred Miller and the youngest Vernon girl were two of those flappers, I think. But there's no real jollity among the satiated," he added despondently. "A mask, a hungry stomach, and empty pockets are the proper ingredients for gaiety—take it from me, Karl." And he wandered off, beating everybody with his bunch of toy balloons.

Quarren leaped to the seat of a chair and squatted there, drawing his shimmering legs up under him like a great jeweled spider.

"Bet you ten that the voluminous domino yonder envelops my aunt, Mrs. Sprowl," whispered Westguard.

"You're betting on a certainty and a fat ankle."

"Sure. I've seen her going up-stairs too often. What the deuce is the old lady wearing under that domino?"

"Wait till you see her later," said Quarren delightedly. "She has come as Brunhilda."

"I don't want to see three hundred pounds of relative as Brunhilda," growled Westguard.

"You will, to-morrow. She's given her photograph to a newspaper man."

"What did you let her do it for?" demanded Westguard wrathfully.

"Could I help it?"

"You could have stopped her. She thinks your opinion is the last lisp in fashionable art problems."

"There are some things you can't tell a woman," said Quarren. "One of 'em concerns her weight."

"Are you afraid of Mrs. Sprowl?"

The harlequin laughed. "Where would I be if I incurred your aunt's displeasure, dear friend?"

"Out of the monkey-house for good, I suppose," admitted Westguard. "Lord, Ricky, what a lot you have had to swallow for the sake of staying put among these people!"

Quarren sat meditating under his mask, cross-legged, twirling his sword, the crash of the floor orchestra dinning in his close-set ears. "Yes," he said without resentment. "I've endured my share. That's one reason why I don't want to let several years of humiliation go for nothing. I've earned whatever place I have. And I mean to keep it."

Westguard turned on him half angrily, hesitated, then remained silent. What was the use? So he said nothing more; and the harlequin, indolently stretching his glittering limbs, dropped a light hand on Westguard's cuirassed shoulder.

"Don't be forever spoiling things for me, Karl. I really do enjoy the game as it lies."

"It *does* lie—that is the trouble, Rix."

"I can't afford to criticize it. Listen; I'm a mediocre man; I'd never count among real men. I count in the set which I amuse and which accepts me. Let me enjoy it, can't you?"

An aged dandy, masked, painted, wizened, and dressed like Henry II, tottered by with a young girl on his arm, his shrill, falsetto giggle piercing the racket around them.

"Do you wish to live to be like that?" asked Westguard sharply.

"Oh, I'll die long before that," said Quarren cheerfully, and leaped lightly to his feet. "I shall now accomplish a little dancing," he said, pointing with his wooden sword at the tossing throng. "Venus send me a pretty married woman who really loves her husband. By Bacchus! Those dancers are going it! Come on, Karl. Let us foot it!"

Many maskers were throwing confetti now; multitinted serpents shot out across the clamorous gulf; bunches of roses flung high, rising in swift arcs of flight crossed and recrossed. All along the edges of the dance, like froth and autumn leaves cast up from a whirlpool, fluffy feminine derelicts and gorgeous masculine escorts were flung pell-mell out of the maelstrom and left stranded or drifting breathless among the eddies setting in toward the supper-room.

Suddenly, as the harlequin bent forward to plunge into the crush, the very center of the whirpool parted, and out of it floated a fluttering, jingling dazzling figure all

gold—slender, bare armed and bare of throat and shoulders, auriferous, scintillating from crown to ankle—for her sleeveless tabard was cloth-of-gold, and her mask was gold; so were her jeweled shoes and the gemmed fillet that bound her locks; and her thick hair clustering against her cheeks had the luster of precious metal.

Jingling, fluttering, gems clashing musically, the Byzantine dancer, besieged by adorers, deftly evaded their pressing gallantries—evaded the harlequin, too, with laughing mockery, skilfully disengaging herself from the throng of suitors stumbling around her, crowded and buffeted on every side.

After her like a flash sped the harlequin: for an instant, just ahead of him, she appeared in plain sight, glimmering brightly against the green and swaying tapestry of living leaves and flowers, then, even as her pursuers looked at her, she vanished before their very eyes.

They ran about distractedly hunting for her, Turk, drum-major, Indian chief, and Charles I, then reluctantly gave up the quest and drifted off to seek for another ideal. All women are ideal under the piquant promise of the mask.

A pretty shepherdess, lingering near, whispered close to Quarren's shoulder behind her fan: "Check to you, Harlequin! That golden dancer was the only girl in town who hasn't taken any pains to meet you!"

He turned his head warily, divining Molly Wycherly under the disguise, realizing, too, that she recognized him.

"You'll never find her now," laughed the shepherdess. "Besides, she does not care a rap about meeting a mere harlequin. It's refreshing to see you so thoroughly snubbed once in a while." And she danced gaily away, arms akimbo, her garlanded crook over her shoulder; and her taunting laughter floated back to him where he stood, irresolute, wondering how the golden dancer could have so completely vanished.

Suddenly he recollected going over the house before its completion with Jim Wycherly, who had been his own architect, and the memory of a certain peculiarity in the construction of the ballroom flashed in his mind. The only possible explanation for her disappearance was that somebody had pointed out to her the low door behind the third pillar, and she was now in the gilded swallows' nest aloft.

It was a whim of Wycherly's—this concealed stair—he recalled it perfectly now—and, parting the living tapestry of blossoms, he laid his hand on the ivory and gilded paneling, pressing the heart of one carved rose after another, until with a click! a tiny door swung inward, revealing a narrow spiral of stairs, lighted rosily by electricity.

He stepped inside, closed the door, and listened, then mounted noiselessly. Halfway up he caught the aroma of a cigarette; and, a second later, he stepped out onto a tiny latticed balcony, completely screened.

The golden dancer, who evidently had been gazing down on the carnival scene below from behind the lattice, whirled around to confront him. For a moment they faced each other, then,

"How did you know where to find me, Harlequin?"

"I'd have died if I hadn't found you, fairest, loveliest—"

"That is no answer! Answer me!"

"Why did you flee?" he asked. "Answer that, first."

She glanced at her cigarette and shrugged her shoulders. "You see why I fled, don't you? Now answer me."

The harlequin presented the hilt of his sword, which was set with a tiny mirror. "You see why I fled after you," he said, "don't you?"

"All the same," she insisted smilingly, "I have been informed on excellent authority that I am the only one, except the family, who knows of this balcony. And here comes a harlequin blundering in! *You* are not Mr. Wycherly; and you're certainly not Molly."

"Alas! My ultimate ends are not as shapely."

"Then who are you?" She added, laughing, "They're shapely enough, too."

"I am only a poor, wandering, love-smitten harlequin," he said, "scorned, despised, and mocked by beauty."

"Love-smitten?" she repeated.

"Can you doubt it, now?"

She laughed gaily and leaned back against the balcony's velvet rail. "You lose no time in declaring yourself, do you, Harlequin?—that is, if you are hinting that *I* have smitten you with the pretty passion."

"Through and through, beautiful dancer, has your beauty smitten me."

"How do you know I am beautiful under this mask?"

"I know many things. That's my compensation for being only a poor mountebank of a harlequin—magic penetration—the clairvoyance of radium."

"Did you expect to find *me* at the top of those corkscrew stairs?"

"I did."

"Why?"

"Inference. Every toad hides a jewel in its head. So I argued that somewhere in the ugliness of darkest Philistia a gem must be hidden; and I've searched for years—up and down throughout the haunts of men from Gath to Ascalon. And behold! My quest is ended at your pretty feet!—Rose-Diamond of the World!"

He sank lithely on one knee; she laughed deliciously, looking down at his masked face.

"Who are you, Harlequin?—whose wits and legs seem to be equally supple and symmetrical?"

"Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Ascalon; I am that man for whom you were destined before either of us was born. Are you frightened?"

The Byzantine dancer laughed and shook her head till all the golden metal on her was set chiming.

He said, still on one knee at her feet: "Exquisite phantom of an empire dead, from what emblazoned sarcophagus have you danced forth across our modern oceans to bewitch the Philistia of to-day? Who clothed you in scarlet delicately? Who put ornaments of gold upon your apparel?"

"You court me with Scripture as smoothly as Heaven's great enemy," she said—"and to your own ends, as does he. Are you leagued with him, O agile and intrusive Harlequin, to steal away my peace of mind?"

Lithely, silently, he leaped up to the balustrade and gathering up his ankles under him, squatted there, cross-legged, peering sideways at her through the slanting eye-holes.

"If that screen behind you gives way," she warned him, "you will have accomplished your last harlequinade."

He glanced coolly over his shoulder. "How far is it to the floor below, do you suppose?"

"Far enough to make a good harlequin out of a live one," she said. "Please be careful; I really mean it."

"Child," he said solemnly, "do you suppose that I mind falling a hundred feet or so on my head? I've already fallen infinitely farther than that this evening."

"And it didn't kill you?" she exclaimed, clasping her hands dramatically.

"No. Because our destiny must first be accomplished before I die."

"Ours?"

"Yours and mine, pretty dancer! I've already fulfilled my destiny by falling in love with you at first sight. That was a long fall, wasn't it?"

"Very. Am I to fulfil mine in a similar manner?"

"You are."

"Will it—kill me, do you think?"

"I don't think so. Try it."

"Will it hurt—this terrible fall? And how far must I descend to fall in love with you?"

"Sometimes falling in love does hurt," he said gravely, "when the fall is a long one."

"Is this to be a long one?"

"You may think so."

"Then I decline to tumble. Please go somewhere about your business, Master Harlequin. I'm inclined to like you."

"Dancer, my life's business is wherever you happen to be."

"Why are you so sure?"

"Magic," he said seriously. "I deal in it."

"Wonderful! Your accomplishments overwhelm me. Perhaps, through the aid of magic, you can even tell me who I am!"

"I think I can."

"Is that another threat of magic?"

"It's a bet, too, if you like."

"Are you offering to bet me that, before I unmask, you will be able to discover who I am?"

"Yes. Will you make it a wager?"

She stood, silent, irresolute, cautious but curious; then: "Do you mean that you can find out who *I am?* Now? Here in this balcony?"

"Certainly."

"That is sheer nonsense," she said with decision. "I'll bet you anything you like."

"What stakes?"

"Why, there's nothing to bet except the usual, is there?"

"You mean flowers, gloves, stockings, bonbons?"

"Yes."

The harlequin, smiling at her askance, drew from the hilt of his lathe-sword a fresh

cigarette, lighted it, looked across at the level chandelier, and sent a ring of smoke toward the twinkling wilderness of prisms hanging in mid-air. "Let's be original or perish," he said. "I'll bet you a day out of my life against a day out of yours that I discover who you are in ten minutes."

"I won't accept such a silly wager! What would you do with me for a day?"

The harlequin bent his masked head. Over his body the lozenges of scarlet and gold slid crinkling as though with suppressed and serpentine mirth.

"*What* are you laughing at?" she demanded half vexed, half amused.

"Your fears, pretty dancer."

"I am *not* afraid!"

"Very well. Prove it! I have offered to bet you a day out of my life that I'll tell you who you are. Are you afraid to wager a day out of yours that I can't do it?"

She shook her head so that the burnished locks clustered against her cheeks, and all over her slim figure the jingling gold rang melodiously. "I haven't long to live," she observed. "A day out of life is too much to risk."

"Why don't you think that you have long to live?"

"I haven't. I know it."

"*How* do you know?"

"I just know. Besides, I don't wish to live very long."

"You don't wish to live long?"

"Only as long as I'm young enough to be forgetful. Old age is a horror—in some cases. I don't desire ever to be forty. After forty they say one lives on memory. I don't wish to."

Through the slits of his mask his curious eyes watched her steadily. "You're not yet twenty-four," he said.

"Not quite. That is a good guess, Harlequin."

"And you are rather keen on living while you're young."

"I've never thought much about it. If I live, it's all right; if I die, I don't think I'll mind it. I'm sure I shouldn't."

Her cigarette had gone out. She tossed it aside and daintily consented to exchange cigarettes with him, offering her little gold case.

"You're carefully inspecting my initials, aren't you?" she observed, amused. "But that monogram will not help you, Master Harlequin."

"Marriage alters only the final initial. Are you, by any unhappy chance—"

"That's for you to find out! I didn't say I was! I believe you *are* making me tell you things!"

She threw back the lustrous hair that shadowed her cheeks and leaned forward, her shadowed eyes fixed intently upon him through the apertures of her golden mask.

"I'm beginning to wonder uneasily who *you* may be, Monsieur Harlequin! You alarm me a little."

"Aha!" he said. "I've told you I deal in magic! That you don't know who I am, even after that confession, makes me reasonably certain who *you* are."

"You're trying to scare me," she said disdainfully.

"I'll do it, yet,"

"I wonder."

"You'll wonder more than ever in a few moments. I'm going to tell you who you are. But first of all I want you to fix the forfeit."

"Why—I don't know. What do you want of me?" she asked mockingly.

"Whatever you care to risk."

"Then you'll have to name it. Because I don't particularly care to offer you anything. And please hasten—I'll be missed presently."

"Won't you bet one day out of your life?"

"No, I won't. I told you I wouldn't."

"Then—one hour. Just a single hour?"

"An hour?"

"Yes, sixty minutes, payable on demand. If I win, you will place at my disposal one entire hour out of your life. Will you dare that much, pretty dancer?"

She laughed, looked up at him; then, readjusting her mask, she nodded disdainfully. "Because," she observed, "it is quite impossible for you ever to guess who I am. So do your very worst."

He sprang from the table-top, landing lightly, his left hand spread over his heart, his bi-corne flourished in the other. "You are Strelsa Leeds!" he said in a low voice.

The golden dancer straightened up to her full height, astounded, and a bright flood of color stained her cheeks under the mask's curved edge. "It—it is impossible that you should know—" she began, exasperated. "How *could* you? Only one person knew what I was to wear to-night! I came by myself with my maid. It—it *is* magic! It is infernal—abominable magic—"

She checked herself, still standing very straight, the gorgeous, blossom-woven cloth-of-gold rippling, the jewels shooting light from the fillet that bound her hair. After a silence, "How did you know?" she asked, striving to smile through the flushed chagrin. "It is perfectly horrid of you—anyhow—"

Curiosity checked her again; she stood gazing at him in silence, striving to pierce the eye-slits of that black skin-mask—trying to interpret the expression of the mischievous mobile mouth below it—or, perhaps, the malice was all in those slanting slits behind which two strange eyes sparkled steadily out at her from the shadow.

"Strelsa Leeds," he repeated; and flourished one hand in graceful emphasis as she colored hotly again. And he saw the teeth catch at her under lip.

"It is outrageous," she declared. "Tell me instantly who you are!"

"First," he insisted mischievously, "I claim the forfeit."

"The—the forfeit!" she faltered.

"Did you not lose your wager?"

She nodded reluctantly, searching the disguised features before her in vain for a clue to his identity. Then, a trifle uneasily: "Yes, of course I lost my wager. But—I did not clearly understand what you meant by an hour out of my life."

"It is to be an hour at my disposal," he explained with another grotesque bow "I think that was the wager?"

"Y-yes."

"Unless," he remarked carelessly, "you desire the [illegible]-privilege and indisputable prerogative [illegible]our delightful sex."

"The privilege of my sex? What is that?" she asked, dangerously polite.

"Why, to change your divine mind—repudiate the obligation."

"Harlequin!"

"Madam?" with an elaborate and wriggling bow.

"I pay what I owe—always. *Always!* Do you understand?"

The harlequin bowed again in arabesques, very low, yet with a singular and almost devilish grace. "Madam concedes that the poor harlequin has won his wager?"

"Yes, I do—and you don't appear to be particularly humble, either."

"Madam insists on paying?" he inquired suavely.

"Yes, of course I do!" she said uneasily. "I promised you an hour out of my life. Am I to pay it now?"

"You pay by the minute—one minute a day for sixty days. I am going to take the first minute now. *Perhaps* I may ask for the other fifty-nine, also."

"How?"

"Shall I show you how?"

"Very well."

"A magic pass or two, first," he said gaily, crooking one spangled knee and spinning around. Then he whipped out his lathe-sword, held it above his head, coolly passed a glittering arm around her waist, and looked down into her flushed face.

"You will have to count out the sixty seconds," he said. "I shall be otherwise occupied, and I can't trust myself to do two things at once."

"*What* are you about to do? Sink through a trap-door with me?"

"I am about to salute you with the magic kiss. After that you'll be my Columbine forever."

"That is not included in the bet! Is it?" she asked in real consternation.

"I may do as I please with my hour, may I not?"

"Was it the bet that you were to be at liberty to—to kiss me?"

"I control absolutely an hour out of your life, do I not? I may use it as I please. You had better count out sixty seconds."

She looked down, biting her lip, and touched one hand against her cheeks, alternately, as though to cool them with the snowy contact.

He waited in silence for her reply.

"Very well," she said resolutely; "if you elect to use the first minute of your hour as frivolously as that, I must submit, I suppose."

And she began to count aloud, rapidly: "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, ni—"

Her face was averted; he could see the tip of one small ear all aflame. Presently she ventured a swift glance around at him and saw that he was laughing.

"Ten, eleven, twelve," she counted nervously, still watching him; "thirteen, fourteen, fifteen—" panic threatened her; she doubled both hands in the effort of self-control and timed her counting as though the rapid beating of the tempo could hasten her immunity—"sixteen, seventeen,



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Suddenly, the very center of the whirlpool parted, and out of it floated a fluttering, jingling, dazzling ankle—for her sleeveless tabard was cloth-of-gold, and her mask was gold; so were her jeweled shoes and the metal. Jingling, fluttering, gems clashing musically, the Byzantine dancer, besieged by adorers, deftly



figure all gold—slender, bare armed and bare of throat and shoulders, auriferous, scintillating from crown to gemmed fillet that bound her locks; and her thick hair clustering against her cheeks had the luster of precious evaded their pressing gallantries, skilfully disengaging herself from the throng of suitors stumbling around her

eighteen, nineteen, twenty, one, two, three—"

"Play fair!" he exclaimed.

"I am trying to. Can't I say it that way up to ten, and then say thirty?"

"Oh, certainly. I've still half a minute. You'd better hurry! I may begin at any moment."

"Four—five—six—seven—m-m-m-thirty!" she cried, and the swift numbers fled from her lips, fairly stumbling over one another, tumbling the sequence of hurrying numerals into one breathless gasp of "Forty!"

His arm slid away from her waist; he stepped backward, and stood, watching her, one finger crooked, supporting his chin, the ironical smile hovering ever on his lips.

"Fifty!" she counted excitedly, her hands beating time to the counting; "fifty-one—two—three—four—m-m-m—sixty!"—and she whirled around to face him with an impulsively triumphant gesture which terminated in a swift curtsey, arms flung wide apart.

"*Voila!*" she said breathlessly, "I've paid my bet! Am I not a good sport, Harlequin? Own that I am, and I will forgive your outrageous impudence!"

"You are a most excellent sport, madam!" he conceded, grinning.

Relief from the tension cooled her cheeks; she laughed bewitchingly and looked at him, exultant, unafraid. "I frightened you well with my desperate counting, didn't I? You completely forgot to do—anything, didn't you? *Voyons!* Admit it!"

"You completely terrorized me," he admitted.

"Besides," she said, "while I was so busily counting the seconds aloud you couldn't very well have kissed me, could you? *That* was strategy. You couldn't have managed it, could you?"

"Not very easily."

"I really *did* nonplus you, didn't I?" she insisted, aware of his amusement.

"Oh, entirely," he said. "I became an abject idiot."

She stood breathing more evenly now, the pretty color coming and going in her cheeks. Considering him, looking alternately at his masked eyes and at his expressive lips, where a kind of silent and infernal mirth still flickered, a sudden doubt assailed her. And, presently, with a dainty shrug, she turned and glanced down through the gilt lattice toward the floor below.

"I suppose," she said tauntingly, "you hope I'll believe that you refrained from kissing me out of some belated consideration for decency. But I know perfectly well that I perplexed you, and confused you and intimidated you."

"This is, of course, the true solution of my motive in not kissing you."

She turned toward him. "What motive?"

"My motive for not kissing you. My only motive was consideration for you, and for the sacred conventions of Saint Grundy."

"I believe," she said scornfully, "you are really trying to make me think that you *could* have done it, and didn't!"

"You are too clever to believe me a martyr to principle, madam!"

She looked at him, stamped her foot till the bangles clashed. "Why *didn't* you kiss me, then?—if you wish to spoil my victory?"

"You yourself have told me why."

"Am I wrong? Could you—didn't I surprise you—in fact, paralyze you—with astonishment?"

He laughed delighted; and she stamped her ringing foot again.

"I see," she said: "I am supposed to be doubly in your debt, now. I'd rather you *had* kissed me and we were quits!"

"It isn't too late, you know."

"It *is* too late. It's all over."

"Madam, I have fifty-nine other minutes in which to meet your kindly expressed wishes. Did you forget?"

"What!" she exclaimed, aghast.

"One hour less one minute is still coming to me."

"Am I—have I—is this ridiculous performance going to happen again?" she asked, appalled.

"Fifty-nine times," he laughed, doubling one spangled leg under the other and whirling on his toe till he resembled a kaleidoscopic tee-totum. Then he drew his sword, cut right and left, slapped it back into its sheath, and bowed his wriggling bow, one hand over his heart. "Don't look so troubled, madam," he said. "I release you from your debt. You need never pay me what you owe me."

Up went her small head, fiercely, under its flashing hair. "Thank you. I pay my debts!" she said crisply.

"You decline to accept your release?"

"Yes, I do!—from *you!*"

"You'll see this thing through—if it takes all winter?"

"Of course," trying to smile, and not succeeding.

He touched her arm and pointed out across the hot, perfumed gulf to the gilded clock on high. "You *have* seen it through! It is now one minute to midnight. We have been here exactly one hour, lacking a minute, since our bet was on. And I've wanted to kiss you all the while."

She turned toward him, still uncertain of her immunity. "Do you mean that you have really used the hour as you saw fit?" she asked. "Have I done my part honestly?—like a good sportsman? Have I really?"

He bowed, laughingly. "I cheerfully concede it. You are a good sport."

"And—all that time—" she began—"all that time—"

"I had my chances—sixty of them."

"And didn't take them?"

"Only wanted to—but didn't."

"You think that I—"

"A woman never forgets a man who has kissed her. I took the rather hopeless chance that you might remember me without that. But it's a long shot. I expect that you'll forget me."

"Do you *want* me to remember you?" she asked curiously.

"Yes. But you won't."

"How do you know?"

"I know—from the expression of your mouth, perhaps. You are too pretty, too popular, to remember a poor harlequin."

"But you never have seen my face! Have you?"

"No."

"Then why do you continually say that I am pretty?"

"I can divine what you must be."

"Then—how—why did you refrain from—" She laughed lightly, and looked up at him mockingly. "Really, Harlequin, you *are* funny. Do you realize it?"

She laughed again and the slight flush came back into her cheeks.

"But you're nice, anyway. Perhaps if you *had* seen my face you might have let me go unkissed all the quicker. Masks cover horrible surprises. And, then again, if you *had* seen it, *perhaps* you might *never* have let me go at all!" she added audaciously.

In the gilded balcony opposite, the orchestra had now ceased playing; the whirl and noise of the dancers filled the immense momentary quiet. Then soft chimes from the great clock sounded midnight, amid cries of, "Unmask! masks off, everybody!"

The harlequin turned and, drawing the black vizard from his face, bent low and saluted her hand; and she, responding gaily with a curtsey, looked up into the features of an utter stranger.

She stood silent a moment, the surprised smiled stamped on her lips; then, in her turn, she slipped the mask from her eyes. "*Voila!*" she cried. "*C'est moi!*"

After a moment he said, half to himself: "I knew well enough that you must be unusual. But I hadn't any idea—any idea—"

"Then—you are *not* disappointed in me, monsieur?"

"My only regret is that I had my hour, and wasted it. Those hours never sound twice for wandering harlequins."

"Poor Harlequin!" she said saucily. "I'm sorry, but even *your* magic can't recall a vanished hour! Poor, poor Harlequin! You were too generous to me!"

"And now you are going to forget me," he said. "That is to be my reward."

"Why—I don't think—I don't expect to forget you. I suppose I am likely to know you some day. *Who* are you, please? Somebody very grand in New York?"

"My name is Quarren."

There was a silence; she glanced down at the ballroom floor through the lattice screen, then slowly turned around to look at him again.

"Have you ever heard of me?" he asked, smiling.

"Yes."

"Are you disappointed?"

"Y-es. Pleasantly. I supposed you to be—different."

He laughed. "Has the world been knocking me very dreadfully to you, Mrs. Leeds?"

"No. One's impressions form without any reason—and vaguely—from—nothing in particular. I thought you were a very different sort of man. I am glad you are not."

"That is charming of you."

"It's honest. I had no desire to meet the type of man I supposed you to be. Am I too frank?"

"No, indeed," he said, laughing, "but I'm horribly afraid that I really am the kind of man you imagined me."

"You are not."

"How do you know?"

"No," she said, shaking her pretty head, "you can't be."

He said, quoting her own words, amiably, "I'm merely one of the necessary incidents of any social environment—like flowers and champagne—"

"Mr. Quarren!"

In her distress she laid an impulsive hand on his sleeve; he lifted it, laid it across the back of his own hand, and bowing, saluted it lightly, gaily.

"I am not offended," he said; "I am what you supposed me."

"Please don't say it! You are not. I didn't know you; I was—prejudiced."

"You'll find me out sooner or later," he said, laughing, "so I might as well admit that your cap fitted me."

"It doesn't fit!" she retorted; "I was a perfect fool to say that!"

"As long as you like me," he returned, "does it make any difference what I am?"

"Of course it does! I'm not likely to find a man agreeable unless he's worth noticing."

"Am I?"

"Oh, gentle angler, I refuse to answer you. Be content that an hour out of my life has sped very swiftly in your company!"

She turned and laid her hand on the little gilt door. He opened it for her.

"You've been very nice to me," she said. "I won't forget you."

"You'll certainly forget me for that very reason. If I hadn't been nice I'd have been the exception. And you would have remembered."

She said with an odd smile, "Do you suppose that pleasant things have been so common in my life that only the unpleasant episode makes any impression on my memory?"

"To remember me as I want you to, you ought to have had something unpardonable to forgive me."

"Perhaps I have!" she said daringly; and slipped past him and down the narrow stairs, her loop-mask fluttering from her elbow. At the foot of the stairs she turned, looking back at him over her bare shoulder. "I've mortally offended at least three important men by hiding up there with you. That is conceding *something* to your attractions, isn't it?"

"Everything. Will you let me find you some supper—and let the mortally offended suitors sit and whistle a bit longer?"

"Poor suitors—they've probably been performing heel-tattoos for an hour. Very well, then. I feel unusually shameless tonight—and I'll go with you. But don't be disagreeable to me if a neglected and glowering young man rushes up and drags me away by the back hair."

"Who for example?"

"Barent Van Dyne, for instance."

"Oh, we'll side-step that youthful Knickerbocker," said Quarren gaily. "Leave it to me, Mrs. Leeds."

"To behave so outrageously to Mr. Van Dyne is peculiarly horrid and wicked of me," she said. "But you don't realize that, and—the fact remains that you did *not* take your forfeit. And I've a lot to make up for that, haven't I?" she added so naively that they both gave way to laughter unrestrained.

The light touch of her arm on his, now guiding him amid the noisy, rollicking throngs, now yielding to his guidance, ceased as he threaded a way through the crush to a corner, and seated her at a table for two.

In a few moments he came back with all kinds of delectable things; went for more, returned laden, shamelessly pulled several palms between them and the noisy outer world, and seated himself beside her.

With napkin and plate on the low table beside her, she permitted him to serve her. As he filled her champagne-glass she lifted it and looked across it at him.

"How did you discover my identity?" she asked. "I'm devoured by curiosity."

"Shall I tell you?"

"Please."

"I'll take a tumble in your estimation if I tell you."

"I don't think you will. Try it anyway."

"Very well then. Somebody told me."

"And you let me bet with you! And *you* bet on a *certainty!*"

"I did."

"Oh!" she exclaimed reproachfully, "is that good sportsmanship, Mr. Quarren?"

"No; very bad. And *that* was why I didn't take the forfeit. Now you understand."

She sat considering him, the champagne breaking in her glass. "Yes, I do understand now. A good sportsman couldn't take a forfeit which he won betting on a certainty. That wasn't a real wager, was it?"

"No, it wasn't."

"If it had been, I—I don't suppose you'd have let me go."

"Indeed not!"

They laughed, watching each other, curiously.

"Which ought to teach me never again to make any such highly original and sporting wagers," she said. "Anyway, you were perfectly nice about it. Of course you couldn't very well have been otherwise. Tell me, did you really suppose me to be attractive? You couldn't judge. How could you—under that mask?"

"Do you think that your mouth could have possibly belonged to any other kind of a face except your own?" he said coolly.

"Is my mouth unusual?"

"Very."

"How is it unusual?"

"I haven't analyzed the matter, but it is somehow so indescribable that I guessed very easily what the other features must be."

"O flattery! O impudence! Do you remember when Falstaff said that the lion could always recognize the true prince? Shame on you, Mr. Quarren. You are not only a very adroit flatterer, but a perfectly good sportsman, after all—and the most gifted tormentor I ever knew in all my life. And I like you fine!" She laughed, and made a quick little gesture, partly arrested as he met her more than half-way, touching the rim of his glass to hers.

"To our friendship—" he said.

"Our friendship," she repeated gaily, "if the gods speed it."

"—and—its consequences," he added. "Don't forget those."

"What are they likely to be?"

"Who knows? That's the gamble! But let us recognize all kinds of possibilities, and drink to them, too. Shall we?"

"What do you mean by the consequences of friendship?" she repeated, hesitating.

"That is the interesting thing about a new friendship," he explained. "Nobody can ever predict what the consequences are to be. Are you afraid to drink to the sporting chances, hazards, accidents, and possibilities of our new friendship, Mrs. Leeds? *That* is a perfectly good sporting proposition."

She considered him, interested, her eyes full of smiling curiosity. After a few seconds' hesitation she struck the ringing rim of her glass against his. "To our new friendship, Monsieur Harlequin!" she said lightly —"with every sporting chance, worldly hazard, and heavenly possibility in it!"

For the first time the smile faded from his face, and something in his altered features arrested her glass at her very lips.

"How suddenly serious you seem," she said. "Have I said anything?"

He drained his glass; after a second, she tasted hers, looked at him, finished it, still watching him.

"Really," she said, "you made me feel for a moment as though you and I were performing a solemn rite. That was a new phase of you to me—that exceedingly sudden and youthful gravity."

He remained silent. Into his mind, just for a second, and while in the act of setting the glass to his lips, there had flashed a flicker of pale clairvoyance. It seemed to illumine something within him which he had never believed in—another self. For that single instant he caught a glimpse of it, then it faded like a spark in a confused dream.

He raised his head and looked gravely across at Strelsa Leeds; and level eyed, smiling, inquisitive, she returned his gaze.

Could this brief contact with her have evoked in him a far-buried something which had never before given sign of existence? And could it have been anything resembling aspiration that had glimmered so palely out of an ordered and sordid commonplace personality which, with all its talent for frivolity, he had accepted as his own? Without reason a slight flush came into his cheeks.

"Why do you regard me so owlishly?" she asked, amused. "I repeat that you made me feel as though we were performing a sort of solemn rite when we drank our toast."

"You couldn't feel that way with such a thoroughly frivolous man as I am, could you?"

"I'm rather frivolous myself," she admitted, laughing. "I really can't imagine why you made me feel so serious—or why you looked as though you were. I've no talent for solemnity. Have you?"

"I don't think so," he said. "What a terrible din everybody is making! How hot and stifling it is here—with all those cloying gardenias. A man said, this evening, that this sort of thing makes for anarchy. It's rather beastly of me to sit here criticizing my host's magnificence. Do you know—it's curious, too—but I wish that, for the

next hour or two, you and I were somewhere alone under a good wide sky—where there was no noise. It's an odd idea, isn't it, Mrs. Leeds. And probably you don't share it with me."

She remained silent, thoughtful, her violet-gray eyes humorously considering him. "How do you know I don't?" she said at last. "I'm not enamored of noise, either."

"There's another thing," he went on, smiling—"it's rather curious, too—but somehow I've a sort of a vague idea that I've a lot of things to talk to you about. It's odd, isn't it?"

"Well, you know," she reminded him, "you couldn't very well have a lot of things to talk to me about, considering the fact that we've known each other only an hour or so."

"It doesn't seem logical. And yet, there's that inexplicable sensation of being on the verge of fairly bursting into millions of words for your benefit—words which all my life have been bottled up in me, accumulating, waiting for this opportunity."

They both were laughing, yet already a slight tension threatened both—had menaced them, vaguely, from the very first. It seemed to impend ever so slightly, like a margin of faintest shadow edging sunlight; yet it was always there.

"I haven't time for millions of words this evening," she said. "Won't some remain fresh and sparkling and epigrammatic until—until—"

"To-morrow? They'll possibly keep that long."

"I didn't say to-morrow."

"I did."

"I'm perfectly aware of the subtle suggestion and subtle flattery, Mr. Quarren."

"Then, may I see you to-morrow?"

"Utterly impossible—pitiably hopeless. You see, I am frank about the heartrending disappointment it is to me—and must be to you. But after I am awake I am in the hands of Mrs. Lannis. And there's no room for you in that pretty cradle."

"The next day, then?"

"We're going to Florida for three weeks."

"You?"

"Molly and Jim and I."

"Palm Beach?"

"Ultimately."

"And then?"

"Oh! Have you the effrontery to tell me to my face that you'll be in the same mind about me three weeks hence?"

"I have."

"Do you expect me to believe you?"

"I don't know—what to expect—of you, of myself," he said so quietly that she looked up quickly.

"Mr. Quarren! *Are* you a sentimental man? I had mentally absolved you from *that* preconception of mine—among other apparently unmerited ideas concerning you."

"I suppose you'll rise and flee if I tell you that you're different from other women," he said.

"You wouldn't be such an idiot as to tell me that, would you?"

"I might be. I'm just beginning to realize my capacity for imbecility. You're different in this way, anyhow; no woman ever before induced me to pull a solemn countenance."

"I *don't* induce you! I ask you not to."

"I *try* not to; but, somehow, there's something so—so real about *you*—"

"Are you accustomed to foregather with the disembodied?"

"I'm beginning to think that my world is rather thickly populated with ghosts—phantoms of a more real world."

He looked at her soberly; she had thought him younger than he now seemed. A slight irritation silenced her for a moment, then, impatiently:

"You speak cynically, and I dislike it. What reason have you to express world-weary sentiments?—you who are young, who probably have never known real sorrow, deep unhappiness! I have little patience with a morbid view of anything, Mr. Quarren. I merely warn you—in the event of your ever desiring to obtain my good graces."

"I do desire them."

"Then be yourself."

"I don't know what I am. I thought I knew. Your advent has disorganized both my complacency and my resignation."

"What do you mean?"

"Must I answer?"

"Of course!" she said, laughing.

"Then—the harlequin who followed you up those stairs never came down again."

"Oh!" she said, unenlightened.

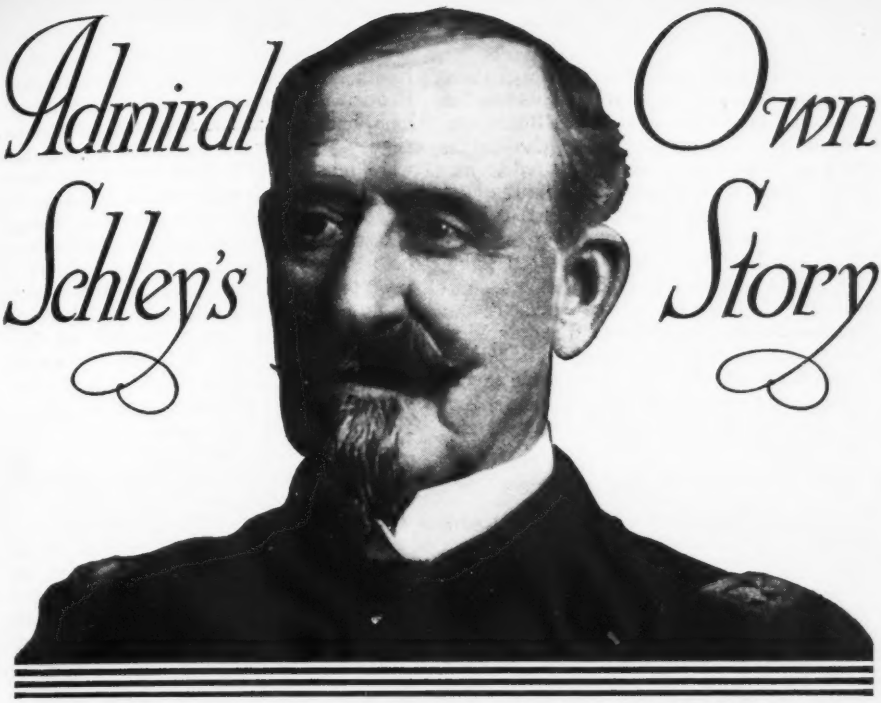
"I'm wondering who it was who came down out of that balcony in the wake of the golden dancer," he added.

"You and I—you very absurd young man. What are you trying to say?"

"I—wonder," he said, smiling, "what I am trying to say."

The next instalment of ***"The Streets of Ascalon"*** will appear in the June issue.

Admiral Schley's Own Story



"Of the forty shells from the enemy's ships which struck the American fleet the 'Brooklyn's' share was thirty. And yet some who never saw the fight at all had the temerity afterward to reflect upon her part in that day's glory."—*Admiral Schley*

EDITORIAL NOTE.—"The crowning event of my life," Admiral Schley calls the battle of Santiago. And it was. Also, his was a life fit to be crowned by such an event. His whole record is the record of duty—not always pleasant—met unshirkingly, done whole-heartedly and without question of the authority above him. From the day he left the Naval Academy to the day he was retired by an order "lacking the barest official politeness" he preferred actual service afloat to perfunctory shore duties, and did not grumble when he got more than his share. He was a fine type of the American sea officer and fighter; the navy—and the nation—has every reason to be proud of him. The self-told story of his life, which closes with this chapter, is the story of the great deeds of the American navy since 1860.

AS I write this last chapter of these, my final recollections of active service in the United States navy, I realize that it must include the climax of my career, at Santiago on the morning of July 3, 1898. I feel to-day, thirteen years after one of the most impressive events in our national history, that its record is in the keeping of the American people, and that they alone are the judges of its character. My observation of human nature has shown me that any question that confronts us must be answered without malice and without fear, if it is to be answered truthfully. In these recollections I have tried to remember everything and everyone in my life with a fair and considerate estimate. Therefore I shall deal with the events of the battle of Santiago in the same spirit of fairness. This most important incident of my official life has already found its proper place in the national feeling, and I shall confine its record, in these recollections, to my own unbiased remembrances of it. This being almost the closing incident of my active career, I shall come to it, in the chapter, at that page on which is written my fifty-eighth year's experience.

The *Baltimore* arrived at San Francisco from Valparaiso on January 6, 1892, and proceeded to Mare Island the same afternoon, going directly into dry dock for repairs. My cruise of more than two years being concluded, I was detached from the *Baltimore* and assigned to duty as lighthouse inspector at Tompkinsville, New York.

I reported there and took charge of these new duties in March, 1892. As this was the general depot of the Light-House Board, and the duties of purchasing and distributing all the supplies for their service fell to me, I found that there were hardly hours enough in the day to keep up with the current business; therefore I had to turn over the duty of inspecting the widely separated light-houses to my assistant, Lieutenant-Commander C. H. West, a most efficient and meritorious officer. After he was ordered to deliver one of the new tenders on the Pacific coast I asked for my old and trusted executive officer of the *Baltimore*, Lieutenant-Commander Sebree, a most competent and able officer.

CLEVELAND ALWAYS PAID HIS EXPENSES

While at Tompkinsville I had the pleasure of carrying President Cleveland to and from his summer home at Gray Gables on Buzzards Bay on several occasions. At close range Mr. Cleveland was a most companionable and attractive personality. As a sportsman he was among the best, whether with the gun or with the rod. He never bagged his game for the love of killing, and when he had taken enough for his wants he was satisfied. Among his counselors he was the master mind, and was always thoroughly well informed on every public question. He was often abused for using the public vessels for his private use, but in all his dealings with me he was very scrupulous in paying every cent of the expense incurred. Every officer with whom he made these excursions will testify that he never omitted to meet these obligations. He was one of the greatest of our Presidents.

I spent three very interesting and pleasant years on this duty, and during that interval instituted some improvements in its business methods to secure more promptness in the receipt and distribution of supplies. When I left the station, in March of 1895, it was in the highest state of efficiency. Each one of the employees called upon me personally to say good-by and to wish me every success wherever I might be assigned to duty.

My preference was always for sea service, and after a short detail to duty with the Board of Inspection under Admiral T. O. Selfridge I was ordered, in September, 1895, to command the protected cruiser *New York*, flagship of Admiral Bunce, of the North Atlantic Station, then at Hampton Roads. Bunce and I, as acting midshipmen, had been at the Academy together in 1856–7. Orders to command his flagship were most agreeable to me, and I have never regretted the eighteen months I served with that able and conspicuous officer. It is a little curious that a few days before these orders came to me I had packed my "sea-traps" in a separate trunk to be ready for what sailors used to call "a flying leap" if orders came suddenly, as they usually did, to sea. It proved a sort of telepathic inspiration, for I learned afterward that about the time I began to pack up, my orders had been decided upon at the Department. I had already made one full cruise as a captain, and hardly expected to be favored with another "trick at the wheel," but I did not feel aggrieved.

A few days afterward I joined the cruiser at Hampton Roads, and this cruise was most interesting and instructive. Its constant drills both summer and winter in all kinds of weather, its target and torpedo exercises, its training in rapid coaling, its squadron maneuvers, its signal drills day and night, and its mimic war blockade off Charleston to test the newer devices to make such measures more effective, were a broad education to officers and men. I have always believed that the work Bunce did with his squadron in 1895–7 was the real foundation for the successes at Manila and at Santiago in 1898, and by all right of rank, experience, and qualification as a commander-in-chief he was the logical selection and ought to have been assigned to the command of the squadron that destroyed that of Cervera off Santiago in July, 1898.

I AM MADE A COMMODORE

In view of my near promotion to the grade of commodore I was detached from the *New York* early in March of 1897 and ordered to the Light-House Board as a member. At the first meeting of the board thereafter I was unanimously chosen as its chairman, and on the 8th of March I was promoted to the grade of commodore, to take rank from February 6th.

At this time there were grave reports coming to us of disturbances in Cuba. As the year wore on the columns of the daily papers were filled with distressing stories of the treatment of Cuban prisoners captured by the Spanish army operating against the

revolutionary forces under General Gomez. These accounts pictured an inhumanity toward the unhappy Cubans that appealed strongly to the sympathies of our people, and in time compelled our government to intercede in their behalf. Very naturally this appeal strained the relations between the two countries almost to the breaking-point. The breach widened day by day. It seemed impossible to find any middle ground upon which the two nations could meet to discuss amicably a question upon which they differed so widely. The result ultimately was what the best thought in our country had regarded as inevitable sooner or later. The peaceful arrangement of many other questions which had previously disturbed the relations of the two countries was misinterpreted in Spain. It grew to be the common belief there, as well as in some other European countries, that we were a nation of money-makers who, rather than fight, would accept a money indemnity for any wrong done our citizens. This was the mistake that led to the undoing of Spain.

By the beginning of 1898 public opinion in America insisted that the sword was the nation's only recourse to unravel the tangle into which our diplomatic intercourse had drifted. Both nations had placed their navies on a war footing, and a large part of ours had assembled in and about the waters of Key West, primarily under command of Rear-Admiral Montgomery Sicard, who, unfortunately, was disabled by a severe illness which compelled him to ask to be relieved. To an officer of Sicard's high character and professional accomplishments it was a sore and cruel disappointment to be disabled at that critical moment. That he suffered keenly, all who knew his high ideals of duty could well understand in their sympathy for him. His successor in command was Captain W. T. Sampson, whom the Navy Department directed to hoist the flag of a rear-admiral, which gave him precedence over every commodore on the navy list.



(c) HERMEST

Admiral W. T. Sampson, who by being absent with his flagship, the "New York" (photograph above), missed the glory of the great victory off Santiago, July 3, 1898

It was decided by the Department to form two squadrons from the vessels comprising the North Atlantic Fleet, and to this end the *Brooklyn*, *Massachusetts*, *Texas*, and the auxiliary steam-yacht *Scorpion* were ordered to Hampton Roads, where they were afterward joined by the *Columbia* and *Minneapolis*.

On February 15, 1898, the world was shocked by the news flashed out from Ha-

vana of the destruction of the battleship *Maine* and the greater part of her crew. As the *Maine* had visited Havana with the friendly purpose of allaying public excitement, her monstrous destruction dispelled every hope of peace. While there were many of our people who, before this unthinkable atrocity occurred, believed every honorable means ought to be exhausted to maintain peace, after it had taken place the nation was a unit in demanding that our entire power in money and men be employed to destroy the power of Spain on the western continent forever.

I TAKE CHARGE OF THE FLYING SQUADRON

Meanwhile a squadron of war-vessels had assembled at Hampton Roads, and on March 20th, while I was sitting in my office at the Treasury Department, a telephone message from the secretary of the navy summoned me to his presence. As soon as I had entered his office he announced that the President had appointed me to command a division to be known as the Flying Squadron. I have never known who suggested my name, or what were the motives which prompted President McKinley to name me for this command. I only know that I made good.

My orders were transmitted to me on March 24th, detaching me from the chairmanship of the Light-House Board and assigning me to command the Flying Squadron, with the *Brooklyn* as my flagship. On March 28th, I hoisted my broad pennant on that ship. Some minor repairs to the *Brooklyn* and the *Massachusetts* being completed, the squadron assembled at Hampton Roads a few days later and was placed on a war footing immediately. Here the squadron was held in leash for quite a month, chafing and restless under inactivity, but drilling daily in all manner of war exercises with manifest improvement from day to day.

In the meantime Spain had assembled her squadron at the Cape Verde Islands under Admiral Cervera. This was a very formidable squadron, but the distance from Spain of the chosen base of preparations embarrassed the equipment of the squadron and delayed its departure for Cuba. During its long wait many guesses were made as to its destination. To those of us who knew the steaming radius of this fleet, it was plainly evident that it could not reach any point on our coast with coal enough left in the bunkers to venture a battle, and to recoal it would have to seize some of our ports. This would have been a most hazardous, yea, a most disastrous, undertaking for any commander in the presence of an active opposing fleet. Cervera's only friends in the West Indies were the French, and to them he must go to ascertain his enemy's whereabouts. That was my reasoning, and the sequel proved how exact it was.

Congress, on April 20th, authorized the President to use the military and naval power of the nation against Spain, voting a grant of $50,000,000 outright, and as much more as might be necessary to prosecute the war. On the 22d, the President proclaimed the coast of Cuba under blockade, and on the 23d, he issued a call for 125,000 volunteers. War was thus virtually begun, and the Spanish flag became that of an enemy on the seas.

ON THE LOOKOUT FOR CERVERA

As soon as Admiral Cervera's presence in the West Indies was announced by cable, then the most reliable war scout, the Flying Squadron was ordered in great haste to Key West, on May 13th, and arrived at that port on the 18th. My first orders assigned the Flying Squadron to the blockade of Havana, but Sampson's arrival the same afternoon from the bombardment of San Juan changed this. To operate against the two sides of the island two squadrons were formed, and the choice of location was left to Sampson. He chose the north side. On the 19th the Flying Squadron left Key West for Cienfuegos without any information of Cervera's arrival at Curaçao, though this fact was known on board the *New York* as early as May 16th. We were without pilots or any information as to the location of any insurgent camp, or of any means of communicating with the insurgents if any camps had been made, although during my official visit all these things, as well as the strength and character of the fortifications defending the ports, had been inquired about. In fact, the orders to blockade Cienfuegos stated that when Sampson "had the situation more in hand" he would communicate with me. Therefore from May 22d to 24th, the Flying Squadron, without any specific information that Cervera had reached Cuba at all, blockaded Cienfuegos closely. At that



Admiral Cervera, commander of the Spanish fleet

(c) HEMMENT

The "Vizcaya" on July 4, 1898, the day after the fatal attempt to run the gantlet of Commodore Schley's ships

verted yachts), and the collier *Merrimac*, set out for Santiago after dark, to mask its movements, and arrived before that port on May 26th, bad weather and heavy seas having held the smaller vessels back. Without thrashing over old ground or details of small consequence, it is enough to say that the Flying Squadron located the Spanish fleet in Santiago harbor on the morning of May 29th, and reported the fact to both Sampson and the Navy Department. This time Sampson was in serious doubt of Cervera's rumored arrival, while Secretary Long merely thought it "might possibly be true"; yet both were quite willing to leave to me all the responsibility and consequences of abandoning Cienfuegos to set at rest this rumor.



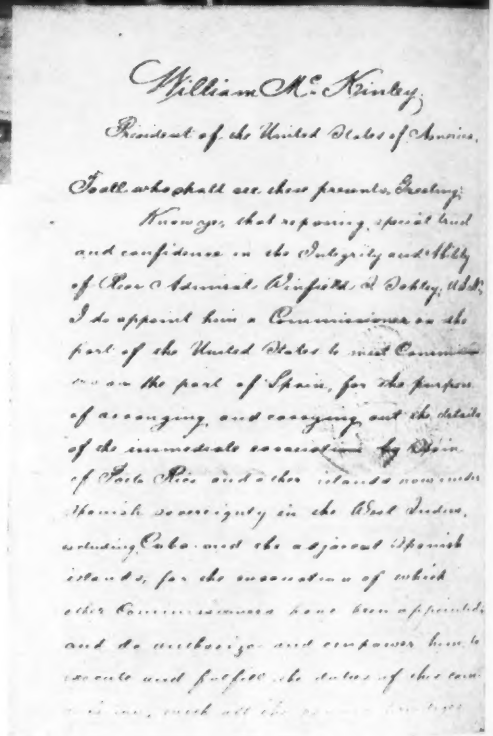
(c) HEMMENT

Some of the captured Spanish sailors. Besides the total destruction of their fleet, the Spanish suffered a loss of 350 men killed and 1700 captured. The American casualties were one killed and ten wounded

On May 24th, having ascertained that Cervera was not in Cienfuegos, the Flying Squadron, reenforced by the *Iowa*, *Marblehead*, *Vixen*, *Eagle* (the last two being con-



The commission appointed by President McKinley and the King of Spain to arrange for the evacuation by Spain of all her Amer-



William McKinley,
President of the United States of America.

To all who shall see these presents, Greeting:
Know ye, that reposing special trust and confidence in the Integrity and Ability of Rear Admiral Winfield S. Schley, U.S.N., I do appoint him a Commissioner on the part of the United States to meet Commissioners on the part of Spain, for the purpose of arranging, and carrying out the details of the immediate evacuation by Spain of Porto Rico and other islands now under Spanish sovereignty in the West Indies, including Cuba and the adjacent Spanish islands, for the evacuation of which other Commissioners have been appointed; and do authorize and empower him to execute and perform the duties of this commission, with all the powers [illegible]

Facsimile of President McKinley's order naming Rear-Admiral Schley—as a member of the commission to the battle of Santiago

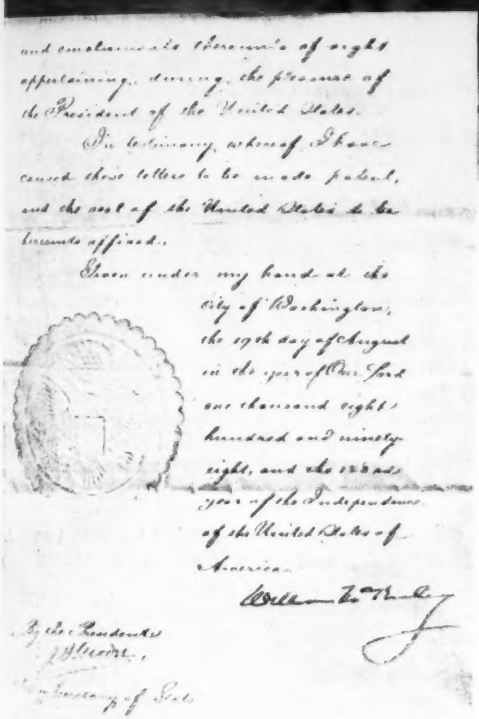
news brought Sampson to Santiago on June 1st, when he assumed command of the blockading forces.

The form of blockade which I established was in line of battle, cruising before the port about four miles off shore, with the *Marblehead* and *Vixen* on the flanks at night, closer in shore and ready for instant action. Its advantage was that the heavy broadside fire of the squadron was always concentrated upon the entrance. The blockade established afterward by Admiral Sampson was in the form of a crescent about six miles in diameter, the ships being bows on to the land. Under this arrangement only the bow guns could be brought effectively to bear on the entrance, and if the enemy in a sortie should have charged down through our squadron so arranged we would probably have suffered considerably from our own fire.

In this formation the blockade was maintained for a month. On June 3d, Hobson was sent in with the *Merrimac* to sink her in the channel entrance. Nothing could have been more gallantly attempted, but fortunately for the navy it failed. Now and then the monotony of the blockade was varied by attacks upon the forts on the east and west of the entrance, but as a whole it was a trying



ican possessions. Rear-Admiral Schley, the only member representing the victorious navy, sits at the left end of the table



and emoluments to the same of right appertaining, during the pleasure of the President of the United States.

In testimony whereof I have caused these letters to be made patent, and the seal of the United States to be hereunto affixed.

Given under my hand at the City of Washington, the 19th day of August in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight, and the 123rd year of the Independence of the United States of America.

By the President

Secretary of State

Schley—who had been advanced to that grade for his conduct of arrange for the hauling down of Spain's flag in the West Indies

duty, exposed to the scorching sun by day and the torrential rains by night. In time these conditions affected the health of some, but the spirit of the officers and men never wavered for a moment, and when the crucial hour finally came small bodily impairments were forgotten in their determination to prove true to the inspiring traditions of their noble service.

The 5th Army Corps, under General Shafter, reached Santiago on June 20th, and, protected by the navy and directly under the supervision of Captain C. F. Goodrich of the navy, was disembarked at Siboney, eleven or twelve miles east of Santiago Harbor. Goodrich's fine work on this occasion was characterized by the dash and promptness for which that excellent officer was noted. In any other navy in the world he would have earned a grade at least for his work on that occasion, but I do not recall that he was even mentioned in any official despatch except one of my own. From the moment, almost, of landing, skirmishing and fighting began, with the result that the enemy's forces were defeated and driven back from Las Guasimas, El Caney, and San Juan Hill into the inner defenses of Santiago by the 1st of July. Matters then became so serious for the Spanish that the detachment

of sailors which was operating with the army was withdrawn to the ships, which dropped down to the lower bay on Saturday afternoon, July 2. The columns of ascending smoke spreading above the tableland masking the harbor as Cervera's squadron shifted its berth was interpreted to mean that he intended a sortie. I was so impressed with this view of the situation that I sent the *Vixen* that same afternoon to communicate this information to Admiral Sampson, with the information added that I would hold my squadron close in to the entrance that night. What impression it made upon Sampson's mind I do not know, but my surprise next morning at daylight was inexpressible when my orderly brought me word that the *Massachusetts* had withdrawn from the squadron during the night and had gone eastward out of sight.

HOW SAMPSON MISSED THE BATTLE

It was Sunday morning, July 3, 1898. What portentous issues were to be settled before the sun of the day was to set! Greater still was my amazement at 8.30 that morning when the deck-officer reported that the flagship *New York* had made signal, "Disregard movements of the commander-in-chief," and likewise had gone east under high speed. I was mystified, as a matter of course, for the reason that Sampson had not intimated to me what his purpose was, or how long he was to be absent, or even where he was going. I never did know the reason for his absence until six months afterward, when the President informed me that he had sent an order to Sampson to proceed to Shafter's headquarters to confer with reference to future movements against Santiago.

What an auspicious moment this was for Cervera's sortie—two heavy ships absent from the line of battle he was to face. At 9.30 he took advantage of the opportunity, and was discovered filing out of the harbor entrance in line of battle. Being the senior officer present and responsible, I looked to the eastward with a field-glass from the *Brooklyn's* bridge, some forty feet above the water-line, to ascertain if Sampson was in sight or signal distance, that being essential before I could make signal to the fleet. As his flagship was nowhere to be seen, I signaled: "Clear for action," "Close in," and "Follow the flag."

The issue was at once joined by a brilliant dash of the squadron inward toward the enemy, whose formation favored a concentrated fire upon his leading ships. The artillery duel of both squadrons was terrific at this moment, but the telling effect of the greater accuracy of the firing of the American squadron soon changed Cervera's original purpose to fight to an attempt to escape. It was too late for that. Within fifteen or twenty minutes Cervera's flagship was on fire fore and aft, the decks and bridge had been swept, the engines were disabled, and his ship was in flight for the beach, which she succeeded in reaching some six miles west of the entrance to Santiago. A few minutes later the *Oquendo* was observed to be in the same disastrous plight, and heading for the shore. She was beached about one-half mile to the west of the *Maria Teresa*.

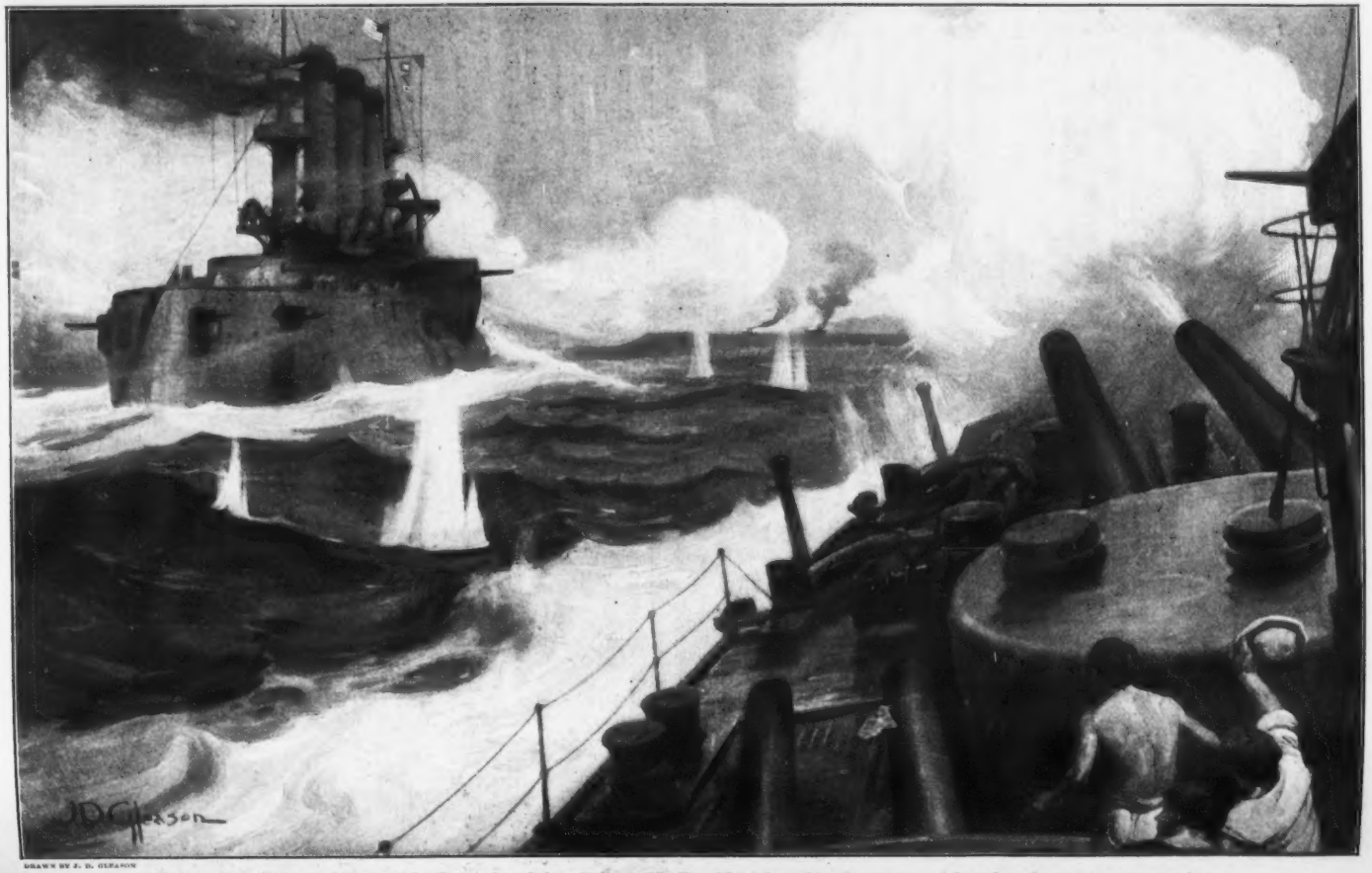
As the *Brooklyn* had to swing about from an east to a west course (just such a movement as Nelson made at St. Vincent in 1798, and Decatur in the War of 1812, when fighting the *Macedonian*), she found herself, when straightened up, on a course parallel to the Spanish fleet, under the guns of all four of their vessels. Why she was not destroyed at that time was only because Clark in the *Oregon* followed the flag and took his place on the *Brooklyn's* starboard quarter. After that there was no uncertainty. The fighting was terrific, and shifted rapidly to the westward with the *Vizcaya* and *Colon*. Within forty minutes of the beginning of the battle the *Vizcaya* was on fire and in flight for the beach, some twenty miles west of the entrance to Santiago. She was riddled and beaten, with half her crew killed and wounded. All three of these vessels blew up later in the day.

WE WIPE OUT THE SPANISH FLEET

The *Colon*, faster than her consorts, was alone left to continue the race for life until 1.15 P.M., when her commander, seeing the *Brooklyn* and *Oregon* were rapidly overhauling her, thought discretion the better part of valor, fired a lee gun, and hauled down his flag to indicate surrender. He then ran his vessel ashore on the bar at the mouth of the Tarquine River, about forty miles west of the entrance to Santiago.

The torpedo-boats *Pluton* and *Furor* were destroyed in the early moments of the action, which lasted three hours and forty minutes. It resulted in the destruction of every ship of the enemy and the capture of the entire personnel of the squadron, alive and dead.

During the battle we lost one man killed



DRAWN BY J. D. GLEASON

"Clark in the 'Oregon' followed the flag and took his place on the 'Brooklyn's' starboard quarter. After that there was no uncertainty. The fighting was terrific, and shifted rapidly to the westward with the 'Viscaya' and 'Colon'"

and two wounded on the *Brooklyn*. Of the forty shells from the enemy's ships which struck the American fleet the *Brooklyn's* share was thirty. And yet some who never saw the fight at all had the temerity afterward to reflect upon her part in that day's glory. At 2.27 P.M., the flagship *New York* reached the vicinity of the *Colon's* surrender. At the time it occurred—1.15 P.M.—her smoke was seen indistinctly on the eastern horizon. After she arrived I was sent to the eastward to meet a reported battleship of Spain. She proved to be an Austrian cruiser, the *Maria Teresa*.

MCKINLEY REWARDS MY VICTORY

With Dewey's magnificent victory at Manila supplemented by that off Santiago, the cause of Spain was now hopeless. Cuba was lost, as well as Porto Rico and the Philippines, and the Spanish flag driven from the western continent forever. There was nothing left but to ask for peace on the best terms her victor would consent to give.

President McKinley thought so well of the service I had rendered that he nominated me for advancement six numbers in grade, which carried me into that of rear-admiral, and as such he detailed me as one of the members of the commission which went to Porto Rico to consider with a similar commission appointed by Spain the evacuation of the island preliminary to an American occupation. Our commission consisted of Major-General John R. Brooke, Brigadier-General W. W. Gordon, and myself, with Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Hunter as secretary and recorder. Those representing the government of Spain were Major-General Ricardo Orteta, Acting Rear-Admiral Eugenie Vallerino, and Colonel José Sanchez del Aguila, with Captain Rafael Ravena as secretary. This high commission assembled at the palace at San Juan on September 1, 1898, in conformity with the terms of the protocol, signed by the respective governments.

There were about twenty thousand Spanish troops occupying the various posts throughout the island. To evacuate these several places and to replace the Spanish forces with American detachments to prevent any lawlessly inclined from disturbing the public peace and security required a carefuly planned program. After that had been arranged the evacuation of the Spanish began, and was continued without hitch or interference. Many other questions affecting the customs and postal laws, the schools, the internal regulations of the island, the methods of judicial procedure, matters of taxation and revenue, were carefully looked into by the American commissioners, and were made the subject of an exhaustive report to the President.

So systematically was the business of the commission carried forward that on October 18, 1898, at high noon, the American occupation of the island took place, amid impressive ceremonial salutes to the flag in the presence of the foreign consuls, a vast assemblage of the islanders, and an imposing parade of soldiers, sailors, and marines of our nation.

Three weeks later I returned to the United States. After this I went West on a visit to my old friend, General Charles F. Manderson, at Omaha. It was the first opportunity in my life to see the great West, except through a car window, and to meet and know its splendid people. The hospitable and affectionate welcome of the people during a month's visit among them as far west as Salt Lake City was a manifestation of their confidence and affection that will remain always among the loving memories of my life.

MY LAST SEA SERVICE

Not long after my return I was ordered to command the South Atlantic Station, although there were several rear-admirals on the list ahead of me who had not seen an hour of service at sea under their commissions. I felt it no hardship, however, to serve my country wherever duty called, and though it was not my turn I took my medicine without making wry faces.

My arrival on my new station at Buenos Aires, on December 24, 1899, was the beginning of hospitable attentions and kindly receptions at every port from there to Para. These kindly attentions from my countrymen, as well as from the good people in the countries within my command, only ceased in April, 1901, when I relinquished command afloat to return home, as I was nearing the statutory age limit of active service.

On the 9th of October, 1901, I was transferred to the retired list by an order from the Navy Department couched in the most formal terms and lacking the barest official politeness.

In **an early** issue, George Dewey, Admiral of the Navy, will begin the story of his stirring career as a sea-fighter from his entrance into the navy to the present day.



Smoke bowed to the inevitable, and trudged on with his captors

Smoke Bellew

One year ago—story time—Smoke Bellew, then just plain Christopher Bellew and a tenderfoot, went into the Northland in search of adventure. He found it; he became a "sour-dough," and furnished Jack London with the best series of stories he has ever told. Smoke has been rich and poor; has lived on the fat of the land, cheated death by an eyelash, fallen under the spell of a girl of the snows, and, with Shorty, followed many a trail that a less adventurous soul would have shunned. All these have made capital tales—because told by Jack London—but here comes the best of them all—we think it is the best Alaskan story London ever wrote It is big with the immensity of a big land; bigger still with the wonderfulness of a woman's love. Don't miss it

By Jack London

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer

Wonder of Woman

"JUST the same, I notice you ain't tumbled over yourself to get married," Shorty remarked, continuing a conversation that had lapsed some few minutes before.

Smoke, sitting on the edge of the sleeping-robe and examining the feet of a dog he had rolled snarling on its back in the snow, did not answer. And Shorty, turning a steaming moccasin propped on a stick before the fire, studied his partner's face keenly.

"Cock your eye up at that there aurora borealis," Shorty went on. "Some frivolous, eh? Just like any shilly-shallyin', skirt-dancing woman. The best of them is frivolous, when they ain't foolish. And they's cats, all of 'em, the littlest an' the biggest, the nicest and the otherwise. They're sure devourin' lions an' roarin' hyenas when they get on the trail of a man they've cottoned to."

Again the monologue languished. Smoke cuffed the dog when it attempted to snap his hand, and went on examining its bruised and bleeding pads.

"Huh!" pursued Shorty. "Mebbe I couldn't 'a' married if I'd a mind to! An' mebbe I wouldn't 'a' been married without

a mind to, if I hadn't hiked for tall timber. Smoke, d'you want to know what saved me? I'll tell you. My wind. I just kept a-runnin'. I'd like to see any skirt run me outa breath."

Smoke released the animal and turned his own steaming, stick-propped moccasins. "We've got to rest over to-morrow and make moccasins," he vouchsafed. "That little crust is playing the devil with their feet."

"We oughta keep goin' somehow," Shorty objected. "We ain't got grub enough to turn back with, and we gotta strike that run of caribou or them white Indians almighty soon or we'll be eatin' the dogs, sore feet an' all. Now who ever seen them white Indians anyway? Nothin' but hearsay. An' how can a Indian be white? A black white man'd be as natural. Smoke, we just oughta travel to-morrow. The country's plumb dead of game. We ain't seen even a rabbit-track in a week, you know that. An' we gotta get out of this dead streak into somewhere that meat's runnin'."

"They'll travel all the better with a day's rest for their feet and moccasins all around," Smoke counseled. "If you get a chance at any low divide, take a peep over at the country beyond. We're likely to strike open rolling country any time now. That's what La Perle told us to look for."

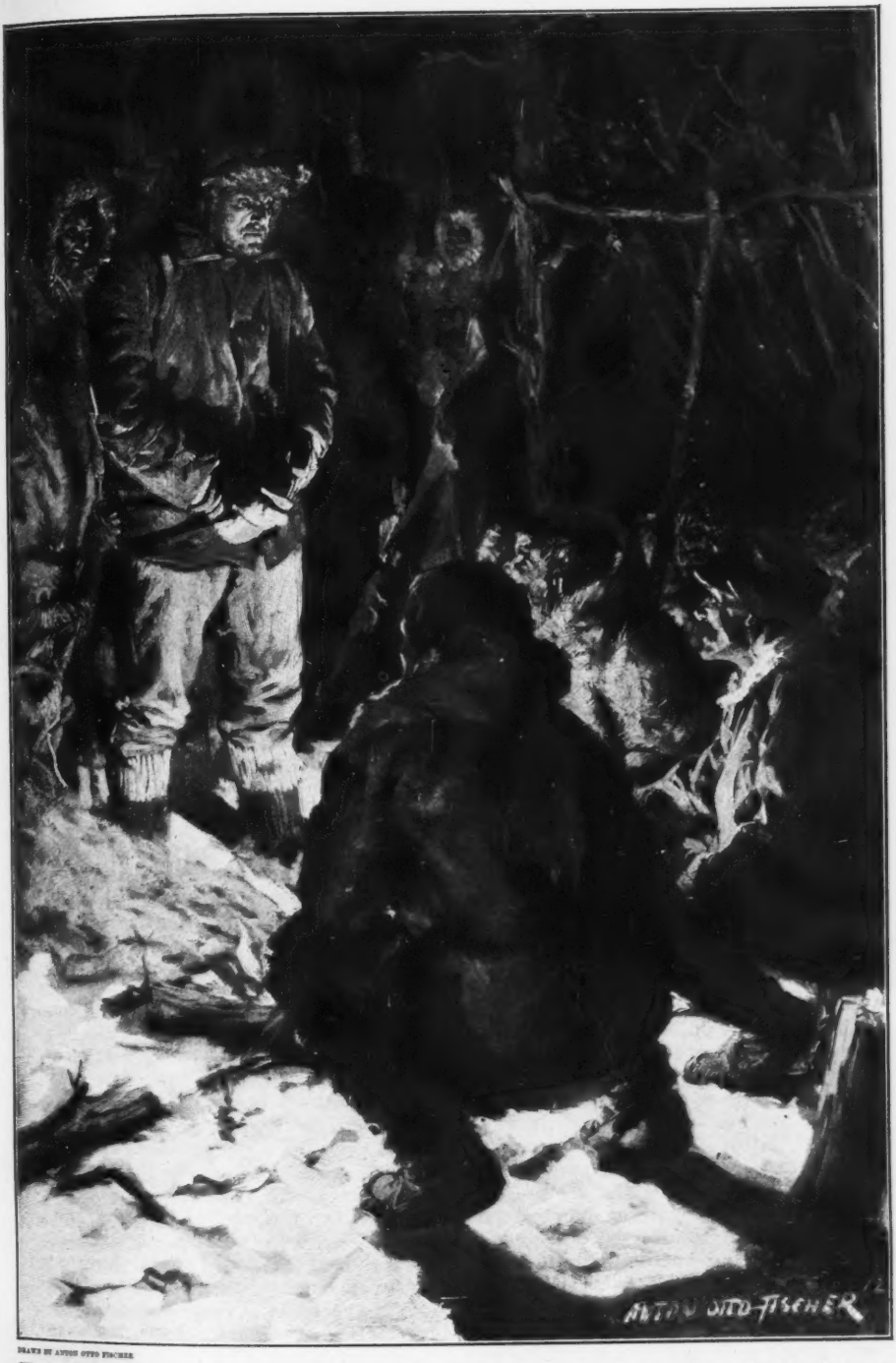
"Huh! By his own story, it was ten years ago that La Perle come through this section, an' he was that loco from hunger he couldn't know what he did see. Remember what he said of whoppin' big flags floatin' from the tops of the mountains? That shows how loco *he* was. An' he said himself he never seen any white Indians—that was Anton's yarn. An', besides, Anton kicked the bucket two years before you an' me come to Alaska. But I'll take a look to-morrow. An' mebbe I might pick up a moose. What d'you say we turn in?"

II

SMOKE spent the morning in camp, sewing dog-moccasins and repairing harnesses. At noon he cooked a meal for two, ate his share, and began to look for Shorty's return. An hour later he strapped on his snow-shoes and went out on his partner's trail. The way led up the bed of the stream, through a narrow gorge that widened suddenly into a moose-pasture. But no moose had been there since the first snow of the preceding fall. The tracks of Shorty's snow-shoes crossed the pasture and went up the easy slope of a low divide. At the crest Smoke halted. The tracks continued down the other slope. The first spruce-trees, in the creek bed, were a mile away, and it was evident that Shorty had passed through them and gone on. Smoke looked at his watch, remembered the oncoming darkness, the dogs, and the camp, and reluctantly decided against going farther. But before he retraced his steps he paused for a long look. All the eastern sky-line was saw-toothed by the snowy backbone of the Rockies. The whole mountain system, range upon range, seemed to trend to the northwest, cutting athwart the course to the open country reported by La Perle. The effect was as if the mountains conspired to thrust back the traveler toward the west and the Yukon. Smoke wondered how many men in the past, approaching as he had approached, had been turned aside by that forbidding aspect. La Perle had not been turned aside, but, then, La Perle had crossed over from the eastern slope of the Rockies.

Until midnight Smoke maintained a huge fire for the guidance of Shorty. And in the morning, waiting with camp broken and dogs harnessed for the first break of light, Smoke took up the pursuit. In the narrow pass of the canyon, his lead-dog pricked up its ears and whined. Then Smoke came upon the Indians, six of them, coming toward him. They were traveling light, without dogs, and on each man's back was the smallest of pack outfits. Surrounding Smoke, they immediately gave him several matters for surprise. That they were looking for him was clear. That they talked no Indian tongue of which he knew a word was also quickly made clear. They were not white Indians, though they were taller and heavier than the Indians of the Yukon basin. Five of them carried the old-fashioned, long-barreled Hudson Bay Company musket, and in the hands of the sixth was a Winchester rifle which Smoke knew to be Shorty's.

Nor did they waste time in making him a prisoner. Unarmed himself, Smoke could only submit. The contents of the sled were distributed among their own packs, and he was given a pack composed of his and Shorty's sleeping-furs. The dogs were unharnessed, and when Smoke protested, one of



DRAWN BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

The old familiar grin twisted on Shorty's features. "Nope," he answered. "I'm a Indian. I'm learnin' not to show surprise. When did they catch you?"

the Indians, by signs, indicated a trail too rough for sled-travel. Smoke bowed to the inevitable, cached the sled end-on in the snow on the bank above the stream, and trudged on with his captors. Over the divide to the north they went, down to the spruce-trees which Smoke had glimpsed the preceding afternoon. They followed the stream for a dozen miles, abandoning it when it trended to the west and heading directly eastward up a narrow tributary.

The first night was spent in a camp which had been occupied for several days. Here was cached a quantity of dried salmon and a sort of pemmican, which the Indians added to their packs. From this camp a trail of many snow-shoes led off—Shorty's captors, was Smoke's conclusion; and before darkness fell he succeeded in making out the tracks Shorty's narrower snow-shoes had left. On questioning the Indians by signs, they nodded affirmation and pointed to the north.

Always, in the days that followed, they pointed north; and always the trail, turning and twisting through a jumble of upstanding peaks, trended north. Everywhere, in this bleak snow-solitude, the way seemed barred, yet ever the trail curved and coiled, finding low divides and avoiding the higher and untravelable chains. The snowfall was deeper than in the lower valleys, and every step of the way was snow-shoe work. Furthermore, Smoke's captors, all young men, traveled light and fast; and he could not forbear the prick of pride in the knowledge that he easily kept up with them. They were travel-hardened and trained to snow-shoes from infancy; yet such was his condition that the traverse bore no more of ordinary hardship to him than to them.

In six days they gained and crossed the central pass, low in comparison with the mountains it threaded, yet formidable in itself and not possible for loaded sleds. Five days more of tortuous winding, from lower altitude to lower altitude, brought them to the open, rolling, and merely hilly country La Perle had found ten years before. Smoke knew it with the first glimpse, on a sharp cold day, the thermometer forty below zero, the atmosphere so clear that he could see a hundred miles. Far as he could see rolled the open country. High in the east the Rockies still thrust their snowy ramparts heavenward. To the south and west extended the broken ranges of the projecting spur-system they had crossed. And in this vast pocket lay the country La Perle had traversed—snow-blanketed, but assuredly fat with game at some time in the year, and in the summer a smiling, forested, and flowered land.

Before midday, traveling down a broad stream, past snow-buried willows and naked aspens, and across heavily timbered flats of spruce, they came upon the site of a large camp, recently abandoned. Glancing as he went by it, Smoke estimated four or five hundred fires, and guessed the population to be in the thousands. So fresh was the trail, and so well packed by the multitude, that Smoke and his captors took off their snow-shoes and in their moccasins struck a swifter pace. Signs of game appeared and grew plentiful—tracks of wolves and lynxes that without meat could not be. Once, one of the Indians cried out with satisfaction and pointed to a large area of open snow, littered with fang-polished skulls of caribou, trampled and disrupted as if an army had fought upon it. And Smoke knew that a big killing had been made by the hunters since the last snow flurry.

In the long twilight no sign was manifested of making camp. They held steadily on through a deepening gloom that vanished under a sky of light—great, glittering stars half veiled by a greenish vapor of pulsing aurora borealis. His dogs first caught the noises of the camp, pricking their ears and whining in low eagerness. Then it came to the ears of the humans, a murmur, dim with distance, but not invested with the soothing grace that is common to distant murmurs. Instead, it was in a high, wild key, a beat of shrill sound broken by shriller sounds—the long wolf-howling of many wolf-dogs, a screaming of unrest and pain, mournful with hopelessness and rebellion. Smoke swung back the crystal of his watch and by the feel of finger-tips on the naked hands made out eleven o'clock. The men about him quickened. The legs that had lifted through a dozen strenuous hours, lifted in a still swifter pace that was half a run and mostly a running jog. Through a dark spruce-flat they burst upon an abrupt glare of light from many fires and upon an abrupt increase of sound. The great camp lay before them.

And as they entered and threaded the irregular runways of the hunting-camp, a vast tumult, as in a wave, rose to meet them and

rolled on with them—cries, greetings, questions and answers, jokes and jokes thrust back again, the snapping snarl of wolf-dogs rushing in furry projectiles of wrath upon Smoke's stranger dogs, the scolding of squaws, laughter, the whimpering of children and wailing of infants, the moans of the sick aroused afresh to pain, all the pandemonium of a camp of nerveless, primitive wilderness folk.

Striking with clubs and the butts of guns, Smoke's party drove back the attacking dogs, while his own dogs, snapping and snarling, awed by so many enemies, shrank in among the legs of their human protectors, themselves bristling along stiff-legged in menacing prance.

They halted in the trampled snow by an open fire, where Shorty and two young Indians, squatted on their hams, were broiling strips of caribou meat. Three other young Indians, lying in furs on a mat of spruce-boughs, sat up. Shorty looked across the fire at his partner, but with a sternly impassive face, like those of his companions, made no sign and went on broiling the meat.

"What's the matter?" Smoke demanded, half in irritation. "Lost your speech?"

The old familiar grin twisted on Shorty's face. "Nope," he answered. "I'm a Indian. I'm learnin' not to show surprise. When did they catch you?"

"Next day after you left."

"Hum," Shorty said, the light of whimsy dancing in his eyes. "Well, I'm doin' fine, thank you most to death. This is the bachelor's camp." He waved his hand to embrace its magnificence, which consisted of a fire, beds of spruce-boughs laid on top of the snow, flies of caribou skin, and windshields of twisted spruce and willow withes. "An' these are the bachelors." This time his hand indicated the young men, and he spat a few spoken gutturals in their own language that brought the white flash of acknowledgment from eyes and teeth. "They're glad to meet you, Smoke. Set down an' dry your moccasins, an' I'll cook up some grub. I'm gettin' the hang of the lingo pretty well, ain't I? You'll have to come to it, for it looks as if we'll be with these folks a long time. They's another white man here. Got caught six years ago. He's a Irishman they picked up over Great Slave Lake way. Danny McCan is what he goes by. He's settled down with a squaw. Got two kids already, but he'll skin out if ever the chance opens up. See that low fire over there to the right? That's his camp."

Apparently this was Smoke's appointed domicile, for his captors left him and his dogs, and went on deeper into the big camp. While he attended to his foot-gear and devoured strips of hot meat, Shorty cooked and talked.

"This is a sure peach of a pickle, Smoke—you listen to me. An' we got to go some to get out. These is the real, blowed-in-the-glass wild Indians. They ain't white, but their chief is. He talks like a mouthful of hot mush, an' if he ain't full-blood Scotch they ain't no such thing as Scotch in the world. He's the hi-yu, skookum top-chief of the whole caboodle. What he says goes. You want to get that from the start-off. Danny McCan's been tryin' to get away from him for six years. Danny's all right, but he ain't got go in him. He knows a way out—learned it on huntin' trips—to the west of the way you an' me came. He ain't had the nerve to tackle it by his lonely. But we can pull it off, the three of us. Whiskers is the real goods, but he's mostly loco just the same."

"Who's Whiskers?" Smoke queried, pausing in the wolfing down of a hot strip of meat.

"Why, he's the top geezer. He's the Scotcher. He's gettin' old, an' he's sure asleep now, but he'll see you to-morrow an' show you clear as print what a measly shrimp you are on his stompin'-grounds. These grounds belong to him. You got to get that into your noodle. They ain't never been explored, nor nothin', an' they're hisn. An' he won't let you forget it. He's got about twenty thousand square miles of huntin' country here all his own. He's the white Indian, him an' the skirt. Huh! Don't look at me that way. Wait till you see her. Some looker, an' all white, like her dad—he's Whiskers. An' say, caribou! I've saw 'em. A hundred thousan' of good running meat in the herd, an' ten thousan' wolves an' cats a-followin' an' livin' off the stragglers an' the leavin's. We leave the leavin's. The herd's movin' to the east, an' we'll be followin' 'em any day now. We eat an' our dogs, an' what we don't eat we smoke-cure for the spring before the salmon-run gets its sting in. Say, what Whiskers don't know about salmon an' caribou nobody knows, take it from me."

III

"HERE comes Whiskers lookin' like he's goin' somewheres," Shorty whispered, reaching over and wiping greasy hands on the coat of one of the sled-dogs.

It was morning, and the bachelors were squatting over a breakfast of caribou-meat, which they ate as they broiled. Smoke glanced up and saw a small and slender man, skin-clad like any savage, but unmistakably white, striding in advance of a sled-team and a following of a dozen Indians. Smoke cracked a hot bone, and while he sucked out the steaming marrow gazed at his approaching host. Bushy whiskers, yellowish gray and stained by camp smoke, concealed most of the face, but failed wholly to conceal the gaunt, almost cadaverous, cheeks. It was a healthy leanness, Smoke decided, as he noted the wide flare of the nostrils and the breadth and depth of chest that gave spaciousness to the guaranty of oxygen and life.

"How do you do?" the man said, slipping a mitten and holding out his bare hand. "My name is Snass," he added, as they shook hands.

"Mine's Bellew," Smoke returned, feeling peculiarly disconcerted as he gazed into the keen, searching black eyes.

"Getting plenty to eat, I see."

Smoke nodded and resumed his marrow-bone, the purr of Scottish speech strangely pleasant in his ears.

"Rough rations. But we don't starve often. And it's more natural than the hand-reared meat of the cities."

"I see you don't like cities," Smoke laughed, in order to be saying something; and was immediately startled by the transformation Snass underwent.

Quite like a sensitive plant, the man's entire form seemed to wilt and quiver. Then the recoil, tense and savage, concentered in the eyes, in which appeared a hatred that screamed of immeasurable pain. He turned abruptly away, and then, recollecting himself, remarked casually over his shoulder:

"I'll see you later, Mr. Bellew. The caribou are moving east, and I'm going ahead to pick out a location. You'll all come on to-morrow."

"Some Whiskers, that, eh?" Shorty muttered, as Snass pulled on at the head of his outfit.

Again Shorty wiped his hands on the wolf-dog, which seemed to like it as it licked off the delectable grease.

IV

LATER on in the morning Smoke went for a stroll through the camp, busy with its primitive pursuits. A big body of hunters had just returned, and the men were scattering to their various fires. Women and children were departing with dogs harnessed to empty toboggan-sleds, and women and children and dogs were hauling sleds heavy with meat fresh from the killing and already frozen. An early spring cold-snap was on, and the wildness of the scene was painted in a temperature of thirty below zero. Woven cloth was not in evidence. Furs and soft-tanned leather clad all alike. Boys passed with bows in their hands, and quivers of bone-barbed arrows; and many a skinning-knife of bone or stone Smoke saw in belts or neck-hanging sheaths. Women toiled over the fires, smoke-curing the meat, on their backs infants that stared round-eyed and sucked at lumps of tallow. Dogs, full-kin to wolves, bristled up to Smoke to endure the menace of the short club he carried and to whiff the odor of this newcomer whom they must accept by virtue of the club.

Segregated in the heart of the camp, Smoke came upon what was evidently Snass's fire. Though temporary in every detail, it was solidly constructed and was on a large scale. A great heap of bales of skins and outfit was piled on a scaffold out of reach of the dogs. A large canvas fly, almost half-tent, sheltered the sleeping- and living-quarters. To one side was a silk tent—the sort favored by explorers and wealthy big-game hunters. Smoke had never seen such a tent, and stepped closer. As he stood looking, the flaps parted and a young woman came out. So quickly did she move, so abruptly did she appear, that the effect on Smoke was as that of an apparition. He seemed to have the same effect on her, and for a long moment they gazed at each other.

She was dressed entirely in skins, but such skins and such magnificently beautiful fur-work Smoke had never dreamed of. Her parka, the hood thrown back, was of some strange fur of palest silver. The mukluks, with walrus-hide soles, were composed of the silver-padded feet of many lynxes. The

long-gauntleted mittens, the tassels at the knees, all the varied furs of the costume, were pale silver that shimmered in the frosty light; and out of this shimmering silver, poised on slender, delicate neck, lifted her head, the rosy face blonde as the eyes were blue, the ears like two pink shells, the light chestnut hair touched with frost-dust and coruscating frost-glints.

All this and more, as in a dream, Smoke saw; then, recollecting himself, his hand fumbled for his cap. At the same moment the wonder-stare in the girl's eyes passed into a smile, and, with movements quick and vital, she slipped a mitten and extended her hand.

"How do you do?" she murmured gravely, with a queer, delightful accent, her voice, silvery as the furs she wore, coming with a shock to Smoke's ears, attuned as they were to the harsh voices of the camp squaws.



The effect on Smoke was that of an apparition. He seemed to have the same effect on her, and for a long moment they stared at each other

Smoke could only mumble phrases that were awkwardly reminiscent of his best society manner.

"I am glad to see you," she went on slowly and gropingly, her face a ripple of smiles. "My English you will please excuse. It is not good. I am English like you," she gravely assured him. "My father he is Scotch. My mother she is dead. She was French, and English, and a little Indian, too. Her father was a great man in the Hudson Bay Company. Brrr! It is cold." She slipped on her mitten and rubbed her ears, the pink of which had already turned to white. "Let us go to the fire and talk. My name is Labiskwee. What is your name?"

And so Smoke came to know Labiskwee, the daughter of Snass, whom Snass called Margaret.

"Snass is not my father's name," she informed Smoke. "Snass is only an Indian name."

Much Smoke learned that day, and in the days that followed, as the hunting-camp moved on in the trail of the caribou. These were real wild Indians—the ones Anton had encountered and escaped from long years before. This was nearly the western limit of their territory, and in the summer they ranged north to the tundra shores of the Arctic, and eastward as far as the Luskwa. What river the Luskwa was Smoke could not make out, nor could Labiskwee tell him, nor could McCan. On occasion Snass, with parties of strong hunters, pushed east across the Rockies, on past the lakes and the Mackenzie, and into the Barrens. It was on the last traverse in that direction that the silk tent occupied by Labiskwee had been found.

"It belonged to the Millicent-Adbury expedition," Snass told Smoke.

"Oh! I remember. They went after musk-oxen. The rescue expedition never found a trace of them."

"I found them," Snass said. "But both were dead."

"The world still doesn't know. The word never got out."

"The word never gets out," Snass assured him pleasantly.

"You mean if they had been alive when you found them—?"

Snass nodded. "They would have lived on with me and my people."

"Anton got out," Smoke challenged.

"I do not remember the name. How long ago?"

"Fourteen or fifteen years," Smoke answered.

"So he pulled through, after all. Do you know, I've wondered about him. We called him Long Tooth. He was a strong man, a strong man."

"La Perle came through here ten years ago."

Snass shook his head.

"He found traces of your camps. It was summer time."

"That explains it," Snass answered. "We are hundreds of miles to the north in the summer."

But, strive as he would, Smoke could get no clue to Snass's history in the days before he came to live in the northern wilds. Educated he was, yet in all the intervening years he had read no books, no newspapers. What had happened in the world he knew not. Nor did he show desire to know. He had heard of the miners on the Yukon, and of the Klondike strike. Gold-miners had never invaded his territory, for which he was glad. But the outside world to him did not exist. He tolerated no mention of it.

Nor could Labiskwee help Smoke with earlier information. She had been born on the hunting-grounds. Her mother had lived for six years after. Her mother had been very beautiful—the only white woman Labiskwee had ever seen. She said this wistfully, and wistfully, in a thousand ways, she showed that she knew of the great outside world on which her father had closed the door. But this knowledge was secret. She had early learned that mention of it threw her father into a rage.

Anton had told a squaw of her mother, and that her mother had been a daughter of a high official in the Hudson Bay Company. Later, the squaw had told Labiskwee. But her mother's name she had never learned.

As a source of information, Danny McCan was impossible. He did not like adventure. Wild life was a horror, and he had had nine years of it. Shanghaied in San Francisco, he, with three companions, had deserted the whaleship at Point Barrow. Two had died, and the third had abandoned him on the terrible traverse south. Two years he had lived with the Eskimos before raising the courage to attempt the south traverse, and then, within several days of a Hudson Bay Company post, he had been gathered in by a party of Snass's young men. He was a small, stupid man, afflicted with sore eyes, and all he dreamed or could talk about was getting back to his beloved San Francisco and his blissful trade of bricklaying.

V

"You're the first intelligent man we've had," Snass complimented Smoke one night by the fire. "Except old Four Eyes. The Indians named him so. He wore glasses and was short-sighted. He was a professor of zoology." (Smoke noted the correctness of the pronunciation of the word.) "He died a year ago. My young men picked him up strayed from an expedition on the upper Porcupine. He was intelligent, yes; but he was also a fool. That was his weakness—straying. He knew geology, though, and working in metals. Over on the Luskwa, where there's coal, we have several creditable hand-forges he made. He repaired our guns and taught the young men how. He died last year, and we really missed him. Strayed—that's how it happened—froze to death within a mile of camp."

It was on the same night that Snass said to Smoke:

"You'd better pick out a wife and have a fire of your own. You will be more comfortable than with those young bucks. The maidens' fires—a sort of feast of the virgins, you know—are not lighted until full summer and the salmon, but I can give orders earlier if you say the word."

Smoke laughed and shook his head.

"Remember," Snass concluded quietly, "Anton is the only one that ever got away. He was lucky, unusually lucky."

Her father had a will of iron, Labiskwee told Smoke.

"Four Eyes used to call him the Frozen Pirate—whatever that means—the Tyrant of the Frost, the Cave Bear, the Beast Primitive, the King of the Caribou, the Bearded Pard, and lots of such things. Four Eyes loved words like these. He taught me most of my English. He was always making fun. You could never tell. He called me his cheetah-chum after times when I was angry. What is cheetah? He always teased me with it."

She chattered on with all the eager naiveté of a child, which Smoke found hard to reconcile with the full womanhood of her form and face.

Yes, her father was very firm. Everybody feared him. He was terrible when angry. There were the Porcupines. It was through them, and through the Luskwas, that Snass traded his skins at the posts and got his supplies of ammunition and tobacco. He was always fair, but the chief of the Porcupines began to cheat. And after Snass had warned him twice, he burned his log village, and over a dozen of the Porcupines were killed in the fight. But there was no more cheating. Once, when she was a little girl, there was one white man killed while trying to escape. No, her father did not do it, but he gave the order to the young men. No Indian ever disobeyed her father.

And the more Smoke learned from her, the more the mystery of Snass deepened.

"And tell me if it is true," the girl was saying, "that there was a man and a woman whose names were Paolo and Francesca and who greatly loved each other?"

Smoke nodded.

"Four Eyes told me all about it," she beamed happily. "And so he didn't make it up, after all. You see, I wasn't sure. I asked father, but, oh, he was angry. The Indians told me he gave poor Four Eyes an awful talking to. Then there was Tristan and Iseult—two Iseults. It was very sad. But I should like to love that way. Do all the young men and women in the world do that? They don't here. They just get married. They don't seem to have time. I am English, and I will never marry an Indian—would you? That is why I have not lighted my maiden's fire. Some of the young men are bothering father to make me do it. Libash is one of them. He is a great hunter. And Mahkook comes around singing songs. He is funny. To-night, if you come by my tent after dark, you will hear him singing out in the cold. But father says I can do as I please, and so I shall not light my fire. You see, when a girl makes up her mind to get married, that is the way she lets young men know. Four Eyes always said it was a fine custom. But I noticed he never took a wife. Maybe he was too old. He didn't have much hair, but I don't think he was really very old. And how do you know when you are in love?—like Paolo and Francesca, I mean."

Smoke was disconcerted by the clear gaze of her blue eyes. "Why, they say," he stammered, "those who are in love say it, that love is dearer than life. When one finds out that he or she likes somebody better than everybody else in the world—why, then, they know they are in love. That's the way it goes, but it's awfully hard to explain. You just know it, that's all."

She looked off across the camp-smoke, sighed, and resumed work on the fur mitten she was sewing. "Well," she announced with finality, "I shall never get married, anyway."

VI

"Once we hit out we'll sure have some tall runnin'," Shorty said dismally.

"The place is a big trap," Smoke agreed.

From the crest of a bald knob they gazed out over Snass's snowy domain. East, west, and south they were hemmed in by the high peaks and jumbled ranges. Northward, the rolling country seemed interminable; yet they knew, even in that direction, that half a dozen transverse chains blocked the way.

"At this time of the year I could give you three days' start," Snass told Smoke that evening. "You can't hide your trail, you see. Anton got away when the snow was gone. My young men can travel as fast as the best white man; and, besides, you would be breaking trail for them. And when the snow is off the ground, I'll see to it that you don't get the chance Anton had. It's a good life. And soon the world fades. I have never quite got over the surprise of finding how easy it is to get along without the world."

"What's eatin' me is Danny McCan," Shorty confided to Smoke. "He's a weak brother on any trail. But he swears he knows the way out to the westward, an' so

we got to put up with him, Smoke, or you'll sure get yours."

"We're all in the same boat," Smoke answered.

"Not on your life. It's a-comin' to you straight down the pike."

"What is?"

"You ain't heard the news?"

Smoke shook his head.

"The bachelors told me. They just got the word. To-night it comes off, though it's months ahead of the calendar."

Smoke shrugged his shoulders.

"Ain't interested in hearin'?" Shorty teased.

"I'm waiting to hear."

"Well, Danny's wife just told the bachelors." Shorty paused impressively. "An' the bachelors told me, of course, that the maidens' fires is due to be lighted to-night. That's all. Now how do you like it?"

"I don't get your drift, Shorty."

"Don't, eh? Why, it's plain open and shut. They's a skirt after you, an' that skirt is goin' to light a fire, an' that skirt's name is Labiskwee. Oh, I've been watchin' her watch you when you ain't lookin'. She ain't never lighted her fire. Said she wouldn't marry a Indian. An' now, when she lights her fire, it's a cinch it's my poor old friend Smoke."

"It sounds like a syllogism," Smoke said, with a sinking heart reviewing Labiskwee's actions of the past several days.

"Cinch is shorter to pronounce," Shorty returned. "An' that's always the way—just as we're workin' up our get-away, along comes a skirt to complicate everything. We ain't got no luck. Hey! Listen to that, Smoke!"

Three ancient squaws had halted midway between the bachelors' camp and the camp of McCan, and the oldest was declaiming in shrill falsetto.

Smoke recognized the names, but not all the words, and Shorty translated with melancholy glee.

"Labiskwee, the daughter of Snass, the Rain-maker, the Great Chief, lights her first maiden's fire to-night. Maka, the daughter of Owits, the Wolf-Runner—"

The recital ran through the names of a dozen maidens, and then the three heralds tottered on their way to make announcement at the next fires.

The bachelors, who had sworn youthful oaths to speak to no maiden, were uninterested in the approaching ceremony, and to show their disdain they made preparations for immediate departure on a mission set them by Snass and upon which they had planned to start the following morning. Not satisfied with the old hunters' estimates of the caribou, Snass had decided that the run was split. The task set the bachelors was to scout to the north and west in quest of the second division of the great herd.

Smoke, troubled by Labiskwee's fire-lighting, announced that he would accompany the bachelors. But first he talked with Shorty and with McCan.

"You be there on the third day, Smoke," Shorty said. "We'll have the outfit an' the dogs."

"But remember," Smoke cautioned, "if there is any slip-up in meeting me, you keep on going and get out to the Yukon. That's flat. If you make it, you can come back for me in the summer. If I get the chance, I'll make it, and come back for you."

McCan, standing by his fire, indicated with his eyes a rugged mountain where the high western range outjutted on the open country.

"That's the one," he said. "A small stream on the south side. We go up it. On the third day you meet us. We'll pass by on the third day. Anywhere you tap that stream you'll meet us or our trail."

VII

But the chance did not come to Smoke on the third day. The bachelors had changed the direction of their scout, and while Shorty and McCan plodded up the stream with their dogs, Smoke and the bachelors were sixty miles to the northeast picking up the trail of the second caribou herd. Several days later, through a dim twilight of falling snow, they came back to the big camp. A squaw ceased from wailing by a fire and darted up to Smoke. Harsh tongued, with bitter, venomous eyes, she cursed him, waving her arms toward a silent, fur-wrapped form that still lay on the sled which had hauled it in.

What had happened, Smoke could only guess, and as he came to McCan's fire he was prepared for a second cursing. Instead, he saw McCan himself industriously chewing a strip of caribou meat.

"I'm not a fightin' man," he whiningly explained. "But Shorty got away, though they're still after him. He surely put up



DRAWN BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

Labiskwee prattled on, chanting the happy burden of her love, while Smoke strove to grip himself in the effort, somehow, to wound her with the truth. This, at the very first, was the golden opportunity

a fight. They'll get him, too. He ain't got a chance. He plugged two bucks that'll get around all right. An' he croaked one square through the chest."

"Yes, I know," Smoke answered. "I just met the widow."

"Old Snass'll be wantin' to see you," McCan added. "Them's his orders. Soon as you come in you was to go to his fire. I ain't squealed. You don't know nothing. Keep that in mind. Shorty went off on his own hook along with me."

At Snass's fire Smoke found Labiskwee. She met him with eyes that shone with such softness and tenderness as to frighten him.

"I'm glad you didn't try to run away," she said. "You see, I—" She hesitated, but her eyes didn't drop. They swam with a light unmistakable. "I lighted my fire, and of course it was for you. It has happened. I like you better than everybody else in the world. Better than my father. Better than a thousand Libashes and Mahkooks. I love. It is very strange. I love as Francesca loved, as Iseult loved. Old Four Eyes spoke true. Indians do not love this way. But my eyes are blue, and I am white. We are white, you and I."

Smoke had never been proposed to in his life, and he was unable to meet the situation. Worse, it was not even a proposal. His acceptance was taken for granted. So thoroughly was it all arranged in Labiskwee's mind, so warm was the light in her eyes, that he was amazed that she did not throw her arms around him and rest her head on his shoulder. Then he realized, despite her candor of love, that she did not know the pretty ways of love. Among the primitive savages such ways did not obtain. She had had no chance to learn.

She prattled on, chanting the happy burden of her love, while he strove to grip himself in the effort, somehow, to wound her with the truth. This, at the very first, was the golden opportunity.

"But, Labiskwee, listen," he began. "Are you sure you learned from Four Eyes all the story of the love of Paolo and Francesca?"

She clasped her hands and laughed with an immense certitude of gladness. "Oh! There is more! I knew there must be more and more of love! I have thought much since I lighted my fire. I have—"

And then Snass strode in to the fire through the falling snowflakes, and Smoke's opportunity was lost.

"Good evening," Snass burred gruffly. "Your partner has made a mess of it. I am glad you had better sense."

"You might tell me what's happened," Smoke urged.

The flash of white teeth through the stained beard was not pleasant. "Certainly, I'll tell you. Your partner has killed one of my people. That sniveling shrimp, McCan, deserted at the first shot. He'll never run away again. But my hunters have got your partner in the mountains, and they'll get him. He'll never make the Yukon basin. As for you, from now on you sleep at my fire. And there'll be no more scouting with the young men. I shall have my eye on you."

VIII

SMOKE'S new situation at Snass's fire was embarrassing. He saw more of Labiskwee than ever. In its sweetness and innocence, the frankness of her love was terrible. Her glances were love glances; every look was a caress. A score of times he nerved himself to tell her of Joy Gastell, and a score of times he discovered that he was a coward. The damnable part of it was that Labiskwee was so delightful. She was good to look upon. Despite the hurt to his self-esteem of every moment spent with her, he pleasured in every such moment. For the first time in his life he was really learning woman, and so clear was Labiskwee's soul, so appalling in its innocence and ignorance, that he could not misread a line of it. All the pristine goodness of her sex was in her, uncluttered by the conventionality of knowledge or the deceit of self-protection. In memory he reread his Schopenhauer and knew beyond all cavil that the sad philosopher was wrong. To know woman, as Smoke came to know Labiskwee, was to know that all woman-haters were sick men.

Labiskwee was wonderful, and yet, beside her face in the flesh burned the vision of the face of Joy Gastell. Joy had control, restraint, all the feminine inhibitions of civilization, yet, by the trick of his fancy and the living preachment of the woman before him, Joy Gastell was stripped to a goodness at par with Labiskwee's. The one but appreciated the other, and all the women of all the world appreciated by what Smoke saw in the soul of Labiskwee at Snass's fire in the snow-land.

And Smoke learned about himself. He remembered back to all he knew of Joy Gastell, and he knew that he loved her. Yet he delighted in Labiskwee. And what was this feeling of delight but love? He could demean it by no less a name. Love it was. Love it must be. And he was shocked to the roots of his soul by the discovery of this polygamous strain in his nature. He had heard it argued, in the San Francisco studios, that it was possible for a man to love two women, or even three women, at a time. But he had not believed it. How could he believe it when he had not had the experience? Now it was different. He did truly love two women, and though most of the time he was convinced he loved Joy Gastell more, there were other moments when he felt with equal certainty that he loved Labiskwee more.

"There must be many women in the world," she said one day. "And women like men. Many women must have liked you. Tell me."

He did not reply.

"Tell me," she insisted. "Is it not so?"

"I have never married," he evaded.

"And there is no one else? No other Iseult out there beyond the mountains?"

Then it was that Smoke knew himself a coward. He lied. Reluctantly he did it, but he lied. He shook his head with a slow indulgent smile, and in his face was more of fondness than he dreamed as he noted Labiskwee's swift joy-transfiguration.

He excused himself to himself. His reasoning was Jesuitical beyond dispute, and yet he was not Spartan enough to strike this child-woman a quivering heart-stroke.



"As for you," said Snass when he had told Smoke of Shorty's escape, "from now on you sleep at my fire. I shall have my eye on you"

Snass, too, was a perturbing factor in the problem. Little escaped his keen black eyes, and he spoke significantly.

"No man cares to see his daughter married," he said to Smoke. "At least, no man of imagination. It hurts. The thought of it hurts, I tell you. Just the same, in the natural order of life, Margaret must marry some time."

A pause fell, and Smoke caught himself wondering for the thousandth time what Snass's history must be.

"I am a harsh, cruel man," Snass went on. "Yet the law is the law, and I am just. Nay, here with this primitive people, I am the law and the justice. Beyond my will no man goes. Also, I am a father, and all my days I have been cursed with imagination."

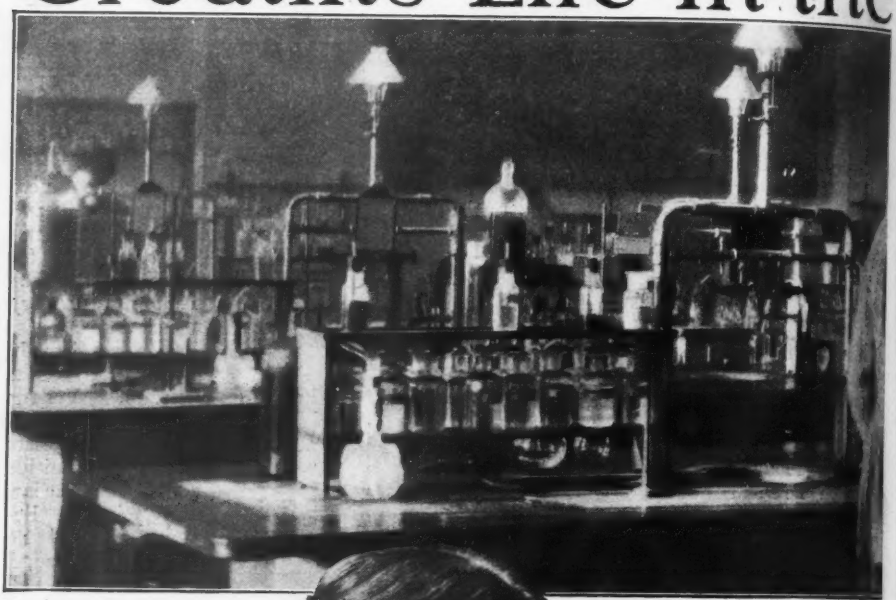
Whither his monologue tended, Smoke did not learn, for it was interrupted by a burst of chiding and silvery laughter from Labiskwee's tent, where she played with a new-caught wolf-cub. A spasm of pain twitched Snass's face.

"I can stand it," he muttered grimly. "Margaret must be married, and it is my fortune, and hers, that you are here. I had little hopes of Four Eyes. McCan was so hopeless I turned him over to a squaw who had lighted her fire twenty seasons. If it hadn't been you, it would have been an Indian. Libash might have become the father of my grandchildren."

And then Labiskwee came from her tent to the fire, the wolf-cub in her arms, drawn, as by a magnet, to gaze upon the man, in her eyes the love that art had never taught her to hide.

The conclusion of this story, ***"Wonder of Woman,"*** will appear in the June issue.

Creating Life in the



Man is now turning to the laboratory for an answer to many of his most pressing

EDITOR'S NOTE.—"A little bit of this, thing else, boil blank minutes, and set read the biologists' formula for creat- remain unchallenged—even that mys- scientists claim that all life now on with their test-tubes proceed to pro- The forms are low, to be sure, *but* not the higher? The following article attempts to create life in matter come from the open scientific chal-

LIFE—whence comes it?

Death—what is it?

Twin puzzles that make up the riddle of existence, these two questions have baffled mankind since mankind was. Now science, ever in quest of ultimate truth, lifts a corner of the veil and gives mankind a glimpse of the great secret. And, as when we learned the truth about thunder and the tides, about earthquakes and eclipses, the explanation of this greater mystery of life and death leaves all our old philosophies high and dry, blasts all of our painfully reared concepts, and demolishes all the dogmas of our doctrinaires. For science says to-day, in substance:

"Life is a chemical reaction; death is the cessation of that reaction; living matter, from the microscopic yeast-spore to humanity itself, is merely the result of certain accidental groupings of otherwise inert matter, and *life can actually be created by repeating in the laboratory nature's own methods and processes!*"

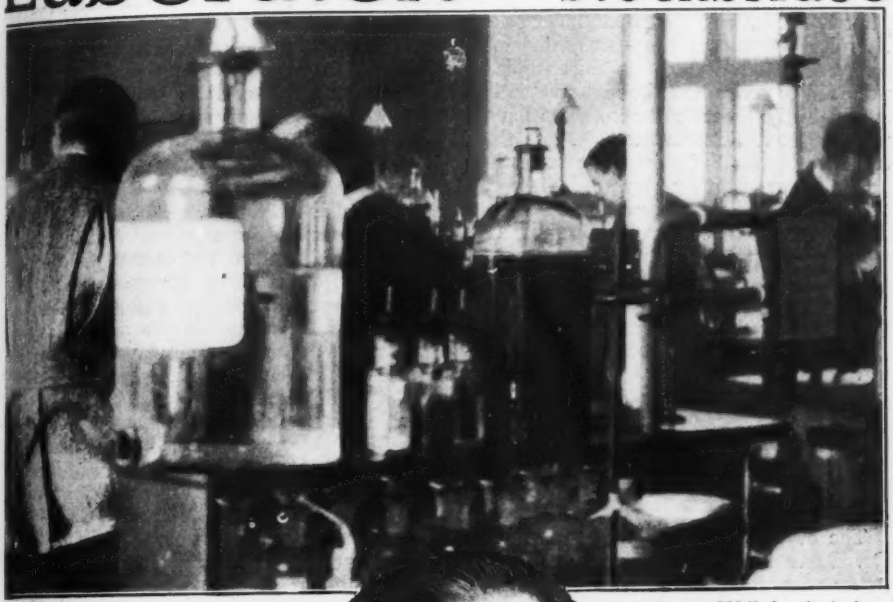


Professor Jacques Loeb, whose researches in the laboratory have led him to the conclusion that the reproduction of life is a chemical process

Think, for a moment, what this declaration signifies. If it be true, where is theology? If you and I are merely physico-chemical compounds, slightly more complex than a potato, a little less durable than a boulder, what is the basis of our moral code? If man can lump together sand

Laboratory

By Frank P. Stockbridge

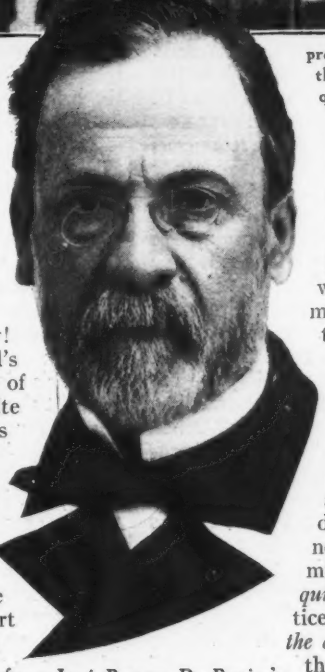


a little more of that, a pinch of some- aside in the same vessel"—thus might ing life in this age that won't let anything tery of mysteries—What is life? Many earth is a heritage; others deny this, and duce life in unquestionably lifeless matter. *they have life.* And if the low forms, why describing some successful laboratory that had been sterilized, shows what may lenge of the world's greatest mystery.

and salt and by pouring water on them create life, what becomes of the soul?

Exit theology—enter biology!

It is significant of the world's readiness for the new doctrine of science that I am able to write and you to read these questions without arousing more than passing interest. One hundred years ago if anyone had said, "I can take a few common substances, put them together under certain definite conditions, and in the course of a reasonably short time produce therefrom living beings," he would have been locked up in whatever madhouse happened to be most convenient. Two



Professor Louis Pasteur. Dr. Bastian's great opponent, who held that all life was descended in an unbroken line from its creation

problems. Will he find there the answer to the age-old query, "What is life?"

hundred years ago he would have been hanged as one dealing in witchcraft and in league with the Evil One. Three hundred years ago he would have been excommunicated and burned at the stake. Less than a year ago, when Dr. Henry Charlton Bastian, M.A., F.R.S., F.L.S.,—not to mention a long string of other honorary titles—announced that he had done exactly this thing, nobody called in a commission *de lunatico inquirendo*, the courts of justice took no note, *not even the church protested*—that is the real wonder of the whole matter. And as to his fellow scientists, some said they didn't believe

he had done it, but nobody was rash enough to say, "It cannot be done." For years prior to Dr. Bastian's announcement scientists had been expecting that some one, sooner or later, would announce, and be prepared to prove, that he had created life synthetically through the combination of various inorganic substances. More than one investigator had achieved results that pointed toward the complete establishment of the materialistic conception of life—the demonstration that what we call life is not something extraneous infused into inert matter by some supernatural power, but is, on the contrary, merely a chemical reaction, differing in no way from other chemical reactions and brought about as other chemical reactions are—by the combination, in certain fixed proportions and under definite conditions, of elements in no wise varying from the elements that pervade and make up all matter, whether organic or inorganic.

HOW LIFE WAS CREATED

The dry, technical details of just what Dr. Bastian did are of relatively small importance except to scientists engaged along similar lines of research. He made two different solutions in distilled water, one of them containing a small amount of sodium silicate—the substance farmers know as "water-glass" and use to store eggs in to keep them from spoiling—and a few drops of pernitrate of iron. The other solution contained dilute phosphoric acid and ammonic phosphate instead of the iron. He placed specimens of each solution separately in sterilized glass tubes about one inch in diameter and three inches long, but drawn down to a tapering neck. With the tube half full of the fluid, the neck was sealed by heating, effectually preventing the entrance of any living matter from the outside, and then the tube was heated to 130° Centigrade, a point very far above the boiling-point of water, for from ten to twenty minutes. Some of the tubes were then exposed to diffused daylight or placed in incubators maintained at moderate temperatures and kept there for varying lengths of time, some for weeks, others for months. Living microscopic organisms of different kinds were found in the fluids when the tubes were opened. The tubes which were opened soon after being heated up to a temperature sufficient to destroy all forms of life contained nothing but inert matter.

"If organisms are not there at first, after the process of heating, and if, after an interval, they are there in abundance and are invariably stationary, clearly they must have developed in the sites where they are found," said Dr. Bastian, and he challenged the world of science to disprove his assertions.

THE OLD SCIENTISTS UNCONVINCED

Forty years before, when Dr. Bastian made similar assertions, he had had no trouble in starting a scientific row. Then, as now, Dr. Bastian was not of the temperament to accept anybody's dogmas without proof. Scientists had been discussing this question of "spontaneous generation," as it was called, for a hundred years or so prior to 1870, when young Dr. Bastian first took a hand in the controversy. There was no way of proving the contentions of either side until the modern high-power microscope came into use and Pasteur and his pupils began to discover micro-organisms pervading all nature. Then arose the question, "Where did the germs come from?" and the spontaneous-generation controversy broke out afresh. Pasteur opposed it—said the germs had always been there; that they were descended in unbroken line from the original germs that were created when all other life was created. Half a dozen less famous French scientists challenged this assertion, and brought forward some evidence pointing at least to the probability that germs were constantly being created. A few years later a group of Italian scientists got a little farther toward demonstrating spontaneous generation. But Pasteur remained unconvinced.

Then the great Professor Huxley, president of the Royal Society, expounded Pasteur's view in an address in 1870, and so brought the influence and weight of authority to bear upon the scientists of England. And English scientists were very much inclined to accept Pasteur's dogma—all but young Dr. Bastian. He began to put the theory of spontaneous generation to the test, and for seven years the controversy raged. At first the great men in the learned societies tried to ignore him, but the young professor was not then, any more than he is now, a person to be ignored with any degree of peace to the ignorer. He made some infusions, sealed them in test-tubes, heated them to the boiling-point of water—a process which Pasteur himself had declared

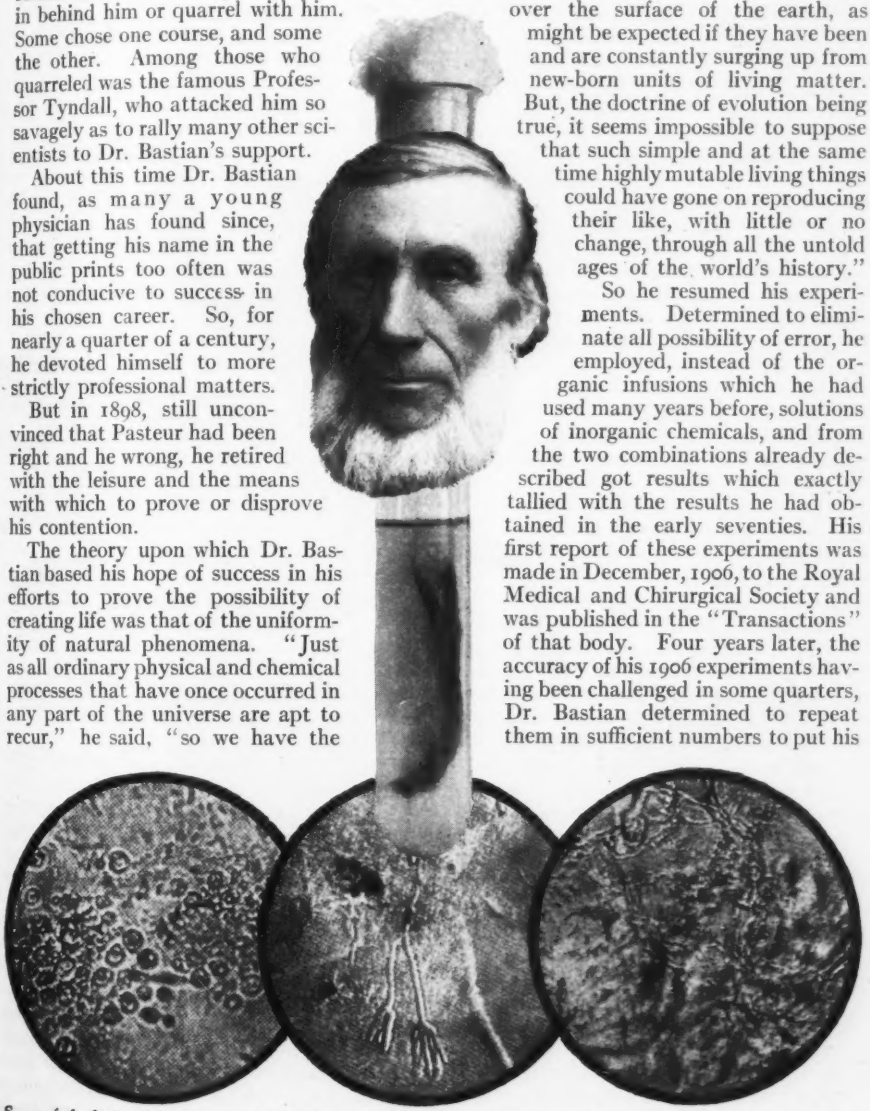
would inevitably kill every germ—and in the course of time opened them and found living germs there. He showed his results to others, who made similar experiments and got similar results. The people who had tried to ignore the young physician found themselves compelled either to fall in behind him or quarrel with him. Some chose one course, and some the other. Among those who quarreled was the famous Professor Tyndall, who attacked him so savagely as to rally many other scientists to Dr. Bastian's support.

About this time Dr. Bastian found, as many a young physician has found since, that getting his name in the public prints too often was not conducive to success in his chosen career. So, for nearly a quarter of a century, he devoted himself to more strictly professional matters.

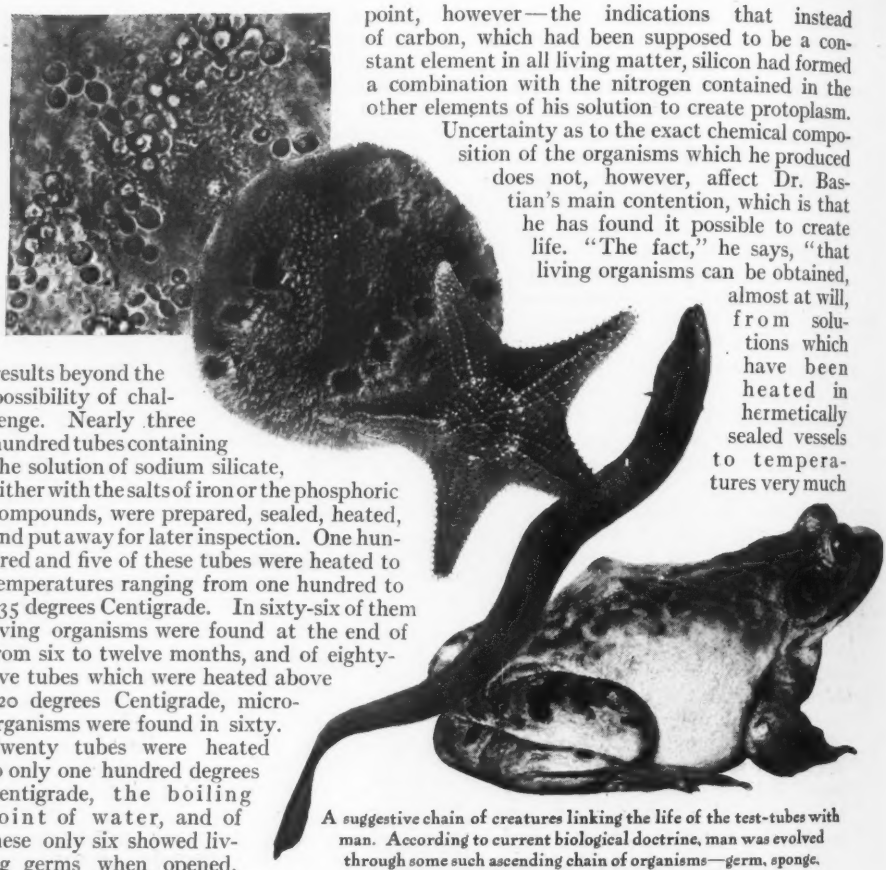
But in 1898, still unconvinced that Pasteur had been right and he wrong, he retired with the leisure and the means with which to prove or disprove his contention.

The theory upon which Dr. Bastian based his hope of success in his efforts to prove the possibility of creating life was that of the uniformity of natural phenomena. "Just as all ordinary physical and chemical processes that have once occurred in any part of the universe are apt to recur," he said, "so we have the right to believe in the strong probability that the physico-chemical processes which originally led to the birth of living matter similarly and constantly tend to be reproduced. Another very strong point that I have urged during many years is the fact that the lowest forms of life still exist all over the surface of the earth, as might be expected if they have been and are constantly surging up from new-born units of living matter. But, the doctrine of evolution being true, it seems impossible to suppose that such simple and at the same time highly mutable living things could have gone on reproducing their like, with little or no change, through all the untold ages of the world's history."

So he resumed his experiments. Determined to eliminate all possibility of error, he employed, instead of the organic infusions which he had used many years before, solutions of inorganic chemicals, and from the two combinations already described got results which exactly tallied with the results he had obtained in the early seventies. His first report of these experiments was made in December, 1906, to the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society and was published in the "Transactions" of that body. Four years later, the accuracy of his 1906 experiments having been challenged in some quarters, Dr. Bastian determined to repeat them in sufficient numbers to put his



Some of the living things created in Dr. Bastian's laboratory. These organisms were obtained from yellow solutions hermetically sealed in test-tubes and heated to at least 120° Centigrade for ten minutes. —Professor Tyndall, who savagely attacked Dr. Bastian's theory of spontaneous generation



A suggestive chain of creatures linking the life of the test-tubes with man. According to current biological doctrine, man was evolved through some such ascending chain of organisms—germ, sponge, starfish, fish, frog, opossum, orang, or allied forms

results beyond the possibility of challenge. Nearly three hundred tubes containing the solution of sodium silicate, either with the salts of iron or the phosphoric compounds, were prepared, sealed, heated, and put away for later inspection. One hundred and five of these tubes were heated to temperatures ranging from one hundred to 135 degrees Centigrade. In sixty-six of them living organisms were found at the end of from six to twelve months, and of eighty-five tubes which were heated above 120 degrees Centigrade, micro-organisms were found in sixty. Twenty tubes were heated to only one hundred degrees Centigrade, the boiling point of water, and of these only six showed living germs when opened.

These were of the simplest and lowest forms—bacteria, including both bacilli and micrococci, torulæ, and molds—living organisms, to be sure, but of the most primitive vegetable types.

Two means were adopted by Dr. Bastian to prove that the micro-organisms which he found were really living beings. One was to place them where they could multiply normally, which they never failed to do; the other to inoculate culture material with them, which was always found to be infected.

Dr. Bastian has made no attempt to explain the chemical processes that brought about the results which he has noted—all he submits is the fact that where there were no living beings and no opportunity for life to enter from the outside, living things, albeit of the most primitive forms, did appear. He notes one interesting point, however—the indications that instead of carbon, which had been supposed to be a constant element in all living matter, silicon had formed a combination with the nitrogen contained in the other elements of his solution to create protoplasm. Uncertainty as to the exact chemical composition of the organisms which he produced does not, however, affect Dr. Bastian's main contention, which is that he has found it possible to create life. "The fact," he says, "that living organisms can be obtained, almost at will, from solutions which have been heated in hermetically sealed vessels to temperatures very much higher than that which is known to be their thermal death-point, leaves no further room for doubt upon the much-contested point whether or not living matter is still capable of coming into existence." Which was exactly what he had said forty years before, and by saying had precipitated a row that involved the greatest names in the scientific world of that day.

This time, however, as I have already pointed out, Dr. Bastian's claim has precipitated no cataclysm. For, during the forty years that had elapsed between his first experiments and his last, other men of science, working along different lines, had likewise been attempting to find the answer to the riddle of life, and as one step after another of their discoveries had been

disclosed, old beliefs and dogmas had gradually been abandoned, so that to-day, regardless of whether one accepts Dr. Bastian's claims as conclusive or not, no one familiar with the results of recent biological research will contend that the artificial production of living matter is beyond the possibilities of science. So completely has the belief of Pasteur and Huxley been discarded—the belief that all life now on earth has descended from organisms that lived in early geological epochs—that the only alternative to Dr. Bastian's theory that life is constantly being created through natural processes is that of Arrhenius—that germs of sufficiently small dimensions are driven by radiation pressure through space, and that these germs, after they fall upon new cosmic bodies possessing water, salts, and oxygen and the proper temperature, give rise to a new evolution of organisms.

While Dr. Bastian was working along his particular lines, a young German, trained in the arduous school of scientific research in which his country excels, had come to America and was engaged in a series of experiments even more remarkable, from which came results even more startling, because their causes were definitely known. Dealing not with such rudimentary forms of life as bacteria, but with the complex structure of animals, Professor Jacques Loeb, first at the University of California and later at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York, demonstrated the possibility of producing life in the unfertilized eggs of these creatures by chemical means. For a dozen years Loeb worked alone, making no loose claims, publishing in his occasional bulletins his failures as well as his successes, analyzing his own results with a mind even more critical than his critics, and offering nothing as proved until he had satisfied himself and others that he could produce the same result by the same means not only once or twice, but an indefinite number of times.

Like the English investigator, Professor Loeb is frankly seeking to determine whether or not living matter can be produced artificially from inanimate matter. It is an interesting study in the psychology of the scientific mind to trace the reasoning that led him to select the process of reproduction—the fertilization of the eggs—as the point at which to begin his researches.

"We cannot hope to succeed in making living matter artificially," he said, "unless we have a clear conception of what living matter is." A definition, then, was needed, and Loeb proceeded to formulate one. "Living organisms," he concluded, "have the peculiarity of developing and reproducing themselves automatically, and it is this automatic character of reproduction and development which differ-



Skull of a prehistoric man

entiates them, for the time being, from machines made of inanimate matter." No one has ventured to pick a flaw in this definition, and, accepting it, one must accept his next conclusion, that the answer to the question, "What is life?" must be an answer to the question of what determines the phenomena of automatic development and reproduction.

"Since all life phenomena are ultimately purely chemical," says Loeb, "the answer must consist in pointing out one or more series of definite chemical reactions for which it can be proved that they are identical with the phenomena of development and self-perpetuation. It has always seemed to me," he adds, "that the natural starting-point for a research after this definite chemical reaction or series of reactions was the analysis of that process which causes the resting egg to develop into an embryo; namely, the process of fertilization."

With the starting-point thus clearly reasoned out, Dr. Loeb began, first, the study of the egg. He chose the eggs of sea-animals, partly because they were easy to obtain in large quantities, but primarily because in these forms of life the fertilization and development of the egg take place outside the living body and consequently can be observed, although the eggs of the sea-urchin, the starfish, and other marine animals which he selected as objects of study are so minute that the microscope is necessary at all stages of the investigation.

LIFE A CHEMICAL REACTION

One of the first discoveries he made was that the egg cannot develop without oxygen, and that its development is always accompanied by increased oxidation of its cells. To trace the steps of experiment, to tell how it was finally discovered that the process of fertilization and cell-formation is a purely chemical one, would take pages of dry and technical language. It sums up, however, in the single statement that Loeb and many later investigators have been able to cause the development of the embryo in the egg by the application of certain known chemical substances; to prove, in short, that, so far as the reproduction of life is concerned, it is entirely a chemical process. To solve the rest of the problem—to determine how life itself originated—is the work to which Dr. Loeb has devoted the rest of his own life. In his lofty laboratory at the Rockefeller Institute, he labors daily, with test-tube and microscope, in the effort to solve the riddle of existence.

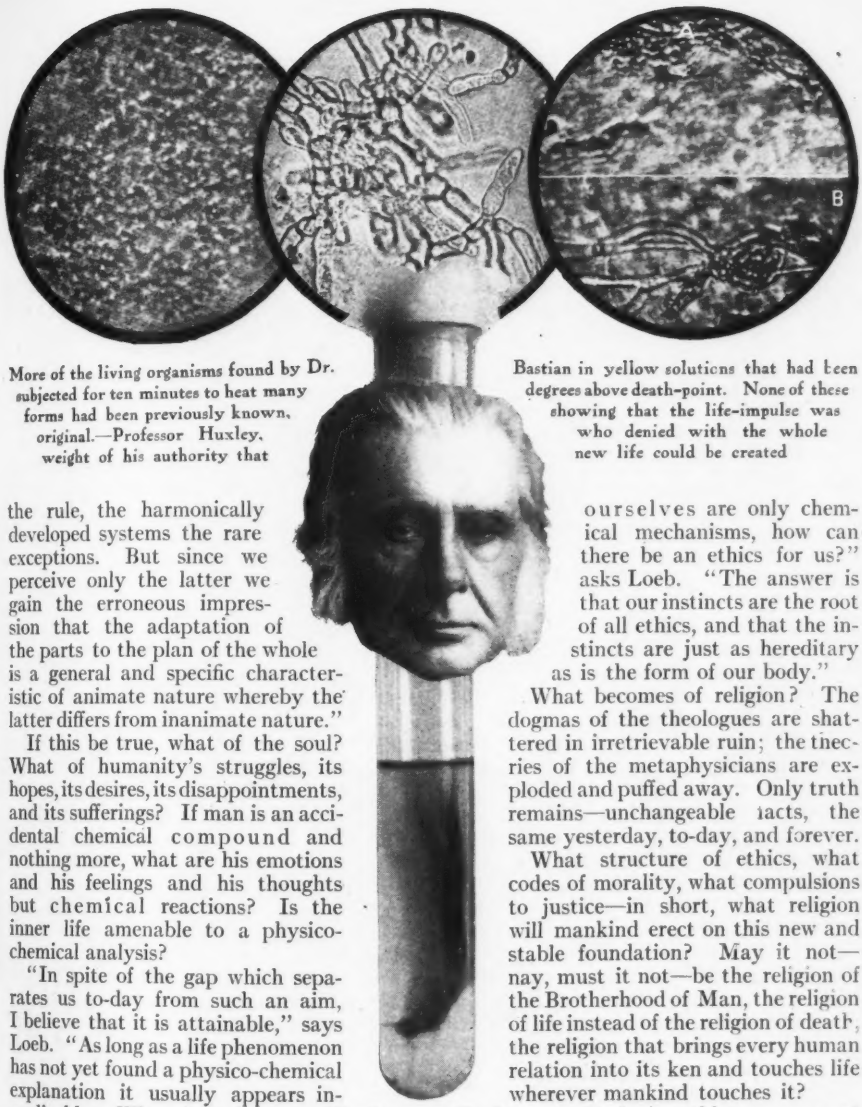
"We are not yet able," he says, "to give an answer to the question as to how life originated upon the earth. Nothing indicates, however, at present, that the artificial production of living matter is beyond the possibilities of science."

THEN WHAT OF THE SOUL?

There is something staggering in the vista that is opened up when men of science, unemotional, precise, make even such modest statements without qualification. It is a vista of the time when men shall, at will, create life where no life has been; shall learn how to organize the elements which pervade all nature, which we term inorganic, but which, when organized, become living matter.

It is perfectly clear that the complete demonstration of this materialistic conception of life—the conclusive proof that life is merely a chemical reaction—must have a tremendous effect upon the future of humanity. Once accepted, it must revolutionize philosophies, disintegrate theologies, and reconstruct the conceptions of the universe. So Professor Loeb, discarding entirely the ancient assumption that life begins with the entrance of a "life principle" into the body and that death is due to the departure of this "life principle," and pointing out that life is merely an acceleration of the rate of oxidation in the cell and death the cessation of oxidation, regards man and all other forms of animal life as merely accidental results, the product of the play of blind forces upon one another, surviving and continuing merely because they alone, out of an infinite number of possible forms created in nature's laboratory, happened to be equipped with the means of living and transmitting life.

"It is," says he, "no exaggeration to state that the number of species existing to-day is only an infinitely small fraction of those which can, and possibly occasionally do, originate, but which escape our notice because they cannot live and reproduce. Only that limited fraction of species can exist which possesses no coarse disharmony in its automatic mechanism of preservation and reproduction. Disharmonies and faulty attempts in nature are



More of the living organisms found by Dr. Bastian in yellow solutions that had been subjected for ten minutes to heat many degrees above death-point. None of these forms had been previously known, showing that the life-impulse was original.—Professor Huxley, who denied with the whole weight of his authority that new life could be created

the rule, the harmonically developed systems the rare exceptions. But since we perceive only the latter we gain the erroneous impression that the adaptation of the parts to the plan of the whole is a general and specific characteristic of animate nature whereby the latter differs from inanimate nature."

If this be true, what of the soul? What of humanity's struggles, its hopes, its desires, its disappointments, and its sufferings? If man is an accidental chemical compound and nothing more, what are his emotions and his feelings and his thoughts but chemical reactions? Is the inner life amenable to a physico-chemical analysis?

"In spite of the gap which separates us to-day from such an aim, I believe that it is attainable," says Loeb. "As long as a life phenomenon has not yet found a physico-chemical explanation it usually appears inexplicable. When the veil is once lifted we are always surprised that we did not guess from the first what was behind it. That, in the case of our inner life, a physico-chemical explanation is not beyond the realm of possibility is proved by the fact that it is already possible for us to explain cases of simple manifestations of animal instinct and will on a physico-chemical basis."

What then of the spiritual life? "If our existence is based on the play of blind forces and only a matter of chance; if we ourselves are only chemical mechanisms, how can there be an ethics for us?" asks Loeb. "The answer is that our instincts are the root of all ethics, and that the instincts are just as hereditary as is the form of our body."

What becomes of religion? The dogmas of the theologues are shattered in irretrievable ruin; the theories of the metaphysicians are exploded and puffed away. Only truth remains—unchangeable facts, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

What structure of ethics, what codes of morality, what compulsions to justice—in short, what religion will mankind erect on this new and stable foundation? May it not—nay, must it not—be the religion of the Brotherhood of Man, the religion of life instead of the religion of death, the religion that brings every human relation into its ken and touches life wherever mankind touches it?

It destroys theologies, this new concept of our cosmos—destroys them as the Carpenter's Son of Nazareth destroyed the theologies of an earlier age; but it renews and strengthens religion, puts religion on a firmer, more unshakable base. And when we consider the new foundation science has laid, the new structure that must be reared to fit it, wherein does it differ, except in degree, from the foundations of truth on which the religion of the Brotherhood of Man was first reared by Jesus of Galilee?



DRAWN BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"I don't believe I've bought enough ribbon—I'll be back probably. Where did you say the heraldry department was?" "Third aisle over—fourteenth counter on the right"

("*Living Up to Mottoes*")

Living Up to Mottoes

You have learned to look for big names in Cosmopolitan—names of writers you have heard of—and *like*—really the writer-people who are kind of literary chums of yours. And the reason, of course, for the big names is the big stuff—the real, live, interesting stories they turn out. These "big" writers know their jobs, have the experience, and, best of all for you, can't afford to do anything else—just the best there is. Here, for an instance, is Gouverneur Morris—one of the newer "top-notchers" in Cosmopolitan, but one whose work is at the very pinnacle of good work in America to-day. This month's tale is about a man who declared he wouldn't marry so long as he could read without glasses the word "Liberty" on the vacant chair opposite him at his table. And one morning he couldn't read it. So—but what he did is the story—a good one

By Gouverneur Morris

Author of "The Claws of the Tiger," "The First of the Month," "Legay Pelham's Headache," etc.

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

THE CHEROKEE was one of the most fortunate designs of the famous Archibald Cary Smith, who of all naval architects, perhaps, knew best how to combine the speed of a fish with all the comforts of home. Young Mr. Malingerer, at whose order her keel was laid, had been told by his doctors that a life on the ocean wave was the thing for him. In New York, as he put it himself, "his bellows always went rotten on him," so that in order to breathe he had to sleep sitting up and burn vile-smelling powders under his nose. He suffered, (really suffered) from a form of asthma, complicated in the season with hay-fever, rose-fever, and old-fashioned snuffles.

It was a great cross and handicap to him, because he was a sport-loving, powerful person to whom things "came" when he took hold of them. Being rich and idle, he had tried all the cures and all the specialists, but with no results more important than occasional relief when it was least needed. It was decided that his asthma was of a peculiar kind (almost worth patenting if one desired a steady income), that it was less an affection of the breathing-passages than of the nerves in residence along them—big important nerves in villas, and little humble nerves in cottages. Malingerer, the doctors said, would always be a sufferer until he broke away from all the places and habits to which he was used.

He was accustomed to cities and mountains; let him try swamps and seas. Hence *The Cherokee*, seagoing, and Florida inland-water-going, a steel craft a hundred and twenty feet on the water-line, driven by twin gasoline-engines, steel without and satin wood within; a glorious creature born in the purple to a yacht and a house-boat, partaking of the sire's speed and the dam's ruinous and luxurious habit. She was white as the rose from which she took her name, and all aflash with bright brass.

Since Malingerer was to be much alone, his own apartments somewhat dwarfed those provided for guests. He had a room to sleep in, a room to lounge in, a room to bathe in. His bed of brass was broad enough to have found favor in Utah; his reading-chair would have comforted a man with a broken spine, his baths were tub, needle, and shower, hot, cold, and salt. In his lounging-room he had an open fireplace and all the books that he had always intended to read. Aft of the owner's apartments were three spare staterooms with single brass beds, and two bath-rooms; aft again was a hall, containing a luxurious sofa, a coat-closet, a rack of rifles and shotguns under glass and another of fishing-rods—trout to tarpon—also under glass, and the broad carpeted stair leading to the main saloon with its open fireplace and grand piano. Aft of the hall were the motors, moving in oily silence, to be looked down upon and observed in their bright pit through plate-glass windows. Then the dining-saloon, to seat a dozen comfortably, and leave the steward all the elbow-room required even by immense platters. In this room hung two fine seascapes by Homer Winslow, a fine collection of blue-and-white porcelain, a pair of stuffed canvasback hanging feet

down upon an ebony lozenge, and a thick-waisted lake-trout, just turning upward to investigate a lure, the exact nature of which was left to the imagination.

At the larger ports along the lines of their progress north and south, *The Cherokee* took on flowering or fruited shrubs in pots, Indian azaleas, camelias, little orange-trees, jasmine. When she lay off Palm Beach in the season, or Westchester or Newport or Bar Harbor, Malingerer's friends who came off to dine with him did not want to go ashore again. They wanted to sail with him (even at anchor) forever and ever, or said they did, even (or rather especially) the ladies. These averred that only floating upon the water was it possible to find such a jewel of a house, so appealing in its appointments, so roomy, so unwasted, so easy to keep, so free from lobster-red faces, snub noses, and the squeaking shoes affected by the land variety of domestic servant.

Aboard *The Cherokee* all the servants moved in suits of white duck, upon rubber soles—all except the captain, who wore blue serge, and the chef, who wore a velvet jacket with a Legion of Honor ribbon in the lapel.

When his guests—joking, of course—refused to go ashore, Malingerer laid the tribute less to his own personal charm than to the divine genius of his chef, and especially of the head steward, who shook the cocktails and collected wines for his master—two bottles here, half a dozen there, from some of the most famous collections in the world. He owned a typewriter and kept up a tremendous correspondence with vintners in American and foreign cities. It took him, for instance, ten months of steady begging, flattering, and bribing to obtain the eleven quarts of yellow chartreuse '69 which were the show pieces of *The Cherokee's* cellar, or whatever it is that a ship has in place of a cellar.

That Malingerer, free from his asthma and possessed of *The Cherokee* and unlimited money, was perfectly happy, all his men friends who were married devoutly believed; but those who were not, claimed that neither on sea nor ashore was man meant to live alone. "Sooner or later," they said, each with his mind's eye upon some more or less loved face, "a man gets to hate the sight of the empty chair at the other end of his table and—there you are."

But Malingerer affected to like the empty chair opposite more than anything he owned. It bore a little silver plate on which was engraved the word "Liberty," in a fine Spencerian hand, and he used to say that he would never contemplate matrimony until he got so old that he could no longer read that word, from his own place at table, without the aid of glasses. And to add an effect of even greater remoteness to this eventual calamity, he would inform the listener that he had eyes like a hawk—one of the three perfect pairs, in fact, ever come across in the long career of an oculist by whom, upon a morning of unaccountable headache, he had once had them examined.

But he loved people—as what man doesn't who can get away from them whenever he wants to? When the owner of a yacht says that he *has* to sail at eight bells, who is man enough to answer: "What perfect rot! You don't *have* to at all." To the would-be detainer seafaring reasons are a mystery and an awe. And, indeed, the reasons and motives of rich and idle persons always have a smack of terrific import, lacking in those advanced by the poor and the hard working. When the rich idler says, "I've got to go down-town," you look to the heavens for omens of dire portent. When the bank-clerk says the same, you merely think what a pitiful little worm it is, after all.

The weather which most appealed to Malingerer was summer weather, and every year he followed it north as far as it went, and when it sank in the ocean somewhere off Mount Desert, he turned about, and sailed away south until he had picked it up again. He knew what it was to eat strawberries every day for three months. He was never far from flowers in full bloom, he had but vague memories of what people in heavy overcoats and mufflers look like. He became personally fond of his captain, his chef, his stewards, and his crew. He *did* them rather wonderfully at Christmas and on their birthdays, and had the loose and tied ends of their individual histories tucked away in his mind.

The only objection to being a rich man of leisure is the difficulty of finding companions. Plenty of men wanted to spend a couple of weeks in August on *The Cherokee*, or could have gotten away for a Florida Christmas, but, between times, the men whom he was fondest of wore harness, and

pulled heavy loads up and down Wall Street. And so Malingerer was much alone, in his floating house, reading, fishing, disgracing the grand piano by making it emit rag-time, or "jest setting and letting his mind work."

If he achieved anything it was sea knowledge. He sat at the feet of his captain for to learn navigation, weather wisdom, and the ins and outs of harbors. He became a bait-caster of great length and cunning. He could no more have told you than I can how many tarpon, sharks, or wing-fish he had caught. He regarded the hanging of a tarpon not as a feat, but as a good way to get up a sweat prior to a swim. And he shot wild fowl and flying fish or clay pigeons flung from the stern of *The Cherokee*, or glass bottles floating oversides, and ate strawberries whenever he could get them, and became brown as an old leather valise, and wonderfully handsome.

Girls who had known him as a pale New-Yorker now met him, you may say, for the first time, and romanced about him (very private) in their heads, and considered him a sort of combination of Monte Cristo, Captain England the pirate, and an English duke. And they especially adored him if he made love to them, which he always did when he was going to sail almost at once for some other port of fair maidens. And when *The Cherokee* became but a speck upon the horizon, they exclaimed (very private), "Why doesn't the creature marry and settle down!"

As a matter of fact, he was settling down more and more every day, but sometimes when he was just sitting and letting his mind work, he contemplated matrimony, vaguely.

When you are sitting among luxurious cushions, under a full moon, listening to the gentle slipple-slapple of water, aware that sea-smells and the smells of orange-blossoms are doing a sort of "ladies' chain" in the atmosphere, and that the last human being with whom you have talked is a steward who has smashed his thumb with a hammer while opening a case of something very extra and very dry, what is it that is lacking to fill your cup of luxury and happiness to the brim? Is it some pot-bellied male acquaintance talking stocks through his nose, and rather the worse for that last whiskey and soda? Is it some quiet-voiced insistent woman who talks music, literature, and politics and thinks that every man ought to have a career? Or is it a girl who is needed—one who doesn't know much, doesn't say much, but makes up for it by loving very, very much, and whom the Lord God so made that she exactly fits the hollow of her lover's arm and laps over a little bit, perhaps, upon his shoulder? I forgot to mention that she is rather prettier than any other girl in the world.

II

The Cherokee steamed, or gasoline-vapored, up the East River and anchored off the New York Yacht Club landing-stage. It was the first day of November. Ordinarily at that late season, *The Cherokee* would have been cruising in the Santee, but Malingerer had in him a superstitious streak, and a certain thing had happened. It was off Bar Harbor in August.

He rose. He swam in the icy Maine coast water. He dressed. He went into breakfast. His appetite was sharp as a razor, he had never felt better in his life, but when he lifted his eyes to the empty chair opposite, he found that he was unable to read the word "Liberty" inscribed upon its little silver plate.

"My God!" he said; "beginning to break up!"

He frowned and strained his powers of sight to the uttermost; the fine Spencerian writing remained a blur. He felt old, lonely, and unhappy. He rubbed his eyes with the heels of his hands. He ate an orange, a dish of hominy, scrambled eggs, and bacon; he drank an immense cup of coffee. Then he looked once more at the chair opposite, and found that the word "Liberty" was once more distinct. He breathed a sigh of relief, and ordered the plate upon which it was engraved to be removed.

"Never again," he said.

He did not go ashore all day, but just sat, and let his mind work. He weighed all the pros and cons of his present way of life, and concluded, about teatime, that he was making a mess of things. The thought of another whole winter of solitary grandeur became hateful to him. He had far rather, he concluded, go back to his old paroxysms of asthma. But this was impossible, since in three years the affection had not made even a momentary return. His nerves had taken a newer, saner lease of life. And he knew it. "If I wanted to," he thought, "I

could live ashore again, and stay in the North all winter."

And he made up his mind that he would stay in the North until the new year anyway, just to prove his contention about the asthma, and secondly to see if he could not find somebody who would consent to make his life a little better worth living.

"When there's a will," he said, "there's always a way, and almost always a maid."

So he went to Bar Harbor, and found many charming, marriageable maidens, none of whom he could make himself want in the least; and he descended unto Islesboro and the North shore, and unto Marion and Newport, and there were gangs of pretty girls who played tennis and swam and rode, and looked you in the eyes, and were altogether desirable, and by Malingerer not desired in the least, and he came at last to New York upon the first day of November. And went to live in his own rooms and to search the immense matrimonial field of Manhattan for a wife.

Fair maidens with their mamas and papas were pouring into the city from Europe, society was promised an immense crop of débutantes, all the great cities of the United States would send beauties to the metropolis for the winter—a man had only to keep on searching and surely he must find.

But November swung gloomily astern with rain and fog (and no asthma at all), and the days began to quicken toward Christmas, and Malingerer's plans seemed no nearer fulfilment than when he had first undertaken them. Not so near, indeed. Yet they were now an obsession. "I am sick—sick—sick of solitude," he said. "I must marry—I *will* marry."

And in the meanwhile he got his Christmas shopping under way. He had an immense number of friends whom he had used to favor at Christmas time with tokens of his regard. But the last few Christmases had found him so far from stores where handsome presents may be bought that he had been obliged to neglect them. Now, however, he was determined to redeserve his former reputation for thoughtfulness, and to that end he drew up a list of names almost as long as his arm, and wrote opposite the names self-hints for donations; as flowers, a jewel, cigars, champagne, books, prints, toys, etc., etc.

The shops were already crowded with men who bought steadily in a kind of stubborn despair, and with women who took up much floor space and were utterly unable to make up what we must be pleased to call their minds. Clerks in all but the most exclusive shops were beginning to show the wear and tear inseparable from being found fault with all day long. And Malingerer found that as of old, and even more so, patience was required, promptness in decision, and perfect good nature.

Gradually he filled his list, and gradually, for he intended to tie his Christmas packages with Christmas ribbons of his own selection, his rooms became full to bursting of boxes and parcels of all shapes and sizes. It remained to buy wrapping-paper—he achieved this by telephone—and ribbon. His choice was for a broadish ribbon of holly-berry red, decorated with green holly leaves, and he found just such a ribbon at the "first counter on the left" in the first department-store he entered. He required, I don't know how many spools, but when the girl who waited on him asked him how many he wanted, he lied and said one.

She was the prettiest girl he had ever seen, she had the rosiest cheeks, the whitest teeth, and she talked in a low, quiet voice, using simple direct words, just as the very best people do. He went out of the store clutching his spool of ribbon, and feeling dazed and elated.

He returned to the store in an hour, succeeded in getting the same girl to wait on him, and bought another spool of ribbon. An hour later he bought another spool. The girl now knew him from Adam, and there had come into her bright eyes a wary look. Malingerer, however, did not resemble the ordinary department-store masher in the least. He was much too brown, and he carried rather a high and noble head. If he took the trouble to tell a girl things she would be very likely to believe them. That is how the girl at the ribbon-counter felt, anyway. And when, bright and early the next morning, long before the crush and jam of the day, he appeared once more, to buy another spool of ribbon, she felt that she had known him always, and that his comings were the best things that she had to look back upon in all her short life.

Malingerer then came in before the rush, and managed to have a little bit of a conversation with her. The which he enjoyed as a cat enjoys cream. That she attracted him wonderfully was beyond question; but



DRAWN BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

He had never felt better in his life, but when he lifted his eyes to the empty chair opposite, he found that he was unable to read the word "Liberty" inscribed upon its little silver plate

that he himself should question the nature of that attraction was only natural. He knew nothing about her—except that she attracted him. That she was bright and alert was obvious, but what her mind was like, her origin, her point of view, he could not of course know. He could only guess. He guessed that she had been born to better things than clerking in a department-store, that she was rather a fastidious young person, and that she would rather dress clean and plain and often than make an occasional tarnished paradise bird of herself. Upon the little finger of her left hand she wore a man's seal ring, handsome and heavy. The device upon it was a ship under full sail; the motto—"Venture greatly." The ring had an antique look, the engraving was worn shallow. Malingerer could just make out the lettering.

"Heirloom?" he asked (devoutly hoping that it was).

"My grandfather's," she answered.

"You'll forgive my asking, won't you?" he said. "But a crest is rather an unusual thing in a department-store, isn't it?"

She smiled gaily, and answered, "Not at all; third aisle over—fourteenth counter on the right—heraldry department."

"Where," said Malingerer, "is your ship sailing to, and in what way do members of your family venture greatly?"

"I ventured," said she, "to think that I could sing. My ship sailed to Paris—and back."

"And couldn't you sing?"

Her eyebrows arched charmingly. "Oh, yes," she said demurely; "very sweetly, but not very loud."

"Do you play?"

"A little."

Malingerer thought of his grand piano, of moonlight nights off Florida, of the smells of salt and orange-blossoms. "Look here," he said, "when do you get through to-day?"

"We stay open till nine," she said.

"On your feet all the time?"

"Pretty much."

"I don't believe I've bought enough ribbon—I'll be back probably. Where did you say the heraldry department was?"

"Third aisle over—fourteenth counter on the right."

He took off his hat to her, smiled, and moved upon the heraldry department. "I have a perfectly good crest and motto of my own," he explained, "but I am heartily sick of them. Let me have a look at some of your very newest designs, please."

After much looking he selected an anchor, which, as all men know, stands for hope, and the motto, "Take it with you"—only it was in Latin and might also be translated, "Take him, her, or it with you."

Malingerer ordered some note-paper printed with his new crest and motto, and then, deeply considering and hesitating, he penciled a few words on a half sheet of the paper selected, and folded it into a little cocked hat. This, together with a dollar bill, he entrusted to a very small cash-boy.

"The lady at the ribbon-counter," he said.

"Which wan?"

"There is only one," Malingerer murmured, "and she isn't in the least wan." Aloud he said, "The one with the gold ring on the little finger of her left hand."

"I'm on," said the tiny cash-boy and was off.

The note which the girl at the ribbon-counter managed surreptitiously to read, ran as follows:

> Is your first name or your last name or any other name you've got by any possible wonderful chance Hope? If so, have the good nature, when you have finished reading, to nod your head. The matter is of the utmost importance. I shall be watching.

She finished reading. She nodded her head. And Malingerer trembled.

"God bless my soul," he said, and "I'm damned," and "split my boots," and other exclamations of wonder and elation. "Her name is Hope. My new motto says, 'Take her with you'; her old motto says, 'Venture greatly'!" And he left the department-store, muttering over and over, "Why not?—why not?—why not?"

And yet it seemed to him that he must be crazy (as no doubt he was). He went on board *The Cherokee* and tried for half an hour to picture what his life would be like if *she* could be persuaded to share it with him. And he denied to himself that her pretty even voice could ever pall, or that her beauty could ever fade in his eyes. Had it taken him years of assiduous cultivation to form a lasting liking for the Winged Victory in the Louvre or the Mona Lisa that used to be there? Not at all. He had liked these masterpieces forever—the moment he laid eyes on them. Why not a girl in a shop?

She had been gently born and brought up. She was without affectation. She was level headed. If people criticized him for choosing a girl out of a shop to share the Malingerer millions, they had only to meet her to be disarmed. He was sure of her fitness. He had moved too much in the great world to be mistaken. And he was sure of her goodness? Why hesitate, then? He could find no fault with her, and he wanted her very much indeed. Why not step up to the ribbon-counter and tell her so?

And his answer to this was that it would not be fair to the girl.

"She's living," he said, "on, say, six dollars a week. They work her like a dog, and she's all tired out. If I put the question, are her circumstances and condition such as to enable her to frame an honest answer? Suppose I clerked in a department-store, and a great masterful rich woman came along and took a shine to me and said, 'Come live with me and be my love'? Six dollars a week! Why, I'd make a long arm for my hat and coat, and the necktie department would know me no more. St. Anthony himself would jump at a chance like that if he clerked in a department-store at Christmas time. How could I find out if this girl said 'yes' because of me, or because of the luxury I represent? That I've learned to *love* her in twenty-four hours is one miracle; that anything like that has happened to her would be asking altogether too much."

He sat for a long while thinking hard. And he managed to think of almost everything under the sun except giving the girl up. Already *The Cherokee* swarmed with visions of their life together. He saw her at the piano, at the head of the table—in evening gowns, in sporting clothes, tanned, full of the joy of life and happy.

"Suppose," he thought at last, "that she comes merely because she is sick of hardship and I represent luxury to her and rest—and nothing else? Well, she is the girl I love—why not? Even to give everything to the girl you love and receive nothing is—is—something. I shall ask her to come, and if she comes I shall ask nothing more, until it is proved that she cares for me, or that she never can. Yes, that will be fairest—and now to get flowers, and people together and gifts and to do chores. But suppose she *won't* come. Well, the people needn't know why they were asked. But she'll come, because it will be ten o'clock at night, and she will have been on her feet all day."

When the department-store closed that night one of an infinite number of tired girls, passing from the superheat of the store itself into a wild cold night of snow-flurries, heard herself addressed at very close range as "Miss Hope" by a very big man, who smiled in a quiet, half-amused way, and was all fur and snowflakes.

"There's nobody waiting for you anywhere, is there?"

"No."

"Then jump into my taxi."

"Why?"

"Because you are Hope and my new motto says that I must take you with me."

She hesitated, one foot on the step of the cab. She was bewildered and doubtful, but not frightened.

"*Your* motto," he said, "bids you to venture greatly."

"True," she said, and got into the cab.

He pulled a heavy fur robe over their knees. "Where do you live?"

She told him, and he passed the word to the driver.

"Are you," he said, "whose crest is a ship, by any chance a good sailor?"

"A perfectly good sailor," said she.

"And willing to venture greatly?"

"Yes," she said, "when I'm as tired as this, I am."

"Good," said he.

They came to the house where she lived.

"I will wait for you," he said.

"Wait for me?"

"When you have put all the things you care about into your trunk, the driver will bring it down-stairs."

For some moments she sat and said nothing.

"Miss Hope," he said, "people who are to venture greatly must begin by trusting greatly. You follow me?"

"Put my things in a trunk—" she said.

"Just so." He was cheerful and matter-of-fact. "And look here. You're the only girl I've ever run away with or ever shall. That's something, isn't it?"

"Yes—but—"

"Trust greatly."

"Even if I am a sort of slave and so tired that I can't think—don't you think you're asking a great deal?"

"A great deal? I know I am. I think



DRAWN BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"What," she said, "is your really own motto?" "'Live bravely.'" "And mine," she said after a pause, "is ought to have a brand-new one for us both to use." "What do you



'Venture greatly.'" She required help, but Malingerer did not know this. "I think," she said, "that we suggest?" She blushed to the roots of her hair. "'I love you,'" she said

no man ever before asked for quite so much."

She looked him in the face. And there was no wickedness to be seen in it, only a most reassuring good humor and gentleness.

"No crazy women to wait on to-morrow," he said.

"Look here," she said, "if I do go with you—what will *you* think of me? After all—that matters—a good deal."

"It depends," he said, "on the spirit in which you go. If you go in the belief that all the rest of your life you will be happier for having gone—why, then I shall think the world of you."

He continued to smile with imperturbable gentleness and good humor.

"Do you owe money to your landlady?"

"No." A smile flickered. "Her motto is, 'Pay in advance.'"

"Will you be long packing?"

"No."

Twenty minutes later, a small trunk perched beside the driver, they were on their way to the New York Yacht Club landing-stage. In mid-river the lights of *The Cherokee* glittered among the driving snowflakes. The launch met them, and took them on board. The main saloon was full of men and women in evening dress.

"This boat," Malingerer whispered, "isn't a gilded cage—it's a home, and by the way—quick, what is your name—because these are all old friends of mine, and I've got to be able to introduce them to the girl I'm going to marry—the stout gentleman is the bishop of New York."

She told him her name in a quick whisper, and he told her his. "And for Heaven's sake," he said, "don't let's forget. My God, how I've worked to get all these people here and this whole affair straightened out!"

They entered the main saloon, and all the gay people flocked about them with pleasant speeches, and laughter, and kindliness. Already champagne had been opened, and the bishop of New York related how once when about to marry a deserving young couple he had in a fit of absent-mindedness begun instead to bury them.

III

AFTER the wedding *The Cherokee* lingered in the East River for three days, so that young Mrs. Malingerer could shop as became her station in life, and meet more and more of her husband's friends. Standing behind counters is very much more fatiguing than standing in front of them. To sell is depressing. It is exhilarating to buy. Mrs. Malingerer became greatly refreshed, and very beautiful to look upon.

As for Malingerer, he spent his entire time making love to her. "That wedding ring of yours," he said, "stands for opportunity. I couldn't court you across a counter, and get to know you, and try to make you like me. But now I've got the best chance in the world to make good with you. And if I don't—why, when spring comes you can skip off to Reno, or I could cut my throat."

She had liked Malingerer from her first sight of him. And his courting and patience, and his exhilarated boyish love-making, became very sweet to her. And it was not easy to forget the chivalrous and high-handed manner in which he had carried her out of her troubles and exalted her with dignities and luxuries. And little by little he grew to mean more and more to her, until her heart ached to tell him how much.

But this was not easy.

If at two bells a man asks you to love him, and you say you can't, it is very difficult to back down at four bells, and tell him that you can, do, and always have. You can't clear your throat and remark, "Er, by the way, there is something I want to say to you."

One day off Palm Beach they received from New York that package of note-paper which Malingerer had ordered at the heraldry department. Mrs. Malingerer peered over her husband's shoulder at the anchor and the motto, "Take him, her, or it with you."

"What," she said, "is your really own motto?"

"'Live bravely.'"

"And mine," she said, after a pause, "is 'Venture greatly.'"

She required help, but Malingerer did not know this.

"I think," she said, "that we ought to have a brand-new one for us both to use."

"What do you suggest?"

She blushed to the roots of her hair. "'I love you,'" she said.

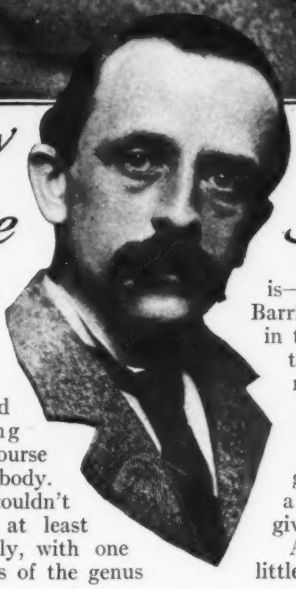
The next story by Gouverneur Morris, ***"Radium,"*** will appear in the June issue.

Peter Pan's Pater



An Interview with J M Barrie

By Alan Dale



SOMEBODY told me once that J. M. Barrie never talked—that he was reticent, taciturn, morose, self-contained, and other adjectives implying lack of conviviality. Of course I didn't believe that somebody. A man like Barrie couldn't conceivably be all that, at least permanently. Occasionally, with one of the fifty-seven varieties of the genus bore, he might find it convenient to collapse into his shell. We all do. Sometimes the shell is—sanctuary. But that J. M. Barrie wrapped himself habitually in the kimono of silence I refused to credit. So when he invited me to luncheon at the Savoy Hotel, London (in a handwriting more gorgeously and luminously execrable and unintelligible than mine own), I accepted alacriously. I had no misgivings.

And in the grill-room, at a little table before a bottle of Scotch, a jug of claret, and a few accessories, sat J. M. Barrie with

Two intimate portraits of J. M. Barrie. The recent publication of a new Peter Pan book by Mr. Barrie, "Peter and Wendy," adds piquancy and timeliness to this interesting interview

his friend A. E. W. Mason, of "Four Feathers" renown. But it was mine host that I studied attentively—a little wisp of a man, with a dried face of blotting-paper consistency, small laughing eyes, a fragmentary mustache, unnoticeable clothes, and an untidy collar and tie—the latter showing the hook that kept the collar in place. Mr. Barrie smiled delightfully one of those smiles that denote sympathy rather than amusement.

"I discovered early," remarked Barrie, "that writing a play was not at all the same thing as writing a novel. The form is utterly different. It is another art. In a novel you can explain your motives. In a play that is impossible. Everything must be focused for the audience in quick view. And of course there are bigger profits in playwriting. But as to 'The Twelve-Pound Look'—"

"I saw it five times," I interrupted, because I thought that a really interesting remark for a jaded critic to make. (Excuse my being jaded.)

"I wrote that," he said, "one day when I felt like it. After I had written it, I threw it into a drawer and forgot all about it. It eluded my mind as completely as though I had never written it. But I was fond of it. I wrote it just for the pleasure of writing it, you know, and never imagined for one moment that it would be produced. Well, one day Granville Barker was rummaging through my drawer, and he fished out that manuscript. Frohman was starting his Repertory Theater in London, and he needed a one-act play. I gave him that."



J. M. Barrie and the American novelist, Mr. Henry James

Barrie slowly resumed his luncheon. Mason and I interchanged a few remarks that it is not necessary to chronicle here; for, though we are both nice, we are neither of us Barrie.

"Did you mean, in 'The Twelve-Pound Look,' to speak so bitterly against success?" I asked—and please note that this was my first ask.

"I suppose I did," replied Barrie diffidently, "I suppose I did."

He was silent, so was Mason, so was I. Probably the gist of that wonderful little play was in our minds.

"I do think," went on Barrie, "that we writers could take up the other side, and depict the genius that makes the millionaire. We are all of us too fond of belittling the rich man. We are accustomed to it, you know. Yet there is a good deal to be said in favor of the poor millionaire. Think of his qualities—of the great executive mind that forms and carries out giant schemes. Think of his special trend. In a way, he is often a genius."

"And Carnegie?" I suggested. "A compatriot of yours."

"I don't know very much about millionaires, after all," said Barrie. "My point is that there is a task for an able writer to

wrest these people from obloquy and display their fine qualities. Those qualities exist, and there are great literary possibilities in them. Much injustice has been done. They are usually targets for ridicule."

It was a very quiet and un-foody little luncheon. We really just "toyed" with our viands, and they were merely an excuse. Barrie did not consult a menu and bother us with queries as to what we thought we would like. He was a gentle and artistic host.

"You know," he said, when we had lighted up, "I never liked my play 'Alice Sit-by-the-Fire.' I wrote it for Ellen Terry one summer, just because I *had* to write it. I didn't enjoy the work, and I rather resented the play. I never went to see it, though I did attend the rehearsals. The same with 'Quality Street.' I was not very fond of that. As for 'What Every Woman Knows,' I liked the first act of that. The first act was really all that there was to it!"



"I like 'The Admirable Crichton' better than any other of my works. That—and 'The Twelve-Pound Look,' and, of course, 'Peter Pan.'" An expression of affection illumined Mr. Barrie's face as he spoke of "Peter Pan"

An amused expression crept over Barrie's face. He seemed to be thinking of something that was funny. As he had once expressed himself forcibly against humor, I was interested.

"You know, Mr. Frohman was vexed with me," he said presently, "because he wanted me to turn 'The Twelve-Pound Look' into a three-act play, and I wouldn't. I really couldn't. I felt that it would spoil it artistically, though the British public might have preferred it. So I had to decline.

When I say that Mr. Frohman was vexed, I mean to say that he thought it a pity I wouldn't make a whole evening's entertainment of the thing."

Barrie and "C. F." are "hand in glove." The one swears by the other. Rarely have manager and playwright been so wonderfully in accord.

"I think I like 'The Admirable Crichton' better than any other of my works. That—and 'The Twelve-Pound Look,' and, of course, 'Peter Pan.'"

An expression of affection illumined his face as he spoke of "Peter Pan," announced by Mr. Frohman for an eighth revival last Christmas.

"I wonder why Sarah Bernhardt doesn't play 'Peter Pan,'" said Barrie. "I really expect to hear that she contemplates it one of these days. Wonderful woman! No, I have not seen her lately. She is still good? But then, she always was. The other day I was reading some of Robert Louis Stevenson's letters. In one of them he wrote: 'Be sure and see Bernhardt. She is splendid, but you should have seen her in her great days!' And he wrote that in the eighties!"

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Mason. Same for me.

"I love her," said Mason. "When I was member of Parliament for Coventry, she played there, and I had to go behind the scenes and present her with a bouquet of flowers."

"Yes, she is a marvel," said Barrie, "and she is really no older than Ellen Terry. Dear Ellen Terry! We love her still, and we don't mind what she does."

"She always forgets her lines," I cried, my sense of critical justice in arms.

"What of that?" asked Barrie tenderly. "She doesn't mind, and we don't mind. It doesn't embarrass her in the least. If she forgets her lines, she runs off, and then returns. She is not one whit cast down. It is just Ellen Terry, and we look upon it as part of the woman, whose personality we adore."

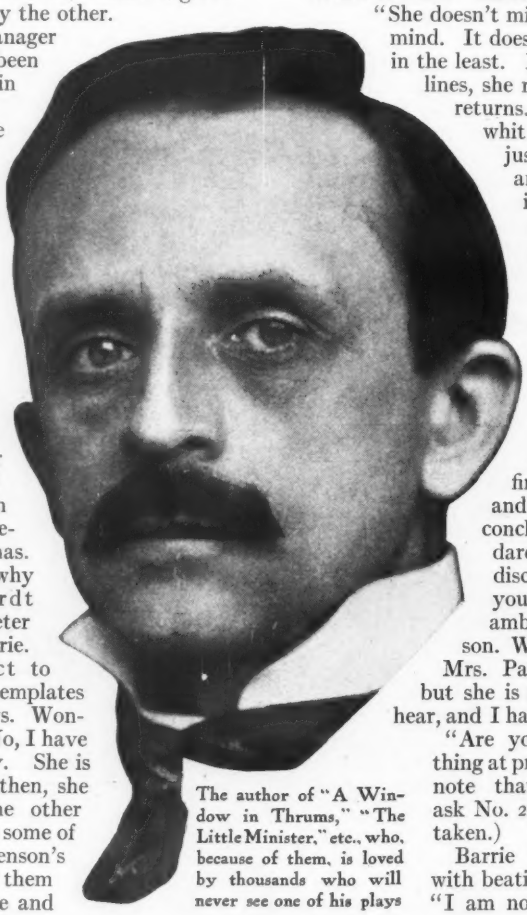
"We do indeed," echoed Mason.

"There are not so many English actresses to write for"—Barrie finished his coffee, and began to look conclusive—"and I dare say you have discovered that in your theatrical perambulations this season. We have, of course, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, but she is rather difficult, I hear, and I have avoided her."

"Are you writing anything at present?" (Please note that this was my ask No. 2, if I'm not mistaken.)

Barrie looked at me, with beatitude in his eyes. "I am not," he said. "I am not, and it is delightful. Oh, you don't know how delicious it seems not to be writing anything. No, I am comparatively idle and happy, and—it makes me feel young."

And yet they say that Barrie can't talk. He'd have talked more, but at this juncture I mercifully let him go. The flavor of his talk I can't reproduce. It is quite delicious and satisfying. It is quiet, sedate, and nondeliberate. A girl would call Barrie "jolly nice"; a man would say that he is absolutely without frills and splendidly "easy."



The author of "A Window in Thrums," "The Little Minister," etc., who, because of them, is loved by thousands who will never see one of his plays

The Price She Paid

THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S STRUGGLE FOR AND AGAINST LOVE

By David Graham Phillips

Author of "The Hungry Heart," "The Husband's Story," "The Grain of Dust," etc.

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

SYNOPSIS: Mildred Gower is the only daughter of an apparently rich man who died before he expected to and left his wife and daughter less than they had been used to spending in a year. When the family take stock of their resources they are appalled, and the decision is made for Mildred that, to reduce the drain upon their small amount of cash, she must marry. Instead, her mother, who continues to act rich, marries—a fortune-hunter who, fortunately, has a small but sure income. Angered by the way he has fooled himself, Presbury makes life miserable for the two women, especially Mildred, whom he declares he will not support. He insists that she get out and support herself, but she, brought up in luxury, can scarcely even dress herself. Her soul is filled with terror as she realizes that, in the matter of earning bread, there is only a step between herself and the women who ply an unnamable calling. Then the situation is saved by Presbury, who announces that he has met in town an old acquaintance, now a millionaire, who invited the family to Thanksgiving dinner. When he announces also that the man is looking for a wife his intention is apparent—he expects Mildred to become a candidate, which she does. Presbury paints a most undesirable picture of General William Siddall, but Mildred declares she will marry him if she can. At the dinner, which is richly offensive, in his blatantly offensive mansion, the general's attitude toward Mildred is that of the connoisseur toward an art object, and she exhibits her charms as unfeelingly as he appraises them, while the mother fawns upon him. He lets it be known that he is willing to go on "if the goods are up to the sample." The weeks that he is investigating the history of the "goods" are made miserable to Mildred by bickerings at home, Presbury continually girding at her, so that even after the general at a second dinner has announced his readiness to "go on" she flares up and declares that unless he quits insulting her and the general she will give up and sell herself in the fashion not approved by society. Thereafter all goes smoothly, and the excitement of getting ready to marry a lavish lover carries her up to and through a magnificently gorgeous wedding.

Mildred now begins to pay the price of the riches she enjoys. She soon finds that she is a wife in name only. Her spirit rebels at this, and she decides to leave her husband. On board ship she meets Stanley Baird, a former suitor, who, after every other plan of livelihood has been abandoned, offers to finance a career for her in grand opera. A few days in the city show her that there is nothing else to do, and she accepts a loan from Baird and submits to his plans for her, which include her sharing an apartment with Mrs. Brindley and music lessons under Eugene Jennings, who never gives up nor graduates a paying pupil. With high hope and determination she begins her work, having eluded the little general, to whom she has flatly refused to return. But the first spring finds her discouraged and under orders to rest for the summer. Her friends are going to the seashore, and she goes there, where she meets Donald Keith, whose good-will she attempts to win, but who piques her by his lack of interest in her. In reality he is trying to goad her into apparent activity, but his way of doing it angers her and shames her, leaving her again facing the future with a heavy heart. While in this mood she is thrown into a panic by the appearance of her husband, who urges her to return to him. She refuses, and Keith opportunely appears with the information that she has never been his wife, and by the threat of prosecution for bigamy drives the general definitely out of her life. She goes back to town and to work. The desperateness of her situation soon closes in upon her. She maneuvers out of a proposal of marriage from Baird, but realizes that she cannot continue to take his money. Then she breaks with Jennings, who, in a moment of anger, tells her the truth—that she cannot hope to sing. Finally Baird renews his proposal, and she decides to end the discussion by telling him frankly that there is no career ahead for her.

MILDRED saw that Stanley had been shaken by her statement that she must give up a grand-opera career. She proceeded to explain to him at length what a singer's career meant—the hardships, the drafts on health and strength, the absolute necessity of being reliable, of singing true, of not disappointing audiences—what a delicate throat meant—how delicate her throat was—how deficient she was in the kind of physical strength needed—muscular power with endurance back of it. When she had finished he understood.

"I'd always thought of it as an art," he said ruefully. "Why, it's mostly health and muscles and things that have nothing to do with music." He was dazed and offended by this uncovering of the mechanism of the art—by the discovery of the coarse and painful toil, the grossly physical basis of what had seemed to him all idealism. He had been full of the delusions of spontaneity and inspiration, like all laymen, and all artists, too, except those of the higher ranks—those who have fought their way up to the heights and, so, have learned that one does not achieve them by being caught up to them gloriously in a fiery cloud, but by doggedly and dirtily and sweatily toiling over every inch of the cruel climb.

He sat silent when she had finished. She waited, then said:

"Now, you see. I release you, and I'll take no more money to waste."

He looked at her with a dumb misery that smote her heart. Then his expression changed—to the shining, hungry eyes, the swollen veins, the reddened countenance,

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the watering lips of desire. He seized her in his arms, and in a voice trembling with passion, he cried:

"You must marry me, anyhow! I've *got* to have you, Mildred."

If she had loved him, his expression, his impassioned voice would have thrilled her. But she did not love him. It took all her liking for him, and the memory of all she owed him—that unpaid debt!—to enable her to push him away gently and to say without any show of the repulsion she felt:

"Stanley, you mustn't do that. And it's useless to talk of marriage. You're generous, so you are taking pity on me. But, believe me, I'll get along somehow."

"Pity? I tell you I love you," he cried, catching desperately at her hands and holding them in a grip she could not break. "You've no right to treat me like this."

It was one of those veiled and stealthy reminders of obligation habitually indulged in by delicate people seeking repayment of the debt, but shunning the coarseness of direct demand. Mildred saw her opportunity. Said she quietly,

"You mean you want me to give myself to you in payment, or part payment, of the money you've loaned me?"

He released her hands and sprang up. He had meant just that, but he had not had the courage, or the meanness, or both, to admit boldly his own secret wish. She had calculated on this—had calculated well. "Mildred!" he cried in a shocked voice. "*You* so lacking in delicacy as to say such a thing!"

"If you didn't mean that, Stanley, what *did* you mean?"

"I was appealing to our friendship—our —our love for each other."

"Then you should have waited until I was free."

"Good God!" he cried, "don't you see that's hopeless? Mildred, be sensible—be merciful."

"I shall never marry a man when he could justly suspect I did it to live off him."

"What an idea! It's a man's place to support a woman!"

"I was speaking only of myself. *I* can't do it. And it's absurd for you and me to be talking about love and marriage when anyone can see I'd be marrying you only because I was afraid to face poverty and a struggle."

Her manner calmed him somewhat. "Of course it's obvious that you've got to have money," said he, "and that the only way you can get it is by marriage. But there's something else, too, and in my opinion it's the principal thing—we care for each other. Why not be sensible, Mildred? Why not thank God that as long as you have to marry, you can marry some one you care for."

"Could you feel that I cared for you, if I married you now?" inquired she.

"Why not? I'm not so entirely lacking in self-esteem. I feel that I must count for something."

"Even if I thought I loved you," said she, "I couldn't be sure in these circumstances that I wasn't after your money."

"Don't worry about that," replied he. "I understand you better than you understand yourself."

"Let's stop talking about it," said she impatiently. "I want to explain to you the business side of this." She took her purse from the table. "Here are the papers." She handed him a check and a note. "I made them out at the bank this morning. The note is for what I owe you—and draws interest at four per cent. The check is for all the money I have left except about four hundred dollars. I've some bills I must pay, and also I didn't dare quite strip myself. The note may not be worth the paper it's written on, but I hope—"

Before she could prevent him he took the two papers, and, holding them out of her reach, tore them to bits.

Her eyes gleamed angrily. "I see you despise me—as much as I've invited. But I'll make them out again and mail them to you."

"You're a silly child," said he gruffly. "We're going to be married."

She eyed him with amused exasperation. "It's too absurd!" she cried. "And, if I yielded, you'd be trying to get out of it." She hesitated whether to tell him frankly just how she felt toward him. She decided against it, not through consideration—for a woman feels no consideration for a man she does not love, if he has irritated her—but through being ashamed to say harsh things to one to whom she owed so much. "It's useless for you to pretend and to plead," she went on. "I shall not yield. You'll have to wait until I'm free and independent."

"You'll marry me then?"

"No," replied she, laughing. "But I'll be able to refuse you in such a way that you'll believe."



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Before she had recovered herself in the least Mildred was standing there alone, the paper in her hand, holding weakly to the open door through which Keith had disappeared. With a long gasping sigh she fell to trembling all over

"But you've got to marry, Mildred, and right away." A suspicion entered his mind and instantly gleamed in his eyes. "Are you in love with some one else?"

She smiled mockingly.

"It looks as if you were," he went on, arguing with himself aloud. "For if you weren't you'd marry me, even though you didn't like me. A woman in your fix simply couldn't keep herself from it. Is *that* why you're so calm?"

"I'm not marrying anybody," said she.

"Then what are you going to do?"

"You'll see."

Once more the passionate side of his nature showed—not merely grotesque, unattractive, repellent, as in the mood of longing, but hideous. Among men Stanley Baird passed for a man of rather arrogant and violent temper, but that man who had seen him at his most violent would have been amazed. The temper men show toward men bears small resemblance either in kind or in degree to the temper of jealous passion they show toward the woman who baffles them or arouses their suspicions; and no man would recognize his most intimate man friend—or himself—when in that paroxysm. Mildred had seen this mood, gleaming at her though a mask, in General Siddall. It had made her sick with fear and repulsion. In Stanley Baird it first astounded her, then filled her with hate.

"Stanley!" she gasped.

"*Who* is it?" he ground out between his teeth. And he seized her savagely.

"If you don't release me at once," said she calmly, "I shall call Mrs. Brindley, and have you put out of the house. No matter if I do owe you all that money."

"Stop!" he cried, releasing her. "You're very clever, aren't you?—turning that against me and making me powerless."

"But for that, would you dare presume to touch me, to question me?" said she.

He lowered his gaze, stood panting with the effort to subdue his fury.

She went back to her own room. A few hours later came a letter of apology from him. She answered it friendlily, said she would let him know when she could see him again, and enclosed a note and a check.

VIII

MILDRED went to bed that night proud of her strength of character. Were there many women—was there any other woman she knew or knew about—who in her desperate circumstances would have done what she had done? She could have married a man who would have given her wealth and the very best social position. She had refused him. She could have continued to "borrow" from him the wherewithal to keep her in luxurious comfort while she looked about at her ease for a position that meant independence. She had thrust the temptation from her. All this from purely high-minded motives; for other motive there could be none. She went to sleep, confident that on the morrow she would continue to tread the path of self-respect with unfaltering feet. But when morning came her throat was once more slightly off—enough to make it wise to postpone the excursion in search of a trial for musical comedy. The excitement or the reaction from excitement—it must be the one or the other—had resulted in weakness showing itself, naturally, at her weakest point—that delicate throat. When life was calm and orderly, and her mind was at peace, the trouble would pass, and she could get a position of some kind. Not the career she had dreamed; that was impossible. But she had voice enough for a little part, where a living could be made; and perhaps she would presently fathom the secret of the cause of her delicate throat and would be able to go far—possibly as far as she had dreamed.

The delay of a few days was irritating. She would have preferred to push straight on, while her courage was taut. Still, the delay had one advantage—she could prepare the details of her plan. So, instead of going to the office of the theatrical manager—Crossley, the most successful producer of light musical pieces of all kinds—she went to call on several of the girls she knew who were more or less in touch with matters theatrical. And she found out just how to proceed toward accomplishing a purpose which ought not to be difficult for one with such a voice as hers and with physical charms peculiarly fitted for stage exhibition.

Not until Saturday was her voice at its best again. She, naturally, decided not to go to the theatrical office on Monday, but to wait until she had seen and talked with Keith. One more day did not matter, and Keith might be stimulating, might even have some useful suggestions to offer. She received him with a manner that was a ver-



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"I don't love you—and I never can," said Mildred. She was deathly white and trembling. She lifted her eyes to begin a retreat, for her courage had quite oozed away. He was looking at her, his face distorted with a mingling of the passion of desire and the passion of jealousy

sion, and a most charming version, of his own tranquil indifference. But his first remark threw her into a panic. Said he:

"I've only a few minutes. No, thanks, I'll not sit."

"You needn't have bothered to come," said she coldly.

"I always keep my engagements. Baird tells me you have given up the arrangement you had with him. You'll probably be moving from here, as you'll not have the money to stay on. Send me your new address, please." He took a paper from his pocket and gave it to her. "You will find this useful—if you are in earnest," said he. "Good-by, and good luck. I'll hope to see you in a few weeks."

Before she had recovered herself in the least she was standing there alone, the paper in her hand, holding weakly to the open door through which he had disappeared. All his movements and his speech had been of his customary, his invariable, deliberateness; but she had the impression of whirling and rushing haste. With a long gasping sigh she fell to trembling all over. She sped to her room, got its door safely closed just in time. Down she sank upon the bed, to give way to an attack of hysterics.

We are constantly finding ourselves putting forth the lovely flower and fruit of the virtues whereof the heroes and heroines of romance are so prolific. Usually nothing occurs to disillusion us about ourselves. But now and then fate, in unusually brutal ironic mood, forces us to see the real reason why we did this or that virtuous, self-sacrificing action, or blossomed forth in this or that nobility of character. Mildred was destined now to suffer one of these savage blows of disillusionment about self that thrust us down from the exalted moral heights where we have been preening into humble kinship with the weak and frail human race. She saw why she had refused Stanley, why she had stopped "borrowing," why she had put off going to the theatrical managers, why she had delayed moving into quarters within her diminished and rapidly diminishing means. She had been counting on Donald Keith. She had convinced herself that he loved her even as she loved him. He would fling away his cold reserve, would burst into raptures over her virtue and her courage, would ask her to marry him. Or, if he should put off that, he would at least undertake the responsibility of getting her started in her career. Well! He had come; he had shown that Stanley had told him all or practically all; and he had gone, without asking a sympathetic question or making an encouraging remark. As indifferent as he seemed. Burnt out, cold, heartless. She had leaned upon him; he had slipped away, leaving her to fall painfully, and ludicrously, to the ground. She had been boasting to herself that she was strong, that she would of her own strength establish herself in independence. She had not dreamed that she would be called upon to "make good." She raved against Keith, against herself, against fate. And above the chaos and the wreck within her, round and round, hither and yon, flapped and shied the black thought, "What *shall* I do?"

When she sat up and dried her eyes, she chanced to see the paper Keith had left; with wonder at her having forgotten it and with a throb of hope she opened and began to read his small, difficult writing:

A career means self-denial. Not occasional, intermittent, but steady, constant, daily, hourly—a purpose that never relaxes.

A career as a singer means not only the routine, the patient tedious work, the cutting out of time-wasting people and time-wasting pleasures that are necessary to any and all careers. It means in addition—for such a person—sacrifices far beyond a character so undisciplined and so corrupted by conventional life as is yours. The basis of a singing career is health and strength. You must have great physical strength to be able to sing operas. You must have perfect health.

Diet and exercise. A routine life, its routine rigidly adhered to, day in and day out, month after month, year after year. Small and uninteresting and monotonous food, nothing to drink, and of course no cigarettes. Such is the secret of a reliable voice for you who have a "delicate throat"—which is the silly, shallow, and misleading way of saying a delicate digestion, for sore throat always means indigestion, never means anything else. To sing, the instrument, the absolutely material machine, must be in perfect order. The rest is easy.

Some singers can commit indiscretions of diet and of lack of exercise. But not you, because you lack this natural strength. Do not be deceived and misled by their example.

Exercise. You must make your body strong, powerful. You have not the muscles by nature. You must acquire them.

The following routine of diet and exercise made one of the great singers, and kept her great for a quarter of a century. If you adopt it, without variation, you can make a career. If you do not, you need not hope for anything but failure and humiliation. Within my knowledge sixty-eight young men and young women have started in on this system. Not one had the character to persist to success. This may suggest why, except two who are at the very top, all of the great singers are men and women



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Cyrilla was already there, in a negligée, looking as if she had not been out of the library for hours. She was writing a letter

whom nature has made powerful of body and of digestion—so powerful that their indiscretions only occasionally make them unreliable.

There Mildred stopped and flung the paper aside. She did not care even to glance at the exercises prescribed or at the diet and the routine of daily work. How dull and uninspired! How grossly material! Stomach! Chewing! Exercising-machines! Plodding dreary miles daily, rain or shine! What could such things have to do with the free and glorious career of an inspired singer? Keith was laughing at her as he hastened away, abandoning her to her fate.

She examined herself in the glass to make sure that the ravages of her attack of rage and grief and despair could be effaced within a few hours, then she wrote a note—formal yet friendly—to Stanley Baird, informing him that she would receive him that evening. He came while Cyrilla and Mildred were having their after-dinner coffee. He was a man who took great pains with his clothes, and got them where pains were not in vain. That evening he had arrayed himself with unusual care, and the result was a fine manly figure of the well-bred New-Yorker type. Certainly Stanley had ground for his feeling that he deserved and got liking for himself. The three sat in the library for perhaps half an hour, then Mrs. Brindley rose to leave the other two alone. Mildred urged her to stay—Mildred who had been impatient of her presence when Stanley was announced—urged her to stay in such a tone that Cyrilla could not persist, but had to sit down again. As the three talked on and on, Mildred continued to picture life with Stanley—continued the vivid picturing she had begun within ten minutes of Stanley's entering, the picturing that had caused her to insist on Cyrilla's remaining as chaperon. A young girl can do no such picturing as Mildred could not avoid doing. To the young girl married life, its tête-à-têtes, its intimacies, its routine, are all a blank. Any attempt she makes to fill in details goes far astray. But Mildred, with Stanley there before her, could see her life as it would be.

Toward half-past ten, Stanley said, shamefaced and pleading, "Mildred, I should like to see you alone for just a minute before I go," and when the sound of Mrs. Brindley's step in the hall had died away, he began: "I think I understand you a little now. I sha'n't insult you by returning or destroying that note or the check. I accept your decision—unless you wish to change it?" He looked at her with eager appeal. His heart was trembling, was sick with apprehension, with the sense of weakness, of danger and gloom ahead. "Why shouldn't I help you, at least, Mildred?" he urged.

Whence the courage came she knew not, but through her choking throat she forced a positive "No."

"And," he went on, "I meant what I said. I love you. I'm wretched without you. I want you to marry me, career or no career."

Her fears were clamorous, but she forced herself to say, "I can't change."

"I hoped—a little—that you sent me the note to-day because you— You didn't?"

"No," said Mildred. "I want to be friends. But you must keep away."

He bent his head. "Then I'll go 'way off somewhere. I can't bear being here in New York and not seeing you. And when I've been away a year or so, perhaps I'll get control of myself again."

Going away!—to try to forget!—no doubt to succeed in forgetting! Then this was her last chance.

"Must I go, Mildred? Won't you relent?"

"I don't love you—and I never can." She was deathly white and trembling. She lifted her eyes to begin a retreat, for her courage had quite oozed away. He was looking at her, his face distorted with a mingling of the passion of desire and the passion of jealousy. She shrank, caught at the back of a chair for support, felt suddenly strong and defiant. To be this man's plaything, to submit to his moods, to his jealousies, to his caprices—to be his to fumble and caress, his to have the fury of his passion wreak itself upon her with no response from her but only repulsion and loathing—and the long dreary hours and days and years alone with him, listening to his commonplaces, often so tedious, forced to try to amuse him and to keep him in a good humor because he held the purse-strings—

"Please go," she said.

She was still very young, still had years and years of youth unspent. Surely she could find something better than this. Surely life must mean something more than this. At least it was worth a trial.

He held out his hand. She gave him her reluctant and cold fingers. He said some-

thing, what she did not hear, for the blood was roaring in her ears as the room swam round. He was gone, and the next thing she definitely knew she was at the threshold of Cyrilla's room. Cyrilla gave her a tenderly sympathetic glance. She saw herself in a mirror and knew why; her face was gray and drawn, and her eyes lay dully deep within dark circles.

"I couldn't do it," she said. "I sent for him to marry him. But I couldn't."

"I'm glad," said Cyrilla. "Marriage without love is a last resort. And you're a long way from last resorts."

"You don't think I'm crazy?"

"I think you've won a great victory."

"Victory!" And Mildred laughed dolefully. "If this is victory, I hope I'll never know defeat."

A baby enters the world screaming with pain. The first sensations of living are agonizing. It is the same with the birth of souls, for a soul is not really born until that day when it is offered choice between life and death and chooses life. In Mildred Gower's case this birth was an agony. She awoke the following morning with a dull headache, a fainting heart, and a throat so sore that she felt a painful catch whenever she tried to swallow. She used the spray; she massaged her throat and neck vigorously. In vain; it was folly to think of going where she might have to risk a trial of her voice that day. The sun was brilliant and the air sharp. She dressed, breakfasted, went out for a walk. The throat grew worse, then better. She returned for luncheon, and afterward began to think of packing, not that she had chosen a new place, but because she wished to have some sort of a sense of action. But her unhappiness drove her out again—to the park where the air was fine and she could walk in comparative solitude.

"What a silly fool I am!" thought she. "Why did I do this in the worst, the hardest possible way? I should have held on to Stanley until I had a position. No, I'm such a poor creature that I could never have done it in that way. I'd simply have kept on bluffing, fooling myself, putting off and putting off. I had to jump into the water with nobody near to help me, or I'd never have begun to learn to swim. I haven't begun yet. I may never learn to swim. I may drown. Yes, I probably shall drown."

She wandered aimlessly on—round the upper reservoir where the strong breeze freshened her through and through, and made her feel less forlorn in spite of her chicken heart. She crossed the bridge at the lower end and came down toward the East Drive. A taxicab rushed by, not so fast, however, that she failed to recognize Donald Keith and Cyrilla Brindley. They were talking so earnestly—Keith was talking, for a wonder, and Mrs. Brindley listening—that they did not see her. She went straight home. But, as she was afoot, the journey took about half an hour. Cyrilla was already there, in a négligée, looking as if she had not been out of the little library for hours. She was writing a letter. Mildred strolled in and seated herself. Cyrilla went on writing. Mildred watched her impatiently. She wished to talk, to be talked to, to be consoled and cheered, to hear about Donald Keith. Would that letter never be finished? At last it was, and Cyrilla took a book and settled herself to reading. There was a vague something in her manner—a change, an attitude toward Mildred—that disturbed Mildred. Or was that notion of a change merely the offspring of her own somber mood? Seeing that Mrs. Brindley would not begin, she broke the silence herself. Said she awkwardly:

"I've decided to move. In fact, I've got to move."

Cyrilla laid down the book and regarded her tranquilly. "Of course," said she. "I've already begun to arrange for some one else."

Mildred choked, and the tears welled into her eyes. She had not been mistaken; Cyrilla had changed toward her. Now that she had no prospects for a brilliant career, now that her money was gone, Cyrilla had begun to—to be human. No doubt, in the course of that drive, Cyrilla had discovered that Keith had no interest in her either. Mildred beat down her emotion and was soon able to say in a voice as unconcerned as Cyrilla's,

"I'll find a place to-morrow or next day, and go at once."

"I'll be sorry to lose you," said Mrs. Brindley, "but I agree with you that you can't get settled any too soon."

"You don't happen to know of any cheap, good place?" said Mildred.

"If it's cheap, I don't think it's likely to be good—in New York," replied Cyrilla. "You'll have to put up with inconveniences



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

In sorting and packing her belongings she came upon the paper Donald Keith had left. She read it through carefully, thoughtfully, read it to the last direction

—and worse. I'd offer to help you find a place, but I think everything self-reliant one does helps one to learn, don't you?"

"Yes, indeed," assented Mildred. The thing was self-evidently true; still she began to hate Cyrilla. This cold-hearted New York! How she would grind down her heel when she got it on the neck of New York! Friendship, love, helpfulness—what did New York and New-Yorkers know of these things? What a cold and lonely world!

"Have you been to see about a position?" inquired Cyrilla.

Mildred was thrown into confusion. "I can't go—for a—day or so," she stammered. "The changeable weather has rather upset my throat. Nothing serious, but I want to be at my best."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Brindley. Her direct gaze made Mildred uncomfortable. She went on, "You're sure it's the weather?"

"What else could it be?" demanded Mildred, with a latent resentment whose interesting origin she did not pause to inquire into.

"Well, salad, or sauces, or desserts, or *café au lait* in the morning, or candy, or tea," said Cyrilla. "Or it might be cigarettes, or all those things—and thin stockings and low shoes—mightn't it?"

Never before had she known Cyrilla to say anything meddlesome or cattish. Said Mildred with a faint sneer, "That sounds like Mr. Keith's crankiness."

"It is," replied Cyrilla. "I used to think he was a crank on the subject of singing and stomachs, and singing and ankles. But I've been convinced, partly by him, mostly by what I've observed."

Mildred maintained an icy silence.

"I see you are resenting what I said," observed Cyrilla.

"Not at all," said Mildred. "No doubt you meant well."

"You will please remember that you asked me a question."

So she had. But the discovery that she was clearly in the wrong, that she had invited the disguised lecture, only aggravated her sense of resentment against Mrs. Brindley. She spent the rest of the afternoon in sorting and packing her belongings—and in crying. She came upon the paper Donald Keith had left. She read it through carefully, thoughtfully, read it to the last direction as to exercise with the machine, the last arrangement for a daily routine of life, the last suggestion as to diet.

"Fortunately all that isn't necessary," said she to herself, when she had finished. "If it were, I could never make a career. I'm not stupid enough to be able to lead that kind of life. Why, I'd not care to make a career, at that price. Slavery—plain slavery."

When she went in to dinner, she saw instantly that Cyrilla too had been crying. Cyrilla did not look old, anything but that, indeed was not old and would not begin to be for many a year. Still, after thirty-five or forty a woman cannot indulge in a good cry without its leaving serious traces that will show hours afterward. At sight of the evidences of Cyrilla's grief Mildred straightway forgot her resentment. There must have been some other cause for Cyrilla's peculiar conduct. No matter what, since it was not hardness of heart.

It was a sad, even a gloomy dinner. But the two women were once more in perfect sympathy. And afterward Mildred brought the Keith paper and asked Cyrilla's opinion. Cyrilla read slowly and without comment. At last she said:

"He got it from his mother, Lucia Rivi. Have you read her life?"

"No. I've heard almost nothing about her, except that she was famous."

"She was more than that," said Mrs. Brindley. "She was great, a great personality. She was an almost sickly child and girl. Her first attempts on the stage were humiliating failures. She had no health, no endurance, nothing but a small voice of rare quality." Cyrilla held up the paper. "This tells how she became one of the surest and most powerful dramatic sopranos that ever lived."

"She must have been a dull person to have been able to lead the kind of life that's described there," said Mildred.

"Only two kinds of persons could do it," replied Cyrilla—"a dull person—a plodder—and a genius. Middling people—they're the kind that fill the world, they're you and I, my dear—middling people have to fuss with the trifles that must be sacrificed if one is to do anything big. You call those trifles your freedom, but they're your slavery. And by sacrificing them the Lucia Rivis buy their freedom." Cyrilla looked at the paper with a heavy sigh. "Ah, I wish I had seen this when I was your age. Now, it's too late."

Said Mildred, "Would you seriously advise me to try that?"

Cyrilla came and sat beside her and put an arm round her. "Mildred," she said, "I've never thrust advice on you. I only dare do it now because you ask me, and because I love you. You must try it. It's your one chance. If you do not, you will fail. You don't believe me?"

In a tone that was admission Mildred said, "I don't know."

"Keith has given you there the secret of a successful career. You'll never read it in any book, or get it from any teacher, or from any singer or manager or doctor. You must live like that, you must do those things or you will fail even in musical comedy. You would fail even as an actress, if you tried that, when you found out that the singing was out of the question."

Mildred was impressed. Perhaps she would have been more impressed had she not seen Keith and Mrs. Brindley in the taxi, Keith talking earnestly and Mrs. Brindley listening as if to an oracle. Said she, "Perhaps I'll adopt some of the suggestions."

Cyrilla shook her head. "It's a route to success. You must go the whole route or not at all."

"Don't forget that there have been other singers besides Rivi."

"Not any that I recall who weren't naturally powerful in every way. And how many of them break down? Mildred, please do put the silly nonsense about nerves and temperament and inspiration and overwork and weather and climate—put all that out of your head. Build your temple of a career as high and graceful and delicate as you like, but build it on the coarse, hard, solid rock, dear!"

Mildred tried to laugh lightly. "How Mr. Keith does hypnotize people!" cried she.

Mrs. Brindley's cheeks burned, and her eyes lowered in acute embarrassment. "He has a way of being splendidly and sensibly right," said she. "And the truth is wonderfully convincing—once one sees it." She changed the subject, and it did not come up—or, perhaps, come *out* again—before they went to bed. The next day Mildred began the depressing, hopeless search for a place to live that would be clean, comfortable, and cheap. Those three adjectives describe the ideal lodging; but it will be noted that all these are relative. In fact none of the three means exactly the same thing to any two members of the human family. Mildred's notion of clean—like her notion of comfortable—on account of her bringing up implied a large element of luxury. As for the word "cheap," it really meant nothing at all to her. From one standpoint everything seemed cheap; from another, everything seemed dear; that is, too dear for a young woman with less then five hundred dollars in the world and no substantial prospect of getting a single dollar more—unless by hook and crook, both of which means she was resolved not to employ.

Never having earned so much as a single penny, the idea of anyone's giving her anything for what she might be able to do was disturbingly vague and unreal. On the other hand, looking about her, she saw scores of men and women, personally known to her to be dull of conversation, and not well mannered or well dressed or well anything, who were making livings without overwhelming difficulty. Why not Mildred Gower? In this view the outlook was not discouraging. "I'll no doubt go through some discomfort, getting myself placed. But somewhere and somehow I shall be placed—and how I shall revenge myself on Donald Keith!" His fascination for her had not been destroyed by his humiliating lack of belief in her, nor by his cold-hearted desertion at just the critical moment. But his conduct had given her the incentive of rage, of stung vanity—or wounded pride, if you prefer. She would get him back; she would force him to admit; she would win him, if she could—and that ought not to be difficult when she should be successful. Having won him, then— What then? Something superb in the way of revenge; she would decide what, when the hour of triumph came. Meanwhile she must search for lodgings.

In her journeyings under the guidance of attractive advertisements and "carefully selected" agents' lists, she found herself in front of her first lodgings in New York—the house of Mrs. Belloc. She had often thought of the New England school-teacher, arrived by such strange paths at such a strange position in New York. She had started to call on her many times, but each time had been turned aside; New York makes it most difficult to find time to do anything that does not have to be done at a definite time and for a definite reason. She was worn out with her futile trampings

up and down streets, up and down stairs. Up the stone steps she went and rang the bell.

Yes, Mrs. Belloc was in, and would be glad to see her, if Miss Stevens would wait in the drawing-room a few minutes. She had not seated herself when down the stairs came the fresh, pleasantly countrified voice of Mrs. Belloc, inviting her to ascend. As Mildred started up, she saw at the head of the stairs the frank and cheerful face of the lady herself. She was holding together at the neck a thin silk wrapper.

"Why should old friends stand on ceremony?" said Mrs. Belloc. "Come right up. I've been taking a bath. My masseuse has just gone." Mrs. Belloc enclosed her in a delightfully perfumed embrace, and they kissed with enthusiasm.

"I *am* glad to see you," said Mildred, feeling all at once a thrilling sense of at-homeness. "I didn't realize how glad I'd be till I saw you."

"It'd be a pretty stiff sort that wouldn't feel at home with me," observed Mrs. Belloc. "New York usually stiffens people up. It's had the opposite effect on me. Though I must say, I have learned to stiffen with people I don't like—and I'll have to admit that I like fewer and fewer. People don't wear well, do they? What *is* the matter with them? Why can't they be natural and not make themselves into rubbishly old scrap-bags full of fakes and pretenses? You're looking at my hair."

They were in Mrs. Belloc's comfortable sitting-room now, and she was smoking a cigarette and regarding Mildred with an expression of delight that was most flattering. Said Mildred:

"Your hair does look well. It's thicker—isn't it?"

"Think so?" said Mrs. Belloc. "It ought to be, with all the time and money I've spent on it. My, how New York does set a woman to repairing and fixing up. Nothing artificial goes here. It mustn't be paint and plumpers and pads, but the real teeth. Why, I've had four real teeth set in as if they were rooted—and my hips toned down."

"You *have* been busy!" said Mildred.

"That's only a little part. I started to tell you about the hair. It was getting gray—not in a nice, pretty way, all over, but in spots and streaks. Nothing else makes a woman looks so ragged and dingy and old as spotted, streaky gray hair. So I had the hair-woman touch it up. She vows it won't make my face hard. That's the trouble with dyed or touched hair, you know. But this is a new process."

"It's certainly a success," said Mildred. And in fact it was, and thanks to it and the other improvements Mrs. Belloc was an attractive and even a pretty woman, years younger than when Mildred saw her.

"Yes, I think I've improved," said Mrs. Belloc. "Nothing to scream about—but worth while. That's what we're alive for—to improve—isn't it? I've no patience with people who slide back, or don't get on—people who get less and less as they grow older. The trouble with them is they're vain, satisfied with themselves as they are, and lazy. Most women are too lazy to live. They'll only fix up to catch a man."

Mildred had grown sober and thoughtful.

"—to catch a man," continued Mrs. Belloc. "And not much even for that. I'll warrant *you're* getting on. Tell me about it."

"Tell me about yourself, first," said Mildred. "*Why* all this excitement about improving?" And she smiled significantly.

"No, you'll have to guess again," said Mrs. Belloc. "Not a man. You remember, I used to be crazy about gay life in New York—going out, and men, theaters, and lobster-places—everything I didn't get in my home town, everything the city means to the jays. Well, I've gotten over all that. I'm improving, mind and body, just to keep myself interested in life, to keep myself young and cheerful. I'm interested in myself, in my house, and in woman's suffrage. Not that the women are fit to vote. They aren't, any more than the men. But what *makes* people? Why, responsibility. That old scamp I married—he's dead. And I've got the money, and everything's very comfortable with me. Just think, I didn't have any luck till I was an old maid far gone. I'm not telling my age. All my life it had rained bad luck—pitchforks, tines down. And why?"

"Yes, why?" said Mildred. She did not understand how it was, but Mrs. Belloc seemed to be saying the exact things she needed to hear.

"I'll tell you why. Because I didn't work. Drudging along isn't work any more than dawdling along. Work means purpose, means head. And my luck began just as

anybody's does—when I rose up and got busy. You may say it wasn't very creditable, the way I began; but it was the best *I* could do. I know it isn't good morals, but I'm willing to bet that many a man has laid the foundations of a big fine career by doing something that wasn't at all nice or right. He had to do it, to 'get through.' If he hadn't done it, he'd never have 'got through.' Anyhow, whether that's so or not, everyone's got to make a fight to break into the part of the world where living's really worth while. But I needn't tell *you* that. You're doing it."

"No, I'm not," replied Mildred. "I'm ashamed to say so, but I'm not. I've been bluffing—and wasting time."

"That's bad, that's bad," said Mrs. Belloc. "Especially, as you've got it in you to get there. What's been the trouble? The wrong kind of associations?"

"Partly," said Mildred.

Mrs. Belloc, watching her interestedly, suddenly lighted up. "Why not come back here to live?" said she. "Now, please don't refuse till I explain. You remember what kind of people I had here?"

Mildred smiled. "Rather—unconventional?"

"That's polite. Well, I've cleared 'em out. Not that I minded their unconventionality. I liked it. It was so different from the strait-jackets and the hypocrisy I'd been living among and hating. But I soon found out that—well, Miss Stevens, the average human being ought to be pretty conventional in their morals of a certain kind. If he—or *she*—isn't, they begin to get unconventional in every way—about paying their bills, for instance, and about drinking. I got sick and tired of those people. So, I put 'em all out—made a sweep. And now I've become quite as respectable as I care to be—or as is necessary. The couples in the house are married, and they're nice people of good families. It was Mrs. Dyckman—she's got the whole second floor front, she and her husband and the daughter—it was Mrs. Dyckman who interested me in the suffrage movement. You must hear her speak. And the daughter does well at it, too,—and keeps a fashionable millinery-shop—and she's only twenty-four. Then there's Nora Blond."

"The actress?"

"The actress. She's the quietest, hardest-working person here. She's got the whole first floor front. Nobody ever comes to see her, except on Sunday afternoon. She leads the queerest life."

"Tell me about that," said Mildred.

"I don't know much about it," confessed Mrs. Belloc. "She's regular as a clock—does everything on time, and at the same time. Two meals a day—one of them a dry little breakfast she gets herself. Walks, fencing, athletics, study."

"What slavery!"

"She's the happiest person I ever saw," retorted Mrs. Belloc. "Why, she's got her work, her career. You don't look at it right, Miss Stevens. You don't look happy. What's the matter? Isn't it because you haven't been working right—because you've been doing these alleged pleasant things that leave a bad taste in your mouth and weaken you? I'll bet, if you had been working hard you'd not be unhappy now. Better come here to live."

"Will you let me tell you about myself?"

"Go right ahead. May I ask questions, where I want to know more? I do hate to get things half-way."

Mildred freely gave her leave, then proceeded to tell her whole story, omitting nothing that was essential to an understanding. In conclusion she said: "I'd like to come. You see, I've very little money. When it's gone, I'll go—unless I make some more."

"Yes, you must come. That Mrs. Brindley seems to be a nice woman, a mighty nice woman. But her house, and the people that come there—they aren't the right sort for a girl that's making a start. I can give you a room on the top floor—in front. The young lady next to you is a clerk in an architect's office, and a fine girl she is."

"How much does she pay?" said Mildred.

"Your room won't be quite as nice as hers. I put you at the top because you can sing up there, part of the mornings and part of the afternoons, without disturbing anybody. I don't have a general table any more. You can take your meals in your room or at the restaurant in the apartment-house next door. It's good and quite reasonable."

"How much for the room?" persisted Mildred, laughing.

"Seven dollars a week, and the use of the bath."

Mildred finally wrung from her that the right price was twelve dollars a week, and insisted on paying that—"until my money gets low."



"I *am* glad to see you," said Mildred, feeling all at once a thrilling sense of at-homeness with Mrs. Belloc. "I didn't realize how glad I'd be till I saw you"

"Don't worry about that," said Mrs. Belloc.

"You mustn't weaken me," cried Mildred. "You mustn't encourage me to be a coward and to shirk. That's why I'm coming here."

"I understand," said Mrs. Belloc. "I've got the New England streak of hardness in me, though I believe that masseuse has almost ironed it out of my face. Do I look like a New England schoolmarm?"

Mildred could truthfully answer that there wasn't a trace of it.

When she returned to Mrs. Brindley's—already she had ceased to think of it as home—she announced her new plans. Mrs. Brindley said nothing, but Mildred understood the quick tightening of the lines round her mouth and the shifting of the eyes. She hastened to explain that Mrs. Belloc was no longer the sort of woman or the sort of landlady she had been a few months before. Mrs. Brindley, of the older New York, could neither understand nor believe in the people of the new and real New York whom it molds for better or for worse so rapidly—and even remolds again and again. But Mildred was able to satisfy her that the house was at least not suspicious.

"It doesn't matter where you're going," said Mrs. Brindley. "It's that you are going. I can't bear giving you up. I had hoped that our lives would flow on and on together." She was with difficulty controlling her emotions. "It's these separations that age one, that take one's life. I almost wish I hadn't met you."

Mildred was moved herself. Not so much as Mrs. Brindley, because she had the necessities of her career gripping her and claiming the strongest feelings there were in her. Also, she was much younger, not merely in years but in experience. And separations have no real poignancy in them for youth.

"Yes, I know you love me," said Cyrilla, "but love doesn't mean to you what it means to me. I'm in that middle period of life where everything has its fullest meaning. In youth we're easily consoled and distracted because life seems so full of possibilities, and we can't believe friendship and love

are rare, and still more rarely worth while. In old age, when the arteries harden and the blood flows slow and cold, we become indifferent. But between thirty-five and fifty-five how the heart can ache!" She smiled, with trembling lips. "And how it can rejoice!" she cried bravely. "I must not forget to mention that. Ah, my dear, you must learn to live intensely. If I had had your chance!"

"Ridiculous!" laughed Mildred. "You talk like an old woman. And I never think of you as older than myself."

"I *am* an old woman," said Cyrilla. And, with a tightening at the heart Mildred saw, deep in the depths of her eyes, the look of old age. "I've found that I'm too old for love—for man-and-woman love—and that means I'm an old woman."

Mildred felt that there was only a thin barrier of reserve between her and some sad secret of this strange, shy, loving woman—a barrier so thin that she could almost hear the stifled moan of a broken heart. But the barrier remained; it would have been impossible for Cyrilla Brindley to talk frankly about herself.

When Mildred came out of her room the next morning, Cyrilla had gone, leaving a note: "I can't bear good-by. Besides, we'll see each other very soon. Forgive me for shrinking, but really I can't."

Before night Mildred was settled in the new place and the new room, with no sense of strangeness. She was reproaching herself for hardness, for not caring about Cyrilla, the best and truest friend she had ever had. But the truth lay in quite a different direction. The house, the surroundings, where she had lived luxuriously, dreaming her foolish and fatuous dreams, was not the place for such a struggle as was now upon her. And for that struggle she preferred, to sensitive, sober, refined, impractical Cyrilla Brindley, the companionship and the sympathy, the practical sympathy, of Agnes Belloc. No one need be ashamed or nervous before Agnes Belloc about being poor or unsuccessful or having to resort to shabby makeshifts or having to endure coarse contacts. Cyrilla represented refinement, appreciation of the finished work—luxurious and sterile appreciation and enjoyment. Agnes represented the workshop—where all the doers of all that is done live and work. Mildred was descending from the heights where live those who have graduated from the lot of the human race and have lost all but superficial or casual resemblance to that race. She was going down to live with the race, to share in its lot. She was glad Agnes Belloc was to be there.

Generalizing about such a haphazard conglomerate as human nature is highly unsatisfactory, but it may be cautiously ventured that in New England, as in old England, there is a curiously contradictory way of dealing with conventionality. Nowhere is conventionality more in reverence; yet when a New-Englander, man or woman, happens to elect to break with it, nowhere is the break so utter and so defiant. If Agnes Belloc, cut loose from the conventions that had bound her from childhood to well into middle life, had remained at home, no doubt she would have spent a large part of her nights in thinking out ways of employing her days in outraging the conventionalities before her horrified and infuriated neighbors. But of what use in New York to cuff and spit upon deities revered by only an insignificant class—and only officially revered by that class? Agnes had soon seen that there was no amusement or interest whatever in an enterprise which in her New England home would have filled her life to the brim with excitement. Also, she saw that she was well into that time of life where the absence of reputation in a woman endangers her comfort, makes her liable to be left alone—not despised and denounced, but simply avoided and ignored. So she was telling Mildred the exact truth. She had laid down the arms she had taken up against the social system, and had come in—and was fighting it from the safer and wiser inside. She still insisted that a woman had the same rights as a man; but she took care to make it clear that she claimed those rights only for others, that she neither exercised them nor cared for them for herself. And to make her propaganda the more effective, she was not only circumspect herself, but was exceedingly careful to be surrounded by circumspect people. No one could cite her case as proof that woman would expand liberty into license. In theory there was nothing lively that she did not look upon at least with tolerance; in practice, more and more she disliked seeing one of her sex do anything that might cause the world to say, "woman would abuse liberty if she had it." "Sensible people," she now said, "do as they like. But they don't give fools a chance to titter and chatter."

The next instalment of "***The Price She Paid***" will appear in the June issue.

A Woman's Heart

Story-teller-in-chief of New York's great East Side—where, hand in hand, go so much of the world's woe and its smiles—is the title won by Bruno Lessing, whose Cosmopolitan stories of the Ghetto have revealed its life as vividly—and nakedly—as the ray of sunshine reveals the face of the woman whose story is told below. And besides being real pictures of Ghetto life these stories are told by a master-writer—a writer with the rare gift of calling the tear to follow the smile—of making you laugh when he laughs and sympathize when his people stumble under their ever-present burden of oppression and poverty. You laughed last month with the "schnorrer"; here is the other side of the picture

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by Herman Pfeifer

A SINGLE carriage followed the hearse, and in it sat the solitary figure of a woman. She was attired in the customary garb of mourning. Her pale face, drawn with those lines that hardship and suffering write, was that of a woman past middle age.

The meager cortège moved slowly through the streets of the East Side toward the ferry which leads to the Jewish cemetery. The sky was almost hidden by huge banks of gray clouds, which the sun was desperately striving to pierce. As the driver halted before the ferry entrance to pay his toll a faint ray of sunshine succeeded in penetrating the gray gloom overhead and, passing directly through the window of the carriage, fell upon the face of its lonely occupant. At that moment, you might have seen, instead of the woebegone aspect of grief which the mourner's countenance usually wears, a face illumined with radiance. Then the rift in the cloud closed, and the sunshine vanished.

When Meyer Friedland died he bequeathed to his daughter Leah the care of a helpless mother. Leah was then fourteen years old. She immediately went to work in a dressmaker's shop, and with her earnings provided a home for her mother and herself. Kaplan, the shoemaker, who had known her father, came to Leah at that time and said:

"If you ever need money or help promise me that you will come to me before you go to anyone else. I was your father's friend, and he would approve."

Leah promised. In her enthusiasm over being taken from school and finding herself capable of earning her own living, the prospect of needing help seemed very remote. It took but a few months, however, for this enthusiasm to die out. By that time Leah had settled down into what was to be the routine of her life. Six days in the week she worked in the dressmaker's shop from early morning until long after darkness had set in. Then she went home to minister to her mother, who had some spinal disorder that incapacitated her for all but the very slightest physical effort.

There were five years of this life without the slightest interruption. Then, one day, a new girl came to work in the place, a good-natured, rather attractive creature, whose incessant chattering made all the working women smile. They were not accustomed to light-heartedness in that establishment, and were quick to predict that she would not last long. Her name was Elsa. She took an instant fancy to Leah, who happened to be both the youngest and the least attractive of the women in the place, and insisted upon taking her upon a Sunday outing. Leah came home somewhat excited over the prospect of a holiday. She had had none since her father died.

"Would you mind very much, mother dear," she asked, "if I went out next Sunday? The girl Elsa, whom I told you about, is going up to the park, and wants me to go with her."

Her mother smiled. "You do not go out enough," she said. "You are too good to me."

On that Sunday Leah met David. A handsome, curly-haired, black-eyed lad, bubbling over with good nature and vitality, he held her hand in his and told her how glad he was to meet her. And for the rest of the day, even though she was too shy to

speak to him, he too busy chatting with her companion to notice her, Leah could hardly take her eyes from his face. He had a happy way of devoting himself to Elsa without making Leah aware for an instant that he was ignoring her.

The following Sunday Leah and Elsa met him again. The Sunday after that Leah received a note from Elsa saying she was not feeling well and asking Leah to meet David and explain why she could not come.

Leah was too confused with her own emotions to observe the momentary frown that darkened David's face upon beholding her alone. But it passed quickly, and he greeted her cordially.

"Well, as long as there's nothing serious the matter with Elsa," said he, "you and I will spend the afternoon together. You don't mind, do you?"

Leah's heart leaped with happiness. They mingled with the crowd on the Mall, and listened to the music. Leah, holding timidly to his arm, noticed that all the pretty girls they met glanced more than once at her companion, and her heart filled with pride. David kept up a stream of talk that delighted her—she thought she had never met anyone so clever. He was sympathetic, too, and succeeded in getting her to talk about herself. It was the happiest afternoon she had ever spent in all her life. It ended all too quickly—time had never flown so rapidly before. He insisted on accompanying her all the way to her home, and when he took his leave he shook her hand, squeezing it in the friendliest way.

As Leah mounted the long flights of stairs that stretched to the top of the tenement, she paused, twice, in the darkened hallways to kiss her hand where he had pressed it. Her heart beat tumultuously.

Elsa never returned to the dressmaking shop, and after a week news came that she was married to David. When Leah heard it, her eyes closed for just an instant, and her face paled ever so slightly. Then she smiled and went on with her work. She had had her dream and her hour of happiness: the memory of it all was to be her only share. The thought that her love had been unrequited hardly entered her mind. She was content that she had loved. And, hour after hour, her fancy, oblivious of all her surroundings, roamed through a world of romance where spring and flowers and music reigned eternal.

One day, as she came out of the house, she found Kaplan, the shoemaker, waiting for her. "Leah," said he, and there was a quality in his voice that made her look at him in surprise, "I had to come and tell you. I know you think I am a very old man. But I'm not so very old. I have known you ever since you were a little girl, and—and I have loved you all this time. I—I know it will sound very foolish to you, but don't you—don't you think you could marry me? I love you very dearly. I—I—" He faltered in his speech, and gazed at her with longing in his eyes.

It came like a shock to Leah, and, instinctively, she shrank from him, shaking her head. "No! Oh, no!" she cried. Then she saw the look of pain that came into his eyes when he realized that he had asked in vain, and she said, more kindly: "I can't marry. I must always stay with mother. I'm terribly sorry. You—you are very good. I—I—"

He smiled at her. "Never mind, little girl. I ought to have known better. But don't ever forget that I am your friend."

For half a day it unnerved her. And when the memory of her romance returned to her it seemed to have lost something of its sweetness, as if she had committed a wrong. But this feeling soon wore off, and Leah resumed the dreary routine of her days. Occasionally she thought of the shoemaker, and the thought saddened her. But, invariably, the memory of her happy hour would come to her rescue, and Kaplan was quickly forgotten for a curly-haired, dark-eyed lad with whom she wandered through Elysian fields.

Oh, those weary years of toil and hopelessness! When the work was slack, Leah often went without food in order that her mother might have the delicacies that she required. Often, in winter, her clothes were not warm enough to protect her against the storm, and her shoes were so worn that she walked almost barefooted in the snow. But her mother continued to live, and the summer came as often as the winter, and, even in the darkest days, when it seemed as though life itself were hopeless, the memory of that wonderful day sustained and warmed her spirit.

Her mother continued to live—yes, for fifteen long years she lingered, helpless and suffering. Then she died, and Leah's grief was distressing to behold. Her life had been



DRAWN BY HERMAN PUTNAM

Leah leaned forward until her face almost touched Kaplan's. "Can't you live?" she whispered

so wrapped up in her mother that, for a long time, she felt stunned, almost unable to grasp the fact that, at last, she was alone in the world. Kaplan, colorless and insignificant-looking as of old, but sturdy for his years, helped her arrange the funeral and rode with her to the cemetery. Leah wept bitterly all the way, and Kaplan never spoke a word.

But the grind of life had to go on. Leah resumed her work and, slowly, her grief abated, and she settled down into the new order of things. She felt lonely, oh! so lonely!

And the memory of that hour's romance seemed to have lost its charm. She did not think of it as often as before, and, when she did, it did not afford her the same keen happiness. At first she thought that it was because of her mother's death. In this hour of her bereavement God did not intend, she reasoned, that any earthly love should soften the pang of her loss. But even when her sorrow had become assuaged she found that her fond memory had ceased to bring comfort. From time to time it even brought a slight sense of regret, a feeling she had never had before. Now that she was alone in the world, with nothing but memories of the past to live upon, the memory of unrequited love failed to satisfy. And Leah found herself longing to be loved, and thought of Kaplan, the shoemaker.

Colorless, insignificant, and old, he had loved her. He had offered to marry her. It was she who had refused, and if ever she should regret it hers alone was the blame. In her loneliness this thought grew and grew in her mind, and with it came a sense of comfort. Her life had not been wholly barren of love. One man had uttered the magic words to her, and in the pain that she beheld in his eyes she had read their truth. During the day's work and the long solitude of the nights Leah often found herself thinking of Kaplan. Slowly, in her eyes, he became divested of all his insignificance. He was the one man in the world who had laid at her feet the gift her heart now longed for. Slowly his image grew attractive and beautiful. In the year that followed her mother's death, life seemed to grow more barren and more hopeless, and this thought, that once she had been loved, alone made her days endurable. When she saw children in the street the tears often came to her eyes. How dreary life was without love! Ah, but she, too, had been loved! It was her own fault that this love did not now warm her life. How terrible it must be, she thought, never to have been loved!

Late one night a woman who cleaned the room in which Kaplan lived alone, woke Leah from a sound sleep. "Mr. Kaplan is very sick," she said. "He wants to see you."

With fast-beating heart Leah accompanied her to the shoemaker's bedside. A physician was in the room.

"I'm afraid there's nothing for me to do," he said. "He is unconscious again. If he wakes up just give him a teaspoonful of this medicine. There's nothing else to be done. His heart is bad."

Leah, in a stupor, seated herself beside the bed. The physician left.

"I was up with him all last night," said the woman. "If you need me knock on the wall—I'm staying with the people across the hall."

Leah was alone with the sick man, and it required but one glance to tell her that he was sinking rapidly. The only man who had ever breathed love to her was dying! Oh, if she could only die in his place! And now for the first time it seemed to her as if a curtain had risen in her soul, allowing the whole dreary vista of her life to stretch like some bleak panorama before her eyes. All her unhappy existence had been fruitless, full of sacrifice and suffering, years upon years of misery with but this one glow of light through all its darkness—this man had loved her.

She leaned forward until her face almost touched his. "Can't you live?" she whispered. His eyes opened, and a sweet, wan smile came into his face. His lips moved faintly, but uttered no sound. Then his eyelids fluttered, and his faithful heart ceased its beating.

Leah kissed him upon the forehead.

The hearse followed by a single carriage wended its way down the long boulevard to the Jewish cemetery. The gray clouds moved swiftly across the sky, bespattering the windows of the carriage, at times, with gusts of rain. But the heart of the woman who was its lone occupant was at peace. Life is but a brief span of days at best, and shortly she, too, would take this journey. And when her time came she would go cheerfully. For she had been loved.

The Turning Point

A STORY OF LOVE AND A WOMAN'S WAY WITH A MAN

By Robert W. Chambers

Author of "The Common Law," etc.

Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson

CUI 'MALO

FOR the present, it was decided between Mr. Rivett and his wife that the engagement of both their children should be kept secret. Except those immediately concerned, only the parents, Diana, and Mr. Dineen knew; and Edgerton, as the nearest male relative of Silvette, was to be informed.

It had been left to Diana to inform him. Silvette wrote a hasty and cordial note for her sister to enclose; then Diana took her writing materials up to the mossy ledge in the woods from where Edgerton and she had taken the Path to Yesterday on that sun-drenched morning so long—so long ago.

She had never been there since. Once, strolling with Scott Wallace, he had espied the ledge, climbed thither, and called to her to join him in a new-found wonderland.

But it was not new-found to her, and the wonder of it had departed; and she continued on along the river bank below, heedless of his enthusiasm and persuasion.

Now something drew her there. What the sentiment was she did not analyze. Perhaps it was because the girl knew no spot as intimate, no fitter place in which to write him of her sister's happiness.

The place had changed with the season—yellowing leaves clothed the trees; the beds of moss had turned to vast reaches of golden velvet; naked branches crossed and recrossed above in delicate network against the sky.

Here was the silver birch against which she had leaned when his arms were around her and her lips touched his; there he had lain at her feet, stretched across that bed of gilded moss—only a boy then, smiling, idle, unawakened.

She seated herself exactly as she had sat that day, and looked at the empty place where once, so long ago, life had begun and ended for her—the place of self-sacrifice; the altar where her heart had died to appease the fates and mollify the mischief of the far white gods.

She bent over and searched for the imprint of her fingers in the moss where he had kissed them unrebuked. Many a sun and moon and rain had smoothed out that delicate sign-manual long since. Only upon her heart the imprint of his lips remained.

Then, for the path was easy to her—alas! too easy—she sent her spirit back along the Path to Yesterday, and soon she heard the starlings piping and saw the sky all rose and gold above the river; and she saw *him*—and heard his voice, talking of starlings and of children.

If a single bright tear fell, the moss buried it; and when at last she could see her letter-paper through glimmering lashes, she inked her pen and set her small, sun-tanned hand resolutely to the task before her:

Jim dear, Silvette is going to marry Jack Rivett. She is supremely happy. I enclose her note to you.

Only the families concerned know about it yet. It is to be announced in December. The date of the wedding has not yet been fixed.

I write you this pleasant news because you are our nearest relative.

In my last letter I told you that Silvette did not love him. I was wrong; she did love him all the while, but she was too decent to know it. So how on earth was I to suspect it? I didn't, and she didn't, and if it hadn't been for Jack kicking over the traces and cantering away out of bounds, there probably would have been a tragedy in the family; for Silvette and I had your kind and sensible letter, saying that the only honorable thing to do was to take the first opportunity to withdraw from Adriutha, and we had decided you were right.

But man proposes, Jim, and the far gods laugh at him—not unkindly, sometimes. My little sister is radiantly happy. Jack is a dear; so are his parents and his sister.

It amuses me to realize that I have come to be a

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purveyor of marital news to you. First, it was Christine and Mr. Inwood; now it's Silvette and Jack. The nearest I can come to rounding out the classical triad of the blessed is to inform you, monsieur, that the symptoms of Colonel Curmew are becoming acute. He tried to take my hand in the billiard-room—*not* my bridge hand, either.

He retains my hand too long when he helps me into a canoe. The other day I was horribly tempted to tip him into the river; he said such silly things and popped his eyes and went into rhapsodies over my ankles—which was slightly infringing *les convenances*, wasn't it?

But he's merely a foolish, pompous, well-meaning man, slightly silly about all women, but with a very kind heart, I fancy. He is always doing things for me—always strutting around me and shooting his cuffs and curling his mustaches. Half the time I don't understand his talk—his jokes and apparently witty innuendoes—which perhaps are very funny, for he laughs at them himself, and I have to smile and pretend I am not stupid.

I am glad your arm is practically well; but what makes me entirely contented is what you say of your constant and bewildering promotions. Best of all is what I read between the lines—that you really love the business—the business of generations of Edgertons; and you, the last of them—but not the last, God willing!—are plunging into the game up to your neck, interested, optimistic, enthusiastic, fitting yourself for that dignified place which is yours, Jim, by every right.

Now that it's over, and the mist blown clear of your path forever, I want to confess to you how dreadfully I felt to see you here in such a capacity. More than that, your light talk about the arts, your light and graceful accomplishments in them, your tendency to drift back toward a career for which you are no more fitted than I—all these things troubled me deeply, so that, sometimes, I even dreamed of them, and finally came to regard your facility with actual fear—so jealous was I for your real career—so anxious was I that you should become your real self.

I suppose you will scarcely believe it, Jim, when I tell you that this feeling began from the very moment when you offered to go with Silvette and me to Adriutha. Somehow, blindly, I understood even then that it was not the thing for you to do; and, remember, I knew you scarcely at all.

Yet my instinct resented your going, and if I did not actually protest, perhaps you may recollect that my attitude was not cordial; that you had to ask me many times for my vote; that, after all, I never cast it, but simply refrained from voting at all.

I suppose this was cowardly in me; yet, Jim, what else could I have done? I scarcely knew you; I dared not appear ungrateful after your kindness to Silvette and to me.

Forgive this self-defense. I merely wanted you to know; I only wish you to understand that, at heart anyway, I have been, from the beginning, loyal to the best interests of a friend and a kinsman who was most kind to two girls alone in the world.

This is a still, golden, autumn world—autumn no longer, alas! for we are already well along in November. But autumn lingers in this land of hills and waters, and the frost was not severe enough to blacken the late roses. If the weather is unseasonable, it is also charming, and I love it. Russet and gold always did fascinate me—like the hangings and tapestries in your studio, with the dusty sunlight falling over all.

Eh bien, monsieur, I must conclude my monologue. You are a brave man if you have read as far as the name you gave me once—centuries ago.

JAPONETTE.

She closed and sealed her letter, wrote his name on the envelope, rested a while, blue eyes seeing nothing; then, touching the envelope with her lips, she laid it between the leaves of her portfolio.

Since that day in this very place, Edgerton had spoken no more of love to her. She knew that he never would again—that what had begun here on the Path to Yesterday had ended where the path ended. Never again would he retrace those steps with her; never again travel them alone. For it was a lost road to him, a blind trail already overgrown with briars. The days made it fainter, the months were hiding it, the years would obliterate it for him. But for her, alas—she had many a pilgrimage yet to make along that briar-grown path; and many a scar, yet unmade, must heal before that path closed before her pilgrim feet, and shut out forever from her eyes the hidden shrine it led to, where the sky was rosy above the river and the starlings called through the golden light of paradise.

And now, as she stood up, the subtle scent of autumn hung heavy in the air—a faint odor of ripening, hinting of decay and death. Summer had gone indeed—on earth and in her heart.

Never again would life be the same to her after this day, in this place, alone with memory; never again would she be the same. How old her heart had become—how old—how old! *O amari dies! O flebiles noctes!*

She rode that afternoon with Colonel Curmew, accepting him instead of another because she thought his chatter might leave her freer to follow her own thoughts. But after a while it seemed to her as though she could no longer endure them, and that the colonel's inanities were preferable.

They were riding down a mountain road, the horses picking a cautious way among the scattered stones. He was paying court to her, as usual, and she had been riding on, smiling absently, preoccupied with her own thoughts, and mentally oblivious of him, when there came a clatter of stones from behind, and Scott Wallace galloped up.

"Halloo!" he said cheerfully. "Hope I'm not smashing a twosome, Colonel."

The colonel glanced sourly at him. Diana laughed with pleasure. "Not at all, Scott! Colonel Curmew and I are old acquaintances, and the resources of sentiment were long ago exhausted between us. Where are you going?"

"Nowhere. I just felt like a gallop. Where are *you* goin'?"

"Nowhere in particular; come with us. My nerves needed soothing, so I took the colonel along."

"As a tonic or quieter?" asked Wallace so seriously that Diana threw back her pretty head, and the woodlands were melodious.

The colonel laughed loudly, too, and began to hate young Wallace with a hatred that passes all understanding.

Wallace turned to her. "What's wrong with *your* nerves? I supposed you hadn't any."

"I didn't know it either, Scott. Probably I've played with cards and cigarettes too hard. For all the sunshine, to-day has been a gray one for me. Shall we gallop?"

She launched her horse into a trot, a canter, then into a dead run. Behind her tore the two men through the afternoon sunlight, on, on, until their winded mounts topped the homeward crest of the hill and they looked down on the meadows of Adriutha.

They wended their way down the mountain in silence—Diana grave and apparently tired; Wallace smiling slightly, and glancing at her from moment to moment; Colonel Curmew pop-eyed, expressionless, curling his mustache with gloved fingers.

He was furious with Diana, with Wallace, with himself. Yet even he could not see how he might have resented the young man's intrusion otherwise than by the lack of cordiality which he had certainly manifested. Besides, Diana had invited him to remain with them. Of what low tricks women are capable! Because she knew well enough that he had desired and sought a tête-à-tête.

Curling his mustache tighter, he rode on, a good figure in the saddle always—ruminating, considering, angry because of the interruption. For Colonel Follis Curmew had for days, now, been carefully preparing the way for something he meant to say to Diana. He was a cautious man with women; he reconnoitered by degrees, inch by inch, carefully watching effect. Hint, innuendo, double meanings, sly feelers, veiled intent, was the strategy he usually employed at first, skirmishing as close to the dead line as he dared; furtive, alert, ready always for a brilliant and resistless climax at the psychological moment.

Surely, surely, the psychological moment had been close at hand when that big fool of a boy had come clattering downhill and smashed their approaching understanding into smithereens for the moment. The colonel silently damned him as he rode. It took time and patience to gather up and piece together the fragments and smithereens; it took skill and watchfulness to choose another such propitious day and hour—to select the scenery and the moment for what he meant to say to this young girl.

As he dismounted her at the foot of the terrace he pressed her arm significantly, and said under his breath,

"Can we get away for a moment together this evening?"

Wallace was close by, and the colonel spoke so low and pinched so discreetly that she neither understood nor noticed his amenities, so she merely nodded smilingly, thanked him for his escort, and ran up the steps beside Wallace.

"I'll be in the billiard-room later, if that interests you," she called back over her shoulder to Wallace as she ascended the stairs.

"It certainly does!" he replied promptly, and went away to change.

Diana continued on to her own room, disturbing Jack and Silvette on the stairs, and gaily jeering at them as she banged the door.

A curious reaction had set in from the sadness of the morning—a feverish desire to escape from herself—from the misery that lay always heavy in her breast; the relentless hours that weighted her heart so that its dull beating had become a burden.

The bath refreshed her; so did the tea. She put on her little Japanese gown and her straw sandals, and curled up by the window, sipping her tea and watching the declining sun.

Dusk came swiftly, and with it Silvette, who bent over and kissed her, and tasted the tea, and wandered about the rooms, gossiping, too full of the joy of living to endure silence in herself or in anybody else.

Pangs of swift remorse and self-reproach stabbed her at intervals when she thought of her own happiness and remembered



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

That night at dinner Diana was very gay—a charming, sparkling, bewildering creature. Through and through Scott Wallace her blue eyes seemed to penetrate, exposing to her laughing gaze his youth-

"She is the cunnin'est thing that ever missed a pheasant; but she's found me, all right.



through Colonel Curmew shot intermittent pangs of jealousy and doubt, mercifully assuaged by hope; through
ful and very susceptible heart. "Certainly I'm bowled over," he admitted cheerfully to himself.
with both barrels, and the sky's full of feathers, and I'm on the sod, kickin'"

Diana's late unhappy affair. How far Diana had cured herself, she did not know, but she knew that her sister was still more or less unhappy about Edgerton.

"Did you send him my note?" she inquired.

"Yes; I wrote him, and enclosed it."

"He's a dear boy. How well he must be doing! He ought to go down on his knees and thank you every day of his life for what he is turning out to be."

"He would have turned out all right anyway, sooner or later."

"Well, he's a horrid pig if he isn't grateful to you. I don't suppose he has the slightest idea what his regeneration cost you."

"Don't talk that way, Silvie."

"What way? I'm merely saying—"

"Don't say it, dear. If it cost me anything he is never going to know it."

Silvette looked at her wistfully. "If I could only see you as happy as I am, Di. Sometimes I can scarcely bear to be as happy as I am, and remember that you are not sharing it."

"True," said Diana, smiling; "Jack can't marry us both, so we can't share your happiness, dear."

Silvette came and sat on the arm of the chair, laying one arm about Diana's neck. "Do you still care for him very much?" she asked sorrowfully.

"Very much."

"Do you think it will last?"

"Yes."

"What are you going to do?"

"Nothing."

"Isn't there something to do?"

"Nothing."

"Perhaps, all this time, he really cares for you."

"There is not the slightest possibility. I had my chance; he cared for me—at that moment—when he told me so. Those men out there"—she made a vague gesture toward the unseen hills—"are no more deadly cool when they shoot than I was when I deliberately killed in him whatever love he may have had for me. I slew it, I tell you. There is no resurrection for dead things."

Silvette sighed heavily, and laid her smooth cheek against her sister's hair. "Still," she murmured half to herself, "there are miracles."

"There *were*."

"There may be others yet."

"No; I wounded his pride."

"You aroused it."

"By wounding it, and at the expense of what fell dead beside it. Love died that day, little sister; and for that death there is no reincarnation."

Again the feverish desire for escape came over her, seeming to burn through every vein, and she sprang to her feet and rang for the maid.

"I'm likely to do almost anything tonight," she said. "Shall I make it a double event when you're ready?"

"A double—what?"

"Double event—double wedding? I can easily do so. Is it a good way to drown your griefs, Silvie? Because the prospect of being alone, after you and Jack marry, actually terrifies me."

"You little goose, you'll live with us!"

"I see myself doing it!—the superfluous spinster to be reckoned with, counted in at dinners, mollified by kindness, secretly feared for her acidulated tongue—to be employed later in either bribing or disciplining the children."

"Di!"

"What?"

"If—in the—the—"

"Course of human events—"

"Jack and I have children," continued Silvette, flushing, "we'll also have nurses to look out for the grubby little things."

"Grubby! You don't know what you're saying. You'll be the most adoring—and adorable mother—"

"Well, please don't talk about it. I don't care for children now. I don't know how I'll feel later."

Diana stood in the middle of the room, the smile fading from her face, her small hands clenching. "I've learned to like children," she said. "I've learned to love them, somehow—even babies. I want one of my own," she added fiercely. "I wish for one very much; and if I can't have one—and it's impossible, of course—I—I'll marry some man and have one!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Silvette, horrified, "what are you talking about? I'll let you have one of mine!"

"I don't want yours! How do you know you'll have any? How do you know you'll have more than one?"

Her eyebrows were bent inward, her lips compressed; she turned her head and stared out at the stars—from where, they say, all babies come, and where they all return at last.

"You know," she said calmly, "that I wouldn't really do such a thing—even to have what I care for so much. And yet—if a woman is tired, hopeless, alone, isn't marrying some man a help to her? Can't she stand the passing years better? Doesn't it give her some respite from the eternal pain—here?"—she laid a slim hand on her breast. "Doesn't it give her something to live for, especially if children should come? I don't know, Silvie; I ask you because I'm tired and confused with the pain of it."

"My darling!"

She dropped her head on Silvette's shoulder for a moment; then, as the maid knocked, lifted it calmly and bade her come in.

That night at dinner she was very gay—a charming, sparkling, bewildering creature. Through and through Colonel Curmew shot intermittent pangs of jealousy and doubt, mercifully assuaged by hope; through and through Scott Wallace her blue eyes seemed to penetrate, exposing to her laughing gaze his youthful and very susceptible heart.

"Certainly I'm bowled over," he admitted cheerfully to himself. "She is the cunnin'est thing that ever missed a pheasant; but she's found me, all right, with both barrels, and the sky's full of feathers, and I'm on the sod, kickin'."

He managed to tell her so that evening, in language sportsmanlike and picturesque, before they cut for partners at auction. She was standing on the stairs, two steps up; he below her, with his handsome face lifted.

"All you've got to do is to send your dogs forward, and retrieve me, Diana. I'm grassed in the open in plain sight."

"Suppose I *should* take you up, Scott?"

"Is it a go?"

She smiled down at him. "Take care, young man. I'm approaching spinsterhood at a terrifying speed. How do you know that I may not clutch wildly at you?"

"For heaven's sake, clutch!" he urged her.

"How? Shall I roll up my eyes and whisper, 'Oh, Scott!'—or shall I take a flying leap at you from here, and rope you before you can get away? Instruct me, please, because I really don't know as much about such customs as perhaps you think I do."

"Take the flyer, Diana; I'll catch you. Are you ready? Come on; be a sport!"

"I can't be a sport, Scott. I try; I make a brave effort to be cigaretteful and naughty, but—I'm ashamed to say it isn't in me. Now you'll run, I suppose."

"After you—yes. Diana, I do love you. I haven't said it right, that's all. Will you marry me and make somethin' out of me besides a loafin' lout in puttees?"

"Oh, Scott, you're so beautiful in puttees! I wouldn't make anything else out of you if I could; you must be perfectly gorgeous in pink."

"Come down to the next hunt ball and see. They're a fine bunch at Meadowbrook. You'll like 'em; maybe you'll learn to like me."

"I do now, you scatterbrain! I adore you, Scott; but, you know, love is a different game."

"That'll come all right," he protested. "When you're the missus, and you see me come a cropper over five bars, you'll suddenly wake up to find you love hubby. And I won't be hurt, but you'll think I am, and you'll pull up and scramble down and look me over, and cover my pale and beautiful face with kisses and—I'll play foxy and let you," he ended with pleased satisfaction.

The smile on her face had suddenly become fixed; for what he was saying had conjured up a vision of the polo-field and a young fellow in white picking himself up from the trampled sod.

Wallace, looking around to see if the hall was empty, sprang up the two steps and took her hand in his. "Diana, I do love you dearly," he said. "Will you take me on for a trial gallop?"

"Do you mean an engagement?" she said, looking him over.

"Yes, I do; will you?"

"What kind of an engagement?"

"The regular—with a sparkler on the side. Will you, Di?"

"No, you very slangy young man, I won't."

"Well, then—then—what kind of an engagement do you suggest?" he asked cheerfully. "Just the surcingle and halter kind?"

"What kind is that, Scott?"

"Oh, an understanding that you're not bitted and bridled yet."

"You mean that the engagement lasts during my pleasure?"

"Yes, that's it."

"And ends in marriage—or a very, very kind note?" she asked, laughing.

"Sure thing! Am I on?"

She considered him smilingly. "If you like," she said.

"Oh, I *do* like! It's awf'lly good of you, Diana. Would you be gracious enough to wear a sparkler?"

"Not yet, Scott."

"Oh, that's all right—whenever you say." He looked up at her, blushing. "Do you mind if I kiss you?"

She looked at him for a second, then impulsively bent forward and kissed him squarely. "You nice boy," she said gently; "you nice, nice boy. I wish the world were fuller of your sort. I don't love you, Scott. I don't suppose I shall. But if you knew what I feel for you, I believe you wouldn't exchange it for any love I could ever give you. Shall we go into the billiard-room? I'm playing at Colonel Curmew's table, and he's probably perfectly furious at being kept waiting."

She gave his hand a friendly pressure as he released it, laughed, blushed, and turned away toward the billiard-room, where the clamor was already audible.

They parted at the door, where she met her sister in conversation with Mr. Rivett.

"Diana," she said, "Mr. Rivett and I are going to town on the early train. You know he goes every week, and I've simply got to do some shopping. Will you come with us?"

Diana's heart gave a bound. To her, New York had become merely the abiding-place of Edgerton, and every mention of it started her pulses.

"Oh, do come, Di," urged her sister. "If you'll come, we'll have Jim to dinner at the Plaza. All the theaters are open, too, and we can have a jolly time."

"How on earth is Jack going to bear it?" asked Diana, laughing.

"Bear it? Did you suppose Jack wasn't coming?" asked Silvette so naively that the corners of Mr. Rivett's eyes cracked into wrinkles.

"All right, I'll come," said Diana, with never a thought for Scott Wallace; but, thinking of Edgerton, she had meant to go from the first.

As Silvette, on her future father-in-law's arm, walked on toward the drawing-room, Colonel Curmew appeared from the billiard-room.

"Oh," said Diana, "I am *so* sorry to have kept you waiting. I was talking to my sister about going to town to-morrow."

"I want to see you before you go," said Curmew in a low voice. "It can't be done now—they're waiting for us, and Mrs. Wemyss is developing a temper. When can I see you?"

"Why, I don't know," she said, smiling. "What have you to say to me that cannot be said now?"

The colonel's eyes popped, and he leered at her, not doubting her coquetry. "On the terrace after cards," he said, curling his mustache. "Is that understood?"

"Indeed, it is not, Colonel Curmew!" she said, amused. "I shall retire early, because I have an early train to catch."

The colonel's face darkened. There were limits to coquetry. "When did you decide to go?"

"A few minutes ago."

"You knew I had something to say to you?"

"I knew nothing of the sort. And what has it to do with my going to town, anyway?"

The colonel had only a few moments to decide. "How long will you be in town?"

"I don't know."

"Where will you be?"

He wearied her, and to be rid of him she thoughtlessly gave him the address at the Plaza.

"I'll be in town for a day or two," he said, leering at her once more.

If she heard, she paid no heed, for she was already entering the billiard-room with a gay gesture and a smile for Wallace, who waved his hand in reply, and looked volumes at her across the hubbub.

XIV

DESUNT CETERA

SILVETTE and Diana, in one of Mr. Rivett's town limousines, had shopped to their hearts' satisfaction, inspected fashions for the coming winter in hats and furs and gowns and various intimate affairs of flimsier fabric; had whirled away down-town to lunch with Mr. Rivett and Mr. Dineen at the Iron and Steel Club; then whirled uptown again to resume the delicious exploration of those glittering Fifth Avenue shops which line that thoroughfare from Madison Square to the gilded battle-horse and its rider in two almost unbroken ranks.

In that magic land, where trousseaux are assembled and garnered by pretty brides to be, Silvette lingered, fascinated; but her rapid, intelligent survey was only prelimi-



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

The colonel's eyes popped, and he leered at Diana, not doubting her coquetry. "On the terrace after cards," he said, curling his mustache. "Is that understood?"

nary as yet. She and Diana were merely *en vidette;* official inspection and an advance in force would follow later.

From time to time Silvette had stopped at any convenient place to telephone Edgerton, calling him up at his various points of possible contact. She had telegraphed him the morning that they left Adriutha, which was the day before, but, as time passed, it became evident that he had not yet received the telegram.

Some days ago he had gone to Pittsburgh at Mr. Dineen's suggestion. On his way back he was to stop at Philadelphia and Jersey City.

Rivett said at luncheon that he'd probably return to his rooms before dining, and find their telegram in time to join them at the Plaza for dinner.

But he didn't come, nor did any word arrive from him; and Silvette and Jack went off to the theater, and Rivett offered to take Diana anywhere. But the girl was sick at heart under her smiling, feverish gaiety, and the brilliant darkness of the streets seemed to mock her as she looked out into them.

Also, there was a chance that Edgerton might arrive late and telephone to somebody—perhaps even to her.

It was merely a chance, but her chances were few those days, and she durst not pass one by, no matter how unlikely it looked.

So she thanked Mr. Rivett, and preferred her room in the pretty suite to which he had invited Silvette and herself; and there she sat in her silken dinner-gown, sunk into the velvety depths of a chair, watching the city lights from the window, waiting, listening—always listening with a hope that died and lived with her unquiet breathing; fading, flowering, waxing, waning, dead and alive between two heart-beats—the hope forever new—the only living thing which cannot die while the sad world endures.

Suddenly, silence was shattered in her ears; she sprang to her feet, one hand against her heart, her stunned senses deafened by the clamor of the telephone.

The next instant she was at the receiver—the receiver pressed convulsively to her ear.

"Yes," she said faintly. "Yes; this is Miss Tennant. . . . Yes—Diana Tennant. Who is it? . . . Yes; I will hold the wire."

She rested against the shelf, relaxing from the tension; then, rigid, electrified.

"Yes! Is that you, Jim?"

"Of course!" he replied. "Are you at the Plaza?"

"Yes—all alone. Oh, Jim! I am so glad to hear your voice!"

"It's bully of you to say it. I'm delighted to hear yours. I have just come in and found Silvette's telegram on my desk. Shall I come around?"

"*Will* you?"

She could hear him laughing; then, "Watch me," he said; "if the dust doesn't obscure the spectacle, I'll be with you in five minutes. Is that right, Diana?"

"It is perfectly right."

As though dazed she hung up the receiver in its nickel wishbone, and began walking aimlessly up and down the room trying to collect her wits and calm her senses. Outwardly composed, inwardly facing chaos, she threw open the window and turned her face to the coolness of the winter stars.

Then behind her the telephone sounded again. It was only the announcement of his arrival, and she closed the door of her room and went into the pretty parlor, where a maid was already turning on the electric lights.

His ring sounded; the maid admitted him to the outer hall, took his hat and coat, and ushered him in. Diana rose to receive him with smiling composure as the maid retired to the bedroom.

"This is very prompt of you, Jim—and promptness is the most subtle of flatteries. How thin and white you look! Are you perfectly well?"

"Perfectly. I need not ask that question of you, Rose of the Berkshires!"

"Do I really look well?"

"Flawless and dewy fresh—a trifle slim, perhaps. Don't they keep you in pheasants?"

"They do, kind sir. It's fashion, not slenderness, you behold. Never mind how it's accomplished. But, Jim, you don't look well. Are they working you to death?"

"Not so you'd notice my decease," he said laughingly. "I'm in the game, up to the neck, and swimming strongly. It's a fine game, Diana. No doubt generations of Edgertons on high look down on me and sing in unison the Anvil Chorus. It's a great game—this iron one. The iron is in me; I'm lanced through and through—it's flowing in my blood; it's in my bones. Iron! iron! There is nothing to compare with it in all the world, Diana."

"Let me see your arm, Jim."

"Shall I take off my coat and—"

"No; I'll just feel it—very gently."

"It's mended. Squeeze all you please."

"Was it here?"

"Higher."

"Here?"

"Lower."

"*Here?*"

"Higher."

"Jim, I believe you're just letting me fondle your old arm and waste oceans of sympathy on it!"

They laughed; he showed her where the fracture had occurred. She, gravely curious, explored his sleeve with timid fingers.

"Doesn't hurt at all, Jim?"

"Damp weather," he said briefly. "How long do you remain in town, Diana?"

"Only over to-morrow."

"Good Lord! Is that all?"

"We've been here two days."

"And I was in Pittsburgh, worse luck!"

"You certainly were, my friend; but, could I help that? I did my best. We wired you, and we have telephoned you steadily every minute since we've been here. Jim, do you know, in the excitement we've quite forgotten to sit down."

They laughed again; he placed a chair for her, but she chose the lounge, and made a place for him beside her. Within the half-hour a physical transformation had changed her to a flushed and radiant young girl, shy and audacious by turns, brilliant of eye and lip, and charmingly alert to his every word and smile. From her shoulders the robe of care seemed to have fallen, shriveling, as it fell, in the soft fire of her youth and spring-tide, leaving visible only her fresh, unstained, and winsome beauty.

She told him all that had occurred at Adriutha—all except what had happened between herself and young Wallace; and for the time she really forgot that such a man existed.

Then she asked eager questions; and he laid open the first pages of his new life before her proud, happy, sympathetic eyes, tracing it paragraph by paragraph for her since he had entered into man's estate, and had put away childish things.

The clock ticked; the tongue of flame flickered low among its ashes. They talked on, heeding nothing except each other.

"I thought you and Silvette were to use the apartment when you come to town. Your room is ready; but here you are in white marble and palatial grandeur overlooking the park. Explain those phenomena, pretty maid!"

"We're guests of Mr. Rivett, Jim. Otherwise, no palatial grandeur for us. We *wanted* to go to the studio apartment; I was perfectly crazy to go. But we saw it would hurt Mr. Rivett's feelings, and that he had set his kind old heart on entertaining us. Oh, Jim, I *don't* want to seem ungrateful, but if older people only knew that the less they entertain the young the better they are beloved!"

"That's a rather sad truth—but it's the truth," he said. "Rivett handed me one black eye, too—bless his heart. I had so counted on your being in the apartment. Well, you'll come sometime—" He hesitated, looked at her, troubled. "When is Silvette to be married?"

"They think in the spring; they haven't settled it yet."

"Then you and she will be in the apartment this winter?"

"If you want us," she said almost shyly.

"*Want* you! It will be paradise! I'll make my salary go as far as it will."

"Indeed, you *won't!* Silvette and I chip in pro rata, or we refuse your marble halls!"

"I'm afraid I'll have to agree, Japonette. My poverty, not my will, consents!"

After a moment she said, "It is a long while since you have called me that."

"What?"

"Japonette. I like it. There's a sort of an irresponsible frou-frou to the name which suits me. That's all I am, Jim," she added with a laugh—"just a swish of scented skirts."

He glanced up at her, half smiling. "I know what you are," he said.

"Do you? *I* don't. Reveal me to myself, O Cagliostro!"

"Not now."

"Why?"

"Not now," he repeated.

"When?" she insisted.

"Some particularly sunny day in June, perhaps."

"June! Listen to this man! The very nearest June is seven months off!"

"And I don't believe it will be *next* June, either," he said with a grin.

"Jim!"

"Yes?"

"You're a plain masculine brute! You

say you know what I am. If you do, tell me *now!* I maintain that I'm only a silken rustle and a hint of scent. Am I a louder episode than that, Jim?"

"The vault of heaven rings with you!" he assured her, laughing.

"Harmoniously?"

"Entrancingly."

"Well, that's better," she nodded dubiously. "Evidently I'm not the kind of a noise that gets arrested. Jim, when the others come in, shall we have supper?"

"Tons of it, dear lady. They'll have to push me out of this hotel before I consent to go."

"Do you mean it?"

"Militantly—truculently!"

"*Are* you glad to see me?"

He glanced at her with an odd expression, then turned aside to set his cigarette afire. "Yes, I'm glad," he said.

She took one of his cigarettes, lighted it, savored it daintily, then leaned back, watching him. Their eyes encountered, and they smiled.

"Oh, Jim! *isn't* it fine!" she exclaimed impulsively.

"What is fine?"

"Why, your success, of course! Your splendid interest in the business—your fitting yourself for a position of honor among your peers! It is fine! fine! And it is the happiest thing that has ever happened in my life!"

He looked at her. "You dear girl," he said quietly.

"I? It was none of my doing. You're mistaken if you think so. Once you said something of that sort in a letter to me; but it isn't true, Jim. You have found yourself; the credit is yours alone."

"I give credit to the far white gods. In that Olympian Pantheon one is known as Diana."

"She of the Ephesians—yes. She *was* great, wasn't she? Did you ever hear of the fly who said, 'I lie on my back in space, balancing the world on my six legs'? The fly was quite right; there's no top or bottom point to this sphere—or to your logic, Jim."

He smiled quietly. "Did *you* ever hear of that Chinese goddess of the lotus, Kwan-Yin, who, from her blossom throne in the Happy Isles, rescues lost souls?"

"With how many incarnations are you going to endow me, Jim?"

"Do you think I am endowing you with anything you do not already possess?"

"What do I possess?" she laughed; "blue eyes and a fair skin and a heart as mercenary as a Persian pussy's. Warmed in the sunshine of life, I radiate purrs; but I'm a slit-eyed opportunist in storm and stress."

After a moment he said, "What are your plans when Silvette marries?"

"I suppose I'll marry somebody," she said, thinking of Wallace for the first time. "Old age alone doesn't attract me; in fact, I've been hedging already," she added.

"Hedging?"

"Practically; I've told a man I'd marry him if it suited me to do so some day; but, meanwhile, he must consider himself padlocked. Isn't that a nice, thrifty, feminine contract?"

"Are you serious?"

"Entirely."

"Who is he?"

She glanced at him uncertainly. "I think you've heard me speak of him, Jim."

"Wallace?"

"That is the youth."

"Are you in love with him?"

"Oh, more than that, Jim. I *like* him."

"Enough to marry him?"

"Not at present. But you never can tell. I await the event. I haven't anything else to do."

He nodded, smiling. "I rather imagined him to be the sort of man you'd come to care for."

Her eyes were fixed on him, expressionless, considering. The slightest smile edged her lips. "He is young—and nice. I don't know how much of a man he may become. I know nothing about him, and haven't studied him very minutely yet."

"You will—before you marry him."

"I may not. A girl often misuses a microscope. I think I have, frequently. Do you remember King Gama's song—'And interested motives I'm delighted to detect!'? No, Jim; my snooping days are about over. Dissection wearies; the clinic is a bore. I'm beginning to be content with the surface of things; I'm tending toward impressionism and the elimination of detail—toward the blessed serenity of stupidity. There is rest there."

"Rest," he repeated, smiling. "Of what are you already tired?"

"I am tired of intelligence. It's too exacting. It forms a liaison with conscience,



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

There she sat in her silken dinner-gown, sunk into the velvety depths of a chair, watching the city lights from the window, waiting, listening—always listening with a hope that died and lived with her unquiet breathing

and affronts inclination. I'm tired of the rule and precept with which an occult and inborn tyranny shackles me. I'm tired of more than that—but isn't that sufficient to fatigue a girl?"

"Heavy chains," he said, looking at the figures on the carpet, tracing them with an incurious eye.

"So I think I'll file away a few links."

"You can't."

He rose, walked to the window, drew the curtain, and looked out at the November stars. Limpid, inexorable, the countless eyes of the night met his. Whatever message they held for him he seemed to understand it, for presently he came quietly back to her.

"Yes," he said, "it's a good game, after all. The main thing is to get into it and stay there—*in medias res*—squarely." He looked up, smiling. "Your superb interference put me there. Why do you deny it?"

"Does it please you that I should not deny it?"

"Yes, Diana."

"Then I affirm and deny nothing—which makes me sufficient of a nonentity to suit you, I hope."

"I am suited."

A moment later the bell rang, and Silvette and Jack, followed by Mr. Rivett, came laughing through the hall and into the little parlor.

"Jim! At last!" cried Silvette, giving him both hands.

"How are you, cousin! How are you, Mr. Rivett! Hello, Jack!" he said as they surrounded him with lively greetings.

"How goes it?" inquired Mr. Rivett dryly.

"First rate."

"Did you see McMillan in Pittsburgh?"

"By Jove, I did! He was tremendously interesting—and exceedingly cordial to me."

Mr. Rivett nodded. He might have said that he kept McMillan in his vest pocket, but he only stared at Edgerton through his big, round glasses.

They all had supper together, later; Jack and Silvette bubbled enthusiasm over the play and the splendid cast; Dineen came in and talked business to Rivett in casual undertones; Diana and Edgerton were quieter, even inclined to silence.

Meanwhile Jack was consulting Silvette about theater plans for the following evening, and Edgerton said that he would return from business in time to join them.

"You'll be in Jersey, won't you?" asked Rivett.

"Yes."

"Well, try to get back in time to dress and join us at dinner."

"I don't believe I can do that."

Rivett looked at him. "Try," he said briefly.

But Edgerton said aside to Diana: "I can't get back to the studio before eight. By the way, you have a key, you know, if you wish to go there at any time."

"Thank you, Jim. I may look in tomorrow sometime. I want to see—" She flushed, and hesitated; then calmly, "We left two trunks there, you know."

He nodded. "Go and rummage. You'll find everything in order, and quite comfortable."

So he made his adieus and went his way; and Mr. Dineen followed, and Jack and his father retired to their suite, and Silvette and Diana went to theirs.

"Little sister," whispered Silvette, leaning over Diana's pillow, where she lay, eyes closed, "are you any happier than you were this morning?"

"Yes."

"Very much?"

"Very much."

And that was all. Silvette looked down at the white face and closed eyes, sighed, and extinguished the night light.

The eyes of happiness close only in sleep, or in the arms of the best beloved.

Silvette's excited heart began to sing with the first ray of the morning sun. Also she arose, dressed, and breakfasted with her equally reckless affianced, which showed that theirs was a hopeless case, and a recent one.

Dineen came and took Rivett away. Diana tasted a grapefruit in bed, and lay thinking until noon brought luncheon and her maid pro tem.

Jack and Silvette, unable to persuade her, drifted off somewhere into the sparkling confusion of the metropolis, promising to return and take her for a drive through the park.

About five o'clock she summoned her maid.

"Please say that I have gone to the studio apartment to get some things from my trunks," she said; and wrote out the address in case either Mr. Rivett or Mr. Dineen wished to communicate with her.

Then, in furs, walking-skirt, and veil, and her tired little heart already outstripping her feet, she went out into the sunset world upon the pilgrimage so long desired—so long and wistfully deferred.

Her pulse beat fast as she entered *his* street. The sight of the house filled her with sudden trepidation, but she knew he was not there. She had nearly three hours alone before her, unless the others, returning to find her note, might telephone and interrupt her.

Her key turned smoothly in the lock; she crossed the threshold, holding her breath. A dull, mellow light filled the studio. In the stillness a faint fragrance of tobacco

hung in the air. Step by step she advanced, looking at each familiar object as she came to it and passed it—pausing to lay a gloved hand on the sofa where, ages ago, two very young people sat—touching with lingering fingers the empty silver bowl which once, on a summer day, had been almost hidden under a fragrant load of peonies.

The well of desolation was filling fast now; she sank into a wide chair by the tea-table and, lifting her veil, touched her eyes with her handkerchief. Then, disciplined, controlled, she lay back, looking into the bedroom where she and her sister had slept and awakened through those three magic days which even fate allowed before foreclosing on her destiny forever.

The girl extended her arm listlessly along the upholstered arm of her chair, and looked at her white-gloved hand. In the hollow of that hand she had once held love, and had smilingly released it. Out of that little palm love had flown far beyond her ken; and there was no returning for that winged thing.

Then, very quietly, she bowed her head, eyes sheltered by her hand, and remained so, motionless, for a long while.

The outer bell had sounded twice before she realized that it was the bell of the apartment. Dazed, she rose, stood a moment collecting herself, then walked to the door and opened it.

Colonel Curmew stepped jauntily in.

So astonished was she that she scarcely understood what he was about before they both were on the studio threshold—she instinctively retreating, he advancing, wreathed in a smile so remarkable that it fascinated her.

"What an odd thing of you to do," she said, still confused by the suddenness of his invasion—groping instinctively for the reason.

"You left word at the Plaza; *I* understood," he said, his eyes fairly popping at her, then palely roving around the place. "So *this* is your apartment?" he said. "What a discreet and charming little nest!"

"I think you don't understand," she said; "this is Mr. Edgerton's apartment."

He looked at her oddly, then burst into laughter. "You clever girl!" he chuckled.

"What!" she said, bewildered.

But he only smirked at her. "Look here, little girl," he said, "suppose you begin to make your eyes behave, and come down to actualities. You know what I want; *I* know what you want. We've been wasting time all summer. I'm no fool; neither are you, as you show by selecting this nice little nook for a good, sensible talk."

She only stared at him, thinking he had gone mad, and he laughed and twirled his mustache.

"Nix for the baby stare," he said reprovingly. "I tell you I know what a girl like you wants—privacy, discretion, *and* the usual. And I've got it, little girl—wads of it!"

The grotesqueness of the dream seemed to make her stupid; she tried to find some sense and reason in what this man was saying to her—strove to comprehend him, his visit, his words.

"Are you asking me to—marry you?" she said, confused.

"*Marry* you!" he repeated, his expressive features suddenly blank, then jocular again.

"Then—what—" And, suddenly staring into the sinister smirk, she comprehended, and turned ashy white.

Even he could not mistake the genuineness of that white horror. "You—you d-don't understand," he stammered, his effrontery shaken. "I—perhaps I didn't understand you, either. But I thought—I supposed—"

His top-hat fell clattering on the floor; he stooped and picked it up, lifting a redder and more impudent countenance to confront her.

"After all," he said with a sneer, "I had a right to think you knew what you were about—a girl, alone, who lives on her wits."

He hesitated, malignant now, writhing internally under her pallid contempt.

"By God!" he said, "you're nothing better than any other hired woman! I helped hire you myself." And added, between his teeth: "You little clawing cat! I know dashed well you're an adventuress, but your game is beyond me."

He swung insolently on his heel, and found himself looking straight into the eyes of Jacob Rivett.

"Go out!" said Mr. Rivett in a low voice.

The colonel stared at him, confounded.

"Go out!" repeated Rivett softly.

The colonel, flushed and utterly discountenanced, started toward the door. Mr. Rivett followed him out into the hall, closing the door behind him.

Diana stood stock-still, as though turned to stone. There had been a crash outside;

then, in rather rapid but irregular succession, a series of thuds. It was Colonel Curmew's impact with wall and floor; Mr. Dineen had been patiently knocking him down until that battered and half-senseless warrior took the count. Then one careful and heavy kick sent him down the first of the flights of stairs, and a moment later Diana heard the door-bell.

She opened the door; Mr. Rivett walked in slowly, as though abstracted; Mr. Dineen came behind, straightening his scarf-pin.

"You left the door ajar, so we walked in," observed Rivett, ignoring his previous entrance. He strolled about, glancing up at the pictures and tapestries. Then his manner changed.

"Well, my dear," he said briskly, "Mr. Dineen and I stopped at the hotel, and your maid told us you had come here to get things out of your trunks. So, if you've finished rummaging, the car is below, and Jack and Silvette are waiting tea for us at the St. Regis."

"Thank you," she said in a low voice.

"Had you rather not come?"

"I had rather not—if you don't mind."

He walked over to her, took both her hands, and looked into her eyes.

"I am at your service, my dear," he said.

"I know it. My heart will always be in yours."

His face grew grimmer. "I guess we understand each other, child. Next to my own—Silvette—and you. Shall the car wait for you?"

"I will walk back."

"Dinner at seven," he said, releasing her hands.

She nodded, forcing a smile. "At seven," she repeated, offering her hand to Mr. Dineen, who squeezed it shamelessly, while unfeigned admiration transfigured his broad face.

So they left her there in the studio, standing in the dusk, head held high, and in her eyes that dauntless courage that remains though lips quiver and the hot tears sting the straining throat.

Cautiously, lest self-control slip the leash, she reseated herself and lay back in the chair, closing her eyes. Whatever battle raged within her was fought out there in darkness and in silence. She lay motionless, never stirring save for the slow clenching and relaxing of her fingers; and at last even that ceased.

Then the steel nerves and iron will that had mastered the storm and soothed it, turned traitor, tricking her, furtively relaxing in the wake of exhaustion.

Long ago all sound had ceased in her ears; her heart beat quietly, her breath came and went as evenly and softly as the respiration of a sleeping child.

Confused, the brilliancy of electric light in her eyes, Diana found herself sitting bolt upright, clutching the arms of her chair, and staring at a dark figure which leaned over her—a man, laughing, still amazed, still a little incredulous.

"Jim!" she faltered.

"Certainly. What do you mean by going to sleep in my favorite chair?"

"Oh, dear! Oh, Jim!" she wailed, dropping back helplessly into the depths of the chair, "I must be perfectly crazy to do such a thing! What time is it? I came in here to—to get something"—she pressed her hands to her temples—"to find—to look—Oh, I don't know what I'm talking about."

Her hands dropped; she gazed hopelessly up at him.

"Did you *ever* hear of such a perfect fool?" she said. "What time *is* it?—if you think I can bear the information."

"It's only eight."

"Eight! Jim dear, *will* you go to that telephone and inform Mr. Rivett that I have not been run over, murdered, or arrested?"

He went over and telephoned, adding: "Don't wait for either of us. Leave the tickets on Diana's dresser. We'll be along pretty soon."

"What did you mean, Jim?" she asked, struggling with her veil.

"It's so late," he said, "that you'd better wait for me to get into my jeans, and then I'll take you over and you can get into yours, and then we'll dine together—and go in for the last act if we have time."

"I've spoiled your evening," she said.

"Do you think so?"

"Oh, I know it. *Did* Mr. Rivett think me an utter lunatic?"

"He didn't say so over the wire."

"What *did* he say, Jim?"

"Nothing that meant anything."

"*Tell* me!"

"All he said was for me to take care of you. You perceive the irony, don't you?"

"Irony?" she repeated, looking at him. "Why? Aren't you capable of doing it?"



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Mr. Rivett lifted his glass. "They're good children," he said. "Health, happiness, prosperity to them —and—to the house of Edgerton, Tennant & Company! Break your glasses!"

"Do you need anybody to look after you?" he asked, smiling.

Slowly she lifted her eyes to his; his smile died out. Never had he looked into such a desolate face.

"What is it?" he said, astonished. "What on earth is the matter, Diana? Has anything happened?"

"Nothing—unusual—I suppose."

"You are not ill, are you?"

The tears were slowly blinding her, and she turned her head, standing so, fighting for self-mastery.

"Diana—"

She motioned him to silence. He stood it as long as he could, then stepped over beside her and touched her arm.

"Tell me, dear?" he said under his breath.

She strove to speak—could not, yet; motioned him aside, but he would have none of such commands.

"You took my troubles on your slender shoulders," he said; "may I not help you to carry one or two of yours?" And, as she made no answer, "Dear, if you have not loved me, you have done for me, perhaps, even more than love might have done."

She had dried her eyes; now she turned to him quietly. "It *was* love. But don't mistake it, Jim. It was a love that asked for nothing that it had not—desired nothing that you had not already given. I thought it best to tell you—because—it is a world of men; and women—sometimes—are held—lightly in it." Her lip quivered, but she, somehow, managed to meet his eyes and smile. "All that happened long ago, Jim."

"Did love—die?"

"Yours," she said, smiling. "I slew it very neatly for you."

"I mean yours, Diana?"

"Mine? Why, I gave you something better than that," she began gaily. Then her face altered; she fell silent, watching him—at first incredulous, then a little dazed.

"Didn't you know that I loved you?" he said.

"You mean—last summer? Yes."

"*Now!* Didn't you *know* it?"

"I—no."

Far in the chaos of her brain she heard his words echoing, reechoing in confused reiteration.

He was saying, slowly: "There has never been a moment since that day that my life has not been yours—that you have not possessed my heart, my mind, filled them, owned them, overwhelmingly inspired me with love and adoration for you alone. What I am, and will be, I am, and shall be, by grace of you. But gratitude is not the love of man for woman; it is not even part of it; it is a separate passion—a shrine by itself. I worship you there in my own fashion. But you, Diana—Japonette—" He flung one arm around her body. She placed a firm hand on his wrist as though to break the clasp, looked at him, and began to tremble.

"Can you love me, Japonette?"

"I—"

"*Can* you?"

"Yes."

Her hand tightened over his wrist as he drew her close, crushing her to him. She looked up blindly into his eyes as he kissed her; then her silent lips moved, forming his name.

They neither dressed for the theater nor went to it. They dined together at an outrageous hour in an unfashionable haunt of his.

Silvette, Jack, Mr. Rivett, and Mr. Dineen found them at supper in the little parlor when they arrived from the play.

"Di!" cried Silvette, "what on earth has possessed you and Jim?"

Her voice failed her at sight of her sister's face.

"*That!*" she exclaimed. "Has *that* happened? Darling! My little Di—my little, little girl!" she murmured, dropping on her knees beside her.

Mr. Dineen looked foolishly at Mr. Rivett.

"Say it later, John," whispered Mr. Rivett dryly. "We'll go down-stairs for a while."

"You won't!" said Diana, turning laughingly on them. "You will wish us happiness, and drink to it, too." She rose, flushed and radiant. Silvette sprang to her feet and kissed her; Jack seized her with determination, and made no ceremony about it.

Then Diana walked straight up to Mr. Rivett, and held out both hands; and the little man kissed her grimly.

Mr. Dineen's blue eyes sparkled; she looked at the big, jolly Irishman, audaciously delighted.

"What man has done, man may do," she said.

"Faith, I'll see if a woman can do it, too!" he said, saluting her with all the reckless grace of his race.

Then Edgerton's hand was shaken and his shoulder patted, and Jack summoned legions of waiters from the regions below.

Rivett's burnt-brown eyes bored through and through Edgerton as he took his hand. "I thought you'd do it," he said.

"Did you? I wasn't very hopeful myself," said the young fellow, laughing.

"*I* was. They're good children—good children—like my own. If you will excuse me, I will go and telegraph my wife. It will be a happiness to her—a great happiness."

Jack thrust a glass into his hand.

"What's this?" demanded his father.

"We are to drink health to them, dad."

Mr. Rivett inspected his glass, hesitated, while all waited; then, lifting it, "They're good children," he said. "Health, happiness, prosperity to them—and—to the house of Edgerton, Tennant & Company! Break your glasses!"

A new serial by Robert W. Chambers, entitled ***"The Streets of Ascalon,"*** begins on page 728 of this issue.

The Poisoned Pen

Speaking of "praise from Sir Hubert"—Thomas A. Edison is reading these Craig Kennedy stories and thinks they are "great." They are. And new. As a matter of fact, only a few years ago Craig Kennedy would have been impossible. Now he is the most original, most interesting detective in fiction. And his jobs are no "cinch." He comes in where the law's machinery clogs—and it breaks down as a rule only when the criminal has unusual cunning. Such a man tries Craig Kennedy's mettle in this story. Craig has to work hard and fast, because the clues are meager—and a woman's heart is breaking. But here comes in his expert training in criminal science—and the man with murder on his hands "gets his"

By Arthur B. Reeve

Author of "The Bacillus of Death," "The Master Counterfeiter," "The Firebug," "The Yeggman," etc.

Illustrated by Will Foster

KENNEDY'S suit-case was lying open on the bed, and he was literally throwing things into it from his chiffonier, as I entered after a hurried trip up-town from the *Star* office in response to an urgent message from him.

"Come, Walter," he cried, hastily stuffing in a package of clean laundry without taking off the wrapping-paper, "I've got your suit-case out. Pack up whatever you can in five minutes. We must take the six o'clock train for Danbridge."

I did not wait to hear any more. The mere mention of the name of the quaint and quiet little Connecticut town was sufficient. For Danbridge was on everybody's lips at that time. It was the scene of the now famous Danbridge poisoning case—a brutal case in which the pretty little actress, Vera Lytton, had been the victim.

"I've been retained by Senator Adrian Willard," he called from his room, as I was busy packing in mine. "The Willard family believe that that young Dr. Dixon is the victim of a conspiracy—or at least Alma Willard does, which comes to the same thing, and—well, the senator called me up on long distance and offered me anything I would name in reason to take the case. Are you ready? Come on, then. We've simply got to make that train."

As we settled ourselves in the smoking-compartment of the Pullman, which for some reason or other we had to ourselves, Kennedy spoke again for the first time since our frantic dash across the city to catch the train.

"Now let us see, Walter," he began. "We've both read a good deal about this case in the papers. Let's try to get our knowledge in an orderly shape before we tackle the actual case itself."

"Ever been in Danbridge?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "What sort of place is it?"

"Mighty interesting," I answered; "a combination of old New England and new, of ancestors and factories, of wealth and poverty, and above all it is interesting for its colony of New-Yorkers—what shall I call it?—a literary-artistic-musical combination, I guess."

"Yes," he resumed, "I thought as much. Vera Lytton belonged to the colony. A very talented girl, too—you remember her in 'The Taming of the New Woman' last season? Well, to get back to the facts as we know them at present.

"Here is a girl with a brilliant future on the stage discovered by her friend, Mrs. Boncour, in convulsions—practically insensible—with a bottle of headache-powder and a jar of ammonia on her dressing-table. Mrs. Boncour sends the maid for the nearest doctor, who happens to be a Dr. Waterworth. Meanwhile she tries to restore Miss Lytton, but with no result. She smells the ammonia and then just tastes the headache-powder, a very foolish thing to do, for by the time Dr. Waterworth arrives he has two patients."

"No," I corrected, "only one, for Miss Lytton was dead when he arrived, according to his latest statement."

"Very well, then—one. He arrives. Mrs. Boncour is ill, the maid knows nothing

at all about it, and Vera Lytton is dead. He, too, smells the ammonia, tastes the headache-powder—just the merest trace—and then he has two patients, one of them himself. We must see him, for his experience must have been appalling. How he ever did it I can't imagine, but he saved both himself and Mrs. Boncour from poisoning—cyanide, the papers say, but of course we can't accept that until we see. It seems to me, Walter, that lately the papers have made the rule in murder cases: When in doubt, call it cyanide."

Not relishing Kennedy in the humor of expressing his real opinion of the newspapers, I hastily turned the conversation back again by asking, "How about the note from Dr. Dixon?"

"Ah, there is the crux of the whole case—that note from Dixon. Let us see. Dr. Dixon is, if I am informed correctly, of a fine and aristocratic family, though not wealthy. I believe it has been established that while he was an interne in a city hospital he became acquainted with Vera Lytton, after her divorce from that artist Thurston. Then comes his removal to Danbridge and his meeting and later his engagement with Miss Willard. On the whole, Walter, judging from the newspaper pictures, Alma Willard is quite the equal of Vera Lytton for looks, only of a different style of beauty. Oh, well, we shall see. Vera decided to spend the spring and summer at Danbridge in the bungalow of her friend, Mrs. Boncour, the novelist. That's when things began to happen."

"Yes," I put in, "when you come to know Danbridge as I did after that summer when you were abroad, you'll understand, too. Everybody knows everybody else's business. It is the main occupation of a certain set, and the per-capita output of gossip is a record that would stagger the census bureau. Still, you can't get away from the note, Craig. There it is, in Dixon's own handwriting, even if he does deny it: 'This will cure your headache. Dr. Dixon.' That's a damning piece of evidence."

"Quite right," he agreed hastily; "the note was queer, though, wasn't it? They found it crumpled up in the jar of ammonia. Oh, there are lots of problems the newspapers have failed to see the significance of, let alone trying to follow up."

Our first visit in Danbridge was to the prosecuting attorney, whose office was not far from the station on the main street. Craig had wired him, and he had kindly waited to see us, for it was evident that Danbridge respected Senator Willard and everyone connected with him.

"Would it be too much to ask just to see that note that was found in the bungalow?" asked Craig.

The prosecutor, an energetic young man, pulled out of a document-case a crumpled note which had been pressed flat again. On it in clear, deep black letters were the words, just as reported:

> This will cure your headache.
>
> DR. DIXON.

"How about the handwriting?" asked Kennedy.

The lawyer pulled out a number of letters. "I'm afraid they will have to admit it," he said with reluctance, as if down in his heart he hated to prosecute Dixon. "We have lots of these, and no handwriting expert could successfully deny the identity of the writing."

He stowed away the letters without letting Kennedy get a hint as to their contents. Kennedy was examining the note carefully.

"May I count on having this note for further examination, of course always at such times and under such conditions as you agree to?"

The attorney nodded. "I am perfectly willing to do anything not illegal to accommodate the senator," he said. "But, on the other hand, I am here to do my duty for the state, cost whom it may."

The Willard house was in a virtual state of siege. Newspaper reporters from Boston and New York were actually encamped at every gate, terrible as an army, with cameras. It was with some difficulty that we got in, even though we were expected, for some of the more enterprising had already fooled the family by posing as officers of the law and messengers from Dr. Dixon.

The house was a real, old colonial mansion with tall white pillars, a door with a glittering brass knocker, which gleamed out severely at you as you approached through a hedge of faultlessly trimmed boxwoods.

Senator, or rather former Senator Willard met us in the library, and a moment later his daughter Alma joined him. She was tall, like her father, a girl of poise and self-control. Yet even the schooling of twenty-two years in rigorous New England

self-restraint could not hide the very human pallor of her face after the sleepless nights and nervous days since this trouble had broken on her placid existence. Yet there was a mark of strength and determination on her face that was fascinating. The man who would trifle with this girl, I felt, was playing fast and loose with her very life. I thought then, and I said to Kennedy afterward: "If this Dr. Dixon is guilty, you have no right to hide it from that girl. Anything less than the truth will only blacken the hideousness of the crime that has already been committed."

The senator greeted us gravely, and I could not but take it as a good omen when, in his pride of wealth and family and tradition, he laid bare everything to us, for the sake of Alma Willard. It was clear that in this family there was one word that stood above all others, "Duty."

As we were about to leave after an interview barren of new facts, a young man was announced, Mr. Halsey Post. He bowed politely to us, but it was evident why he had called, as his eye followed Alma about the room.

"The son of the late Halsey Post, of Post & Vance, silversmiths, who have the large factory in town, which you perhaps noticed," explained the senator. "My daughter has known him all her life. A very fine young man."

Later, we learned that the senator had bent every effort toward securing Halsey Post as a son-in-law, but his daughter had had views of her own on the subject.

Post waited until Alma had withdrawn before he disclosed the real object of his visit. In almost a whisper, lest she should still be listening, he said, "There is a story about town that Vera Lytton's former husband—an artist named Thurston—was here just before her death."

Senator Willard leaned forward as if expecting to hear Dixon immediately acquitted. None of us was prepared for the next remark.

"And the story goes on to say that he threatened to make a scene over a wrong he says he has suffered from Dixon. I don't know anything more about it, and I tell you only because I think you ought to know what Danbridge is saying under its breath."

We shook off the last of the reporters who affixed themselves to us, and for a moment Kennedy dropped in at the little bungalow to see Mrs. Boncour. She was much better, though she had suffered much. She had taken only a pinhead of the poison, but it had proved very nearly fatal.

"Had Miss Lytton any enemies whom you think of, people who were jealous of her professionally or personally?" asked Craig.

"I should not even have said Dr. Dixon was an enemy," she replied evasively.

"But this Mr. Thurston," put in Kennedy quickly. "One is not usually visited in perfect friendship by a husband who has been divorced."

She regarded him keenly for a moment. "Halsey Post told you that," she said. "No one else knew he was here. But Halsey Post was an old friend of both Vera and Mr. Thurston before they separated. By chance he happened to drop in the day Mr. Thurston was here, and later in the day I gave him a letter to forward to Mr. Thurston, which had come after the artist left. I'm sure no one else knew the artist. He was here the morning of the day she died, and—and—that's every bit I'm going to tell you about him, so there. I don't know why he came or where he went."

"That's a thing we must follow up later," remarked Kennedy as we made our adieus. "Just now I want to get the facts in hand. The next thing on my program is to see this Dr. Waterworth."

We found the doctor still in bed; in fact, a wreck as the result of his adventure. He had little to correct in the facts of the story which had been published so far. But there were many other details of the poisoning he was quite willing to discuss frankly.

"It was true about the jar of ammonia?" asked Kennedy.

"Yes," he answered. "It was standing on her dressing-table with the note crumpled up in it, just as the papers said."

"And you have no idea of why it was there?"

"I didn't say that. I can guess. Fumes of ammonia are one of the antidotes for poisoning of this kind."

"But Vera Lytton could hardly have known that," objected Kennedy.

"No, of course not. But she probably did know that ammonia is good for just that sort of faintness which she must have experienced after taking the powder. Perhaps she thought of sal volatile, I don't know. But most people know that ammonia in some form is good for faintness of this sort,

even if they don't know anything about cyanides and—"

"Then it *was* cyanide?" interrupted Craig.

"Yes," he replied slowly. It was evident that he was suffering great physical and nervous anguish as the result of his too intimate acquaintance with the poisons in question. "I will tell you precisely how it was, Professor Kennedy. When I was called in to see Miss Lytton I found her on the bed. I pried open her jaws and smelled the sweetish odor of the cyanogen gas. I knew then what she had taken, and at the moment she was dead. In the next room I heard some one moaning. The maid said that it was Mrs. Boncour, and that she was deathly sick. I ran into her room, and though she was beside herself with pain I managed to control her, though she struggled desperately against me. I was rushing her to the bathroom, passing through Miss Lytton's room. 'What's wrong?' I asked as I carried her along. 'I took some of that,' she replied, pointing to the bottle on the dressing-table.

"I put a small quantity of its crystal contents on my tongue. Then I realized the most tragic truth of my life. I had taken one of the deadliest poisons in the world. The odor of the released gas of cyanogen was strong. But more than that, the metallic taste and the horrible burning sensation told of the presence of some form of mercury, too. In that terrible moment my brain worked with the incredible swiftness of light. In a flash I knew that if I added malic acid to the mercury—perchloride of mercury or corrosive sublimate—I would have calomel or subchloride of mercury, the only thing that would switch the poison out of my system and Mrs. Boncour's.

"Seizing her about the waist, I hurried into the dining-room. On a sideboard was a dish of fruit. I took two apples. I made her eat one, core and all. I ate the other. The fruit contained the malic acid I needed to manufacture the calomel, and I made it right there in nature's own laboratory. But there was no time to stop. I had to act just as quickly to neutralize that cyanide, too. Remembering the ammonia, I rushed back with Mrs. Boncour, and we inhaled the fumes. Then I found a bottle of peroxide of hydrogen. I washed out her stomach with it, and then my own. Then I injected some of the peroxide into various parts of her body. The peroxide of hydrogen and hydrocyanic acid, you know, make oxamide, a harmless compound.

"The maid put Mrs. Boncour to bed, saved. I went to my house, a wreck. Since then I have not left this bed. With my legs paralyzed I lie here, expecting each hour to be my last."

"Would you taste an unknown drug again to discover the nature of a probable poison?" asked Craig.

"I don't know," he answered slowly, "but I suppose I would. In such a case a conscientious doctor has no thought of self. He is there to do things, and he does them, according to the best that is in him. In spite of the fact that I haven't had one hour of unbroken sleep since that fatal day, I suppose I would do it again."

When we were leaving, I remarked: "That is a martyr to science. Could anything be more dramatic than his willing penalty for his devotion to medicine?"

We walked along in silence. "Walter, did you notice he said not a word of condemnation of Dixon, though the note was before his eyes? Surely Dixon has some strong supporters in Danbridge, as well as enemies."

The next morning we continued our investigation. We found Dixon's lawyer, Leland, in consultation with his client in the bare cell of the county jail. Dixon proved to be a clear-eyed, clean-cut young man. The thing that impressed me most about him, aside from the prepossession in his favor due to the faith of Alma Willard, was the nerve he displayed, whether guilty or innocent. Even an innocent man might well have been staggered by the circumstantial evidence against him and the high tide of public feeling, in spite of the support that he was receiving. Leland, we learned, had been very active. By prompt work at the time of the young doctor's arrest he had managed to secure the greater part of Dr. Dixon's personal letters, though the prosecution secured some, the contents of which had not been disclosed.

Kennedy spent most of the day in tracing out the movements of Thurston. Nothing that proved important was turned up, and even visits to near-by towns failed to show any sales of cyanide or sublimate to anyone not entitled to buy them. Meanwhile, in turning over the gossip of the town, one of the newspapermen ran across

the fact that the Boncour bungalow was owned by the Posts, and that Halsey Post, as the executor of the estate, was a more frequent visitor than the mere collection of the rent would warrant. Mrs. Boncour maintained a stolid silence that covered a seething internal fury when the newspaperman in question hinted that the landlord and tenant were on exceptionally good terms.

It was after a fruitless day of such search that we were sitting in the reading-room of the Fairfield Hotel. Leland entered. His face was positively white. Without a word he took us by the arm and led us across Main Street and up a flight of stairs to his office. Then he locked the door.

"What's the matter?" asked Kennedy.

"When I took this case," he said, "I believed down in my heart that Dixon was innocent. I still believe it, but my faith has been rudely shaken. I feel that you should know about what I have just found. As I told you, we secured nearly all of Dr. Dixon's letters. I had not read them all then. But I have been going through them to-night. Here is a letter from Vera Lytton herself. You will notice it is dated the day of her death."

He laid the letter before us. It was written in a curious grayish-black ink in a woman's hand, and read:

DEAR HARRIS:

Since we agreed to disagree we have at least been good friends, if no longer lovers. I am not writing in anger to reproach you with your new love, so soon after the old. I suppose Alma Willard is far better suited to be your wife than is a poor little actress—rather looked down on in this Puritan society here. But there is something I wish to warn you about, for it concerns us all intimately.

We are in danger of an awful mix-up if we don't look out. Mr. Thurston—I had almost said my husband, though I don't know whether that is the truth or not—who has just come over from New York, tells me that there is some doubt about the validity of our divorce. You recall he was in the South at the time I sued him, and the papers were served on him in Georgia. He now says the proof of service was fraudulent and that he can set aside the divorce. In that case you might figure in a suit for alienating my affections.

I do not write this with ill will, but simply to let you know how things stand. If we had married, I suppose I would be guilty of bigamy. At any rate, if he were disposed, he could make a terrible scandal.

Oh, Harris, can't you settle with him if he asks anything? Don't forget so soon that we once thought we were going to be the happiest of mortals—at least I did. Don't desert me, or the very earth will cry out against you. I am frantic and hardly know what I am writing. My head aches, but it is my heart that is breaking. Harris, I am yours still, down in my heart, but not to be cast off like an old suit for a new one. You know the old saying about a woman scorned. I beg you not to go back on

Your poor little deserted
VERA.



"Here is a girl with a brilliant future on the stage discovered, practically insensible, with a bottle of headache-powder and a jar of ammonia on her dressing-table"

As we finished reading, Leland exclaimed, "That never must come before the jury."

Kennedy was examining the letter carefully. "Strange," he muttered. "See, how it was folded. It was written on the wrong side of the sheet, or rather folded up with the writing outside. Where have these letters been?"

"Part of the time in my safe, part of the time this afternoon on my desk by the window."

"The office was locked, I suppose?" asked Kennedy. "There was no way to slip this letter in among the others since you obtained them?"

"None. The office has been locked, and there is no evidence of anyone having entered or disturbed a thing."

He was hastily running over the pile of letters as if looking to see whether they were all there. Suddenly he stopped.

"Yes," he exclaimed excitedly, "one of them *is* gone." Nervously, he fumbled through them again. "One is gone," he repeated, looking at us, startled.

"What was it about?" asked Craig.

"It was a note from an artist, Thurston, who gave the address of Mrs. Boncour's bungalow—ah, I see you have heard of him. He asked Dixon's recommendation of a certain patent headache medicine. I thought it possibly evidential, and I asked Dixon about it. He explained it by saying that he did not have a copy of his reply, but as near as he could recall, he wrote that the compound would not cure a headache except at the expense of reducing heart action dangerously. He says he sent no prescription. Indeed, he thought it a scheme to extract advice without incurring the charge for an office call and answered it only because he thought Vera had become reconciled to Thurston again. I can't find that letter of Thurston's. It is gone."

We looked at each other in amazement.

"Why, if Dixon contemplated anything against Miss Lytton, should he preserve this letter from her?" mused Kennedy. "Why didn't he destroy it?"

"That's what puzzles me," remarked Leland. "Do you suppose some one has broken in and substituted this Lytton letter for the Thurston letter?"

Kennedy was scrutinizing the letter, saying nothing. "I may keep it?" he asked at length. Leland was quite willing and even undertook to obtain some specimens of the writing of Vera Lytton. With these and the letter Kennedy was working far into the night and long after I had passed into a land troubled with many wild dreams of deadly poisons and secret intrigues of artists.

The next morning a message from our old friend First Deputy O'Connor in New York told briefly of locating the rooms of an artist named Thurston in one of the co-operative studio apartments. Thurston himself had not been there for several days and was reported to have gone to Maine to sketch. He had had a number of debts, but before he left they had all been paid—strange to say, by a notorious firm of shyster lawyers, Kerr & Kimmel. Kennedy wired back to find out the facts from Kerr & Kimmel and to locate Thurston at any cost.

Even the discovery of the new letter did not shake the wonderful self-possession of Dr. Dixon. He denied ever having received it and repeated his story of a letter from Thurston to which he had replied by sending an answer, care of Mrs. Boncour, as requested. He insisted that the engagement between Miss Lytton and himself had been broken before the announcement of his engagement with Miss Willard. As for Thurston, he said the man was little more than a name to him. He had known perfectly all the circumstances of the divorce, but had had no dealings with Thurston and no fear of him. Again and again he denied ever receiving the letter from Vera Lytton.

Kennedy did not tell the Willards of the new letter. The strain had begun to tell on Alma, and her father had had her quietly taken to a farm of his up in the country. To escape the curious eyes of reporters, Halsey Post had driven up one night in his closed car. She had entered it quickly with her father, and the journey had been made in the car, while Halsey Post had quietly dropped off on the outskirts of the town, where another car was waiting to take him back. It was evident that the Willard family relied implicitly on Halsey, and his assistance to them was most considerate. While he never forced himself forward, he kept in close touch with the progress of the case, and now that Alma was away his watchfulness increased proportionately, and twice a day he wrote a long report which was sent to her.

Kennedy was now bending every effort to locate the missing artist. When he left Danbridge, he seemed to have dropped out of sight completely. However, with O'Connor's aid, the police of all New England were on the lookout.

The Thurstons had been friends of Halsey's before Vera Lytton had ever met Dr. Dixon, we discovered from the Danbridge gossips, and I, at least, jumped to the conclusion that Halsey was shielding the artist, perhaps through a sense of friendship when he found that Kennedy was interested in Thurston's movements. I must say I rather liked Halsey, for he seemed very thoughtful of the Willards, and was never too busy to give an hour or so to any commission they wished carried out without publicity.



DRAWN BY WILL FOSTER

"Seizing Mrs. Boncour about the waist, I hurried into the dining-room. On a sideboard was a dish of fruit. I took two apples. I made her eat one, core and all. I ate the other"

Two days passed with not a word from Thurston. Kennedy was obviously getting impatient. One day a rumor was received that he was in Bar Harbor; the next it was a report from Nova Scotia. At last, however, came the welcome news that he had been located in New Hampshire, arrested, and might be expected the next day.

At once Kennedy became all energy. He arranged for a secret conference in Senator Willard's house, the moment the artist was to arrive. The senator and his daughter made a flying trip back to town. Nothing was said to anyone about Thurston, but Kennedy quietly arranged with the district attorney to be present with the note and the jar of ammonia properly safeguarded. Leland of course came, although his client could not. Halsey Post seemed only too glad to be with Miss Willard, though he seemed to have lost interest in the case as soon as the Willards returned to look after it themselves. Mrs. Boncour was well enough to attend, and even Dr. Waterworth insisted on coming in a private ambulance which drove over from a near-by city especially for him. The time was fixed for just before the arrival of the train that was to bring Thurston.

It was an anxious gathering of friends and foes of Dr. Dixon who sat impatiently waiting for Kennedy to begin this momentous exposition that was to establish the guilt or innocence of the calm young physician who sat impassively in the jail not half a mile from the room where his life and death were being debated.

"In many respects this is the most remarkable case that it has ever been my lot to handle," began Kennedy. "Never before have I felt so keenly my sense of responsibility. Therefore, though this is a somewhat irregular proceeding, let me begin by setting forth the facts as I see them.

"First, let us consider the dead woman. The question that arises here is, Was she murdered or did she commit suicide? I think you will discover the answer as I proceed. Miss Lytton, as you know, was, two years ago, Mrs. Burgess Thurston. The Thurstons had temperament, and temperament is quite often the highway to the divorce court. It was so in this case. Mrs. Thurston discovered that her husband was paying much attention to other women. She sued for divorce in New York, and he accepted service in the South, where he happened to be. At least it was so testified by Mrs. Thurston's lawyer.

"Now here comes the remarkable feature of the case. The law firm of Kerr & Kimmel, I find, not long ago began to investigate the legality of this divorce. Before a notary Thurston made an affidavit that he had never been served by the lawyer for Miss Lytton, as she was now known. Her lawyer is dead, but his representative in the South who served the papers is alive. He was brought to New York and asserted squarely that he had served the papers properly.

"Here is where the shrewdness of Mose Kimmel, the shyster lawyer, came in. He arranged to have the Southern attorney identify the man he had served the papers on. For this purpose he was engaged in conversation with one of his own clerks when the lawyer was due to appear. Kimmel appeared to act confused, as if he had been caught napping. The Southern lawyer, who had seen Thurston only once, fell squarely into the trap and identified the clerk as Thurston. There were plenty of witnesses to it, and it was point number two for the great Mose Kimmel. Papers were drawn up to set aside the divorce decree.

"In the meantime, Miss Lytton, or Mrs. Thurston, had become acquainted with a young doctor in a New York hospital, and had become engaged to him. It matters not that the engagement was later broken. The fact remains that if the divorce were set aside an action would lie against Dr. Dixon for alienating Mrs. Thurston's affections, and a grave scandal would result. I need not add that in this quiet little town of Danbridge the most could be made of such a suit."

Kennedy was unfolding a piece of paper. As he laid it down, Leland, who was sitting next to me, exclaimed under his breath:

"My God, he's going to let the prosecution know about that letter. Can't you stop him?"

It was too late. Kennedy had already begun to read Vera's letter. It was damning to Dixon, added to the other note found in the ammonia-jar.

When he had finished reading, you could almost hear the hearts throbbing in the room. A scowl overspread Senator Willard's features. Alma Willard was pale and staring wildly at Kennedy. Halsey Post, ever solicitous for her, handed her a glass of

water from the table. Dr. Waterworth had forgotten his pain in his intense attention, and Mrs. Boncour seemed stunned with astonishment. The prosecuting attorney was eagerly taking notes.

"In some way," pursued Kennedy in an even voice, "this letter was either overlooked in the original correspondence of Dr. Dixon or it was added to it later. I shall come back to that presently. My next point is that Dr. Dixon says he received a letter from Thurston on the day the artist visited the Boncour bungalow. It asked about a certain headache compound, and his reply was brief and, as nearly as I can find out, read, 'This compound will not cure your headache except at the expense of reducing heart action dangerously.'

"Next comes the tragedy. On the evening of the day that Thurston left, after presumably telling Miss Lytton about what Kerr & Kimmel had discovered, Miss Lytton is found dying with a bottle containing cyanide and sublimate beside her. You are all familiar with the circumstances and with the note discovered in the jar of ammonia. Now, if the prosecutor will be so kind as to let me see that note—thank you, sir. This is the identical note. You have all heard the various theories of the jar and have read the note. Here it is in plain, cold black and white—in Dr. Dixon's own handwriting: 'This will cure your headache. Dr. Dixon.'"

Alma Willard seemed as one paralyzed. Was Kennedy, who had been engaged by her father to defend her fiancé, about to convict him?

"Before we draw the final conclusion," continued Kennedy gravely, "there are one or two points I wish to elaborate. Walter, will you open that door into the main hall?"

I did so, and two policemen stepped in with a prisoner. It was Thurston, but changed almost beyond recognition. His clothes were worn, his beard shaved off, and he had a generally hunted appearance.

Thurston was visibly nervous. Apparently he had heard all that Kennedy had said and intended he should hear, for as he entered he almost broke away from the officers in his eagerness to speak.

"Before God," he cried dramatically, "I am as innocent as you are of this crime, Professor Kennedy."

"Are you prepared to swear before *me*," almost shouted Kennedy, his eyes blazing, "that you were never served properly by your wife's lawyers in that suit?"

The man cringed back as if a stinging blow had been delivered between his eyes. As he met Craig's fixed glare he knew there was no hope. Slowly, as if the words were being wrung from him syllable by syllable, he said in a muffled voice:

"No, I perjured myself. I was served in that suit. But—"

"And you swore falsely before Kimmel that you were not?" persisted Kennedy.

"Yes," he murmured. "But—"

"And you are prepared now to make another affidavit to that effect?"

"Yes," he replied. "If—"

"No buts or ifs, Thurston," cried Kennedy, sarcastically. "What did you make that affidavit for? What is *your* story?"

"Kimmel sent for me. I did not go to him. He offered to pay my debts if I would swear to such a statement. I did not ask why or for whom. I swore to it and gave him a list of my creditors. I waited until they were paid. Then my conscience"—I could not help revolting at the thought of conscience in such a wretch, and the word itself seemed to stick in his throat as he went on and saw how feeble an impression he was making on us—"my conscience began to trouble me. I determined to see Vera, tell her all, and find out whether it was she who wanted this statement. I saw her. When at last I told her, she scorned me. I can confirm that, for as I left a man entered. I now knew how grossly I had sinned, in listening to Mose Kimmel. I fled. I disappeared in Maine. I traveled. Every day my money grew less. At last I was captured and brought back here."

He stopped and sank wretchedly down in a chair and covered his face with his hands.

"A likely story," muttered Leland in my ear.

Kennedy was working quickly. Motioning the officers to be seated by Thurston, he uncovered a jar which he had placed on the table. The color had now appeared in Alma's cheeks, as if hope had again sprung in her heart, and I fancied that Halsey Post saw his claim on her favor declining correspondingly.

"I want you to examine the letters in this case with me," continued Kennedy. "Take the letter which I read from Miss Lytton, which was found following the strange disappearance of the note from Thurston."

He dipped a pen into a little bottle, and wrote on a piece of paper:

What is your opinion about Cross's Headache Cure? Would you recommend it for a nervous headache?

BURGESS THURSTON,
c|o MRS. S. BONCOUR.

Craig held up the writing so that we could all see that he had written what Dixon declared Thurston wrote in the note that had disappeared. Then he dipped another pen into a second bottle, and for some time he scrawled on another sheet of paper. He held it up, but it was still perfectly blank.

"Now," he added, "I am going to give a little demonstration which I expect to be successful only in a measure. Here in the open sunshine by this window I am going to place these two sheets of paper side by side. It will take longer than I care to wait to make my demonstration complete, but I can do enough to convince you."

For a quarter of an hour we sat in silence, wondering what he would do next. At last he beckoned us over to the window. As we approached he said, "On sheet number one I have written with quinoline; on sheet number two I wrote with a solution of nitrate of silver."

We bent over. The writing signed "Thurston" on sheet number one was faint, almost imperceptible, but on paper number two, in black letters, appeared what Kennedy had written: "Dear Harris: Since we agreed to disagree we have at least been good friends."

"It is like the start of the substituted letter, and the other is like the missing note," gasped Leland in a daze.

"Yes," said Kennedy quickly. "Leland, no one entered your office. No one stole the Thurston note. No one substituted the Lytton letter. According to your own story, you took them out of the safe and left them in the sunlight all day. The process that had been started earlier in ordinary light, slowly, was now quickly completed. In other words, there was writing which would soon fade away on one side of the paper and writing which was invisible but would soon appear on the other.

"For instance, quinoline rapidly disappears in sunlight. Starch with a slight trace of iodine writes a light blue, which disappears in air. It was something like that used in the Thurston letter. Then, too, silver nitrate dissolved in ammonia gradually turns black as it is acted on by light and air. Or magenta treated with a bleaching-agent in just sufficient quantity to decolorize it is invisible when used for writing. But the original color reappears as the oxygen of the air acts upon the pigment. I haven't a doubt but that my analyses of the inks are correct and on one side quinoline was used and on the other nitrate of silver. This explains the inexplicable disappearance of evidence incriminating one person, Thurston, and the sudden appearance of evidence incriminating another, Dr. Dixon. Sympathetic ink also accounts for the curious circumstance that the Lytton letter was folded up with the writing apparently outside. It was outside and unseen until the sunlight brought it out and destroyed the other, inside, writing—a change, I suspect, that was intended for the police to see after it was completed, not for the defense to witness as it was taking place."

We looked at each other aghast. Thurston was nervously opening and shutting his lips and moistening them as if he wanted to say something but could not find the words.

"Lastly," went on Craig, utterly regardless of Thurston's frantic efforts to speak, "we come to the note that was discovered so queerly crumpled up in the jar of ammonia on Vera Lytton's dressing-table. I have here a cylindrical glass jar in which I place some sal-ammoniac and quicklime. I will wet it and heat it a little. That produces the pungent gas of ammonia.

"On one side of this third piece of paper I myself write with this mercurous nitrate solution. You see, I leave no mark on the paper as I write. I fold it up and drop it into the jar—and in a few seconds withdraw it. Here is a very quick way of producing something like the slow result of sunlight with silver nitrate. The fumes of ammonia have formed the precipitate of black mercurous nitrate, a very distinct black writing which is almost indelible. That is what is technically called invisible rather than sympathetic ink."

We leaned over to read what he had written. It was the same as the note incriminating Dixon:

This will cure your headache.

DR. DIXON.

A servant entered with a telegram from New York. Scarcely stopping in his exposure, Kennedy tore it open, read it hastily, stuffed it into his pocket, and went on.



DRAWN BY WILL FOSTER

Thurston was visibly nervous. Apparently he had heard all that Kennedy had said and intended he should hear, for as he entered he almost broke away from the officers in his eagerness to speak. "Before God," he cried dramatically, "I am as innocent as you are of this crime, Professor Kennedy"

"Here in this fourth bottle I have an acid solution of iron chloride, diluted until the writing is invisible when dry," he hurried on. "I will just make a few scratches on this fourth sheet of paper—so. It leaves no mark. But it has the remarkable property of becoming red in vapor of sulpho-cyanide. Here is a long-necked flask of the gas, made by sulphuric acid acting on potassium sulpho-cyanide. Keep back, Dr. Waterworth, for it would be very dangerous for you to get even a whiff of this in your condition. Ah! See—the scratches I made on the paper are red."

Then hardly giving us more than a moment to let the fact impress itself on our minds, he seized the piece of paper and dashed it into the jar of ammonia. When he withdrew it, it was just a plain sheet of white paper again. The red marks which the gas in the flask had brought out of nothingness had been effaced by the ammonia. They had gone and left no trace.

"In this way I can alternately make the marks appear and disappear by using the sulpho-cyanide and the ammonia. Whoever wrote this note with Dr. Dixon's name on it must have had the doctor's reply to the Thurston letter containing the words, 'This will not cure your headache.' He carefully traced the words, holding the genuine note up to the light with a piece of paper over it, leaving out the word 'not' and using only such words as he needed. This note was then destroyed.

"But he forgot that after he had brought out the red writing by the use of the sulpho-cyanide, and though he could count on Vera Lytton's placing the note in the jar of ammonia and hence obliterating the writing, while at the same time the invisible writing in the mercurous nitrate involving Dr. Dixon's name would be brought out by the ammonia indelibly on the other side of the note—he forgot"—Kennedy was now speaking eagerly and loudly—"that the sulpho-cyanide vapors could always be made to bring back to accuse him the words that the ammonia had blotted out."

Before the prosecutor could interfere, Kennedy had picked up the note found in the ammonia-jar beside the dying girl and had jammed the state's evidence into the long-necked flask of sulpho-cyanide vapor.

"Don't fear," he said, trying to pacify the now furious prosecutor, "it will do nothing to the Dixon writing. That is permanent now, even if it is only a tracing."

When he withdrew the note, there was writing on both sides, the black of the original note and something in red on the other side.

We crowded around, and Craig read it with as much interest as any of us:

"Before taking the headache-powder, be sure to place the contents of this paper in a jar with a little warm water."

"Hum," commented Craig, "this was apparently written on the outside wrapper of a paper folded about some sal-ammoniac and quicklime. It goes on:

"'Just drop the whole thing in, *paper and all*. Then if you feel a faintness from the medicine the ammonia will quickly restore you. One spoonful of the headache-powder swallowed quickly is enough.'"

No name was signed to the directions, but they were plainly written, and "*paper and all*" was underscored heavily.

Craig pulled out some letters. "I have here specimens of writing of many persons connected with this case, but I can see at a glance which one corresponds to the writing on this red death-warrant by an almost inhuman fiend. I shall, however, leave that part of it to the handwriting experts to determine at the trial. Thurston, who was the man whom you saw enter the Boncour bungalow as you left—the constant visitor?"

Thurston had not yet regained his self-control, but with trembling forefinger he turned and pointed to Halsey Post.

"Yes, ladies and gentlemen," cried Kennedy as he slapped the telegram that had just come from New York down on the table decisively, "yes, the real client of Kerr & Kimmel, who bent Thurston to his purposes, was Halsey Post, once secret lover of Vera Lytton till threatened by scandal in Danbridge, Halsey Post, graduate in technology, student of sympathetic inks, forger of the Vera Lytton letter and the other notes and dealer in cyanides in the silver-smithing business, fortune-hunter for the Willard millions with which to recoup the Post & Vance losses, and hence rival of Dr. Dixon for the love of Alma Willard. That is the man who wielded the poisoned pen. Dr. Dixon is innocent."

The next story by Arthur B. Reeve, "***The White Slave,***" will appear in the June issue.

Maxine the Magnificent

By Alan Dale

THE last time I saw Miss Maxine Elliott—who is now in London, whence comes a rumor that she is never going to act again—was in her own house, during her engagement in "The Inferior Sex." She had charmed me so much as an actress that I had sought her out. It was the first time I ever met her. I had raved so much about her good looks that I was a bit fearful about that meeting, and procrastinated a lot.

"The successful actresses are not the pretty women," said Miss Elliott on that memorable occasion. "It is very rare indeed to find success in mere beauty. Name the successful stars who are very beautiful! You can't." (I think I could!) "Pretty girls go into the chorus. Very pretty girls can always get an engagement with George Edwardes in London. He is looking for them, and will pay them well. Being a manageress, as you know, I speak from experience. If I can get that fifth wheel—a pretty face—I want it. I very seldom can. I hunt around for it, of course. It is usually impossible. You think otherwise. You all do. You write fiction about the stage. Everybody does. There is nothing so misunderstood. When I first appeared, I had the ill luck to be announced as a beauty.



PHOTOGRAPH BY STRAUSS-PEYTON

"The successful actresses are not the pretty women," said Miss Elliott. "It is very rare indeed to find success in mere beauty. Name the successful stars who are very beautiful! You can't." (I think I could!)



PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITE

Bettina attends the costume ball—Maxine Elliott as she appeared in a scene in "Myself—Bettina"

which is usually the case—she is voted a stick. Principally because she is beautiful, and you have been watching her."

I couldn't help considering that as somewhat rank ingratitude for the magnificent gift of physical beauty, for with all the talent in the world a girl finds it exceedingly difficult—if not impossible—to become a successful star if she be freighted with an ugly face. Everyone knows that this is a fact—and not a very agreeable fact! Beauty is of very vast assistance to the actress, and talent *with* beauty is a combination for the gods.

"It is a curious thing about the stage"—I am quoting again from my delightful chat with the absent lovely one. "Nobody knows much about it, except the actors—the hard-working actors. Nearly everything written about the stage is fiction. It reads well, but it is untrue. You talk so glibly about these matters, of which you know nothing. For instance, you talk of my 'charm' and you think that settles it. I am a success because I have 'charm.' Oh, don't you know better? Don't you know that to get charm over the footlights is acting?" she went on, in her smooth, refined tones. "What you call being natural on the stage is not the same as being natural off the stage. One has to learn from experience and art. Suppose you put a drunken man on the stage to play a drunken part. Do you think he could do it? Do you think he could look it? So when you speak lightly of an actress's 'charm' you should realize that she has to



PHOTOGRAPH BY STRAUSS-PEYTON

A recent portrait of Miss Elliott, who will retire from the stage if she cannot find a good play

Good gracious, what a misfortune! You wrote—I remember it: 'Miss Maxine Elliott had little to do. It was fortunate.' Don't you realize that a beauty on the stage creates a sense of disappointment unless she does something? If she does nothing—

work hard to get it to the audience. She may have charm off the stage, but without experience and conscious effort she will be without it on the stage. As for a pretty face, it is just the fifth wheel, nothing more! Having got four wheels, of course a fifth may be useful."

From which it may be gleaned that Miss Maxine Elliott has soured a little on pictorial eulogies on her beauty. Of course they *were*, at one time, a bit rampageous. It is conceivable that, even acknowledging the lure of beauty, an actress might fret at its persistent interference with serious work. But then she should remember that it helped her to that serious work, and that she might have labored for years, and never have been in a position to offer any serious work, if it had not been for that potent and adorable lure! There is always a tendency to kick the ladder away when you have got to the top. I admit that even the most beautiful woman must cease to feel interested in the perpetual allusion to her loveliness, and that the satisfaction experienced at first, when she realizes that she has excited comment, must evaporate. Possibly there does come a time when she can almost envy her less adorable sisters. But that is psychology, and I don't think I'll dabble in that today. Pretty woman is my theme.

Miss Elliott, however, has studied the stage. Anybody who imagines for one moment that she is a lay figure, waiting for managers to teach her, has another "imagine" coming. She



PHOTOGRAPH BY MOFFETT PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITE

"A star is *everything*. To-day an actress has got to have a trade-mark, otherwise she is hopeless. A star is more important than a play"



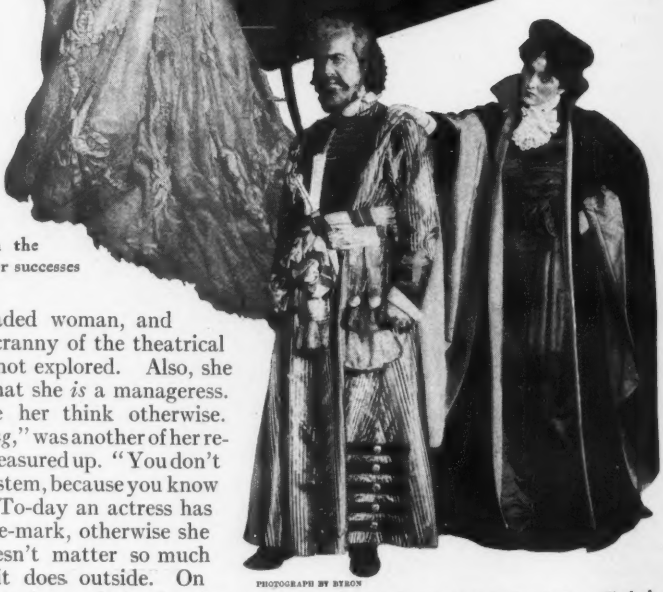
(c) BYRON
While the scenes are being shifted—Maxine Elliott in her dressing-room between the acts of one of her earlier successes

a star can make a bad play, but a good play with a star is infinitely more valuable than the same play without a star. Look as that delightful little piece called 'The Climax.' It was spoiled because it had no star. With a star, there was a fortune in it. New York is a good place in which to establish stars. When established in New York, they can go through the enormous territory of the United States and prosper. New York wouldn't accept me in 'The Chaperon.' On the road they came to see me, and this despised little play made a lot of money. When I'm in New York as a theatergoer, do you know what plays I go to see?"

Of course I imagined the big first-nights, where everybody who's anybody hankers to go! I didn't say so, because I felt that she wasn't going to admit this.

"I go to the failures," is a very level-headed woman, and there is no nook or cranny of the theatrical world that she has not explored. Also, she honestly believes that she *is* a manageress. You couldn't make her think otherwise.

"A star is *everything*," was another of her remarks that I have treasured up. "You don't believe in the star system, because you know nothing about it. To-day an actress has got to have a trade-mark, otherwise she is hopeless. It doesn't matter so much in New York as it does outside. On the road people want stars. A star is more important than a play. I don't say that



PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON
Maxine Elliott as Portia, N. C. Goodwin as Shylock, in "The Merchant of Venice"

she said. "I make a point of seeing the failures, because there is always something good in them—some bit of acting that appeals—some idea. I keep away from the successes. I don't enjoy them at all. Even in what you call a big failure I always find something that interests me immensely."

I could point out a few failures this season that have been big enough to afford Miss Elliott intense joy—if that is what she wants.

"It is not theaters that we want, but plays," she said sententiously. "What is the use of a beautiful shop without things to put into it? We want plays, plays. I get them by the hundred, and they are more dreadful than those that you see. Can you credit that? It is a fact. Not one in a thousand has the ghost of a chance."

So when I think of Maxine Elliott exiled in London, I picture her devouring plays, plays, with no intention of striking her name from our list of beautiful stars. And I think that I am right in asserting that as soon as she has discovered one that fits her—one that brings out her "charm"—she will sail back to these shores on the fastest ship. For she may be rich, and she may be beautiful, but she is an actress who has tasted success, and—like Oliver Twist—she will ask for a second serving.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MOFFETT (TOP) AND WHITE

PHOTOGRAPH BY MORRISON

"When I first appeared, I had the ill luck to be announced as a beauty. Good gracious, what a misfortune"

Maxine Elliott equipped for a walk and in a scene in "Myself—Bettina," a play which brought out every phase of her charming personality

Madness In Motion

THE STORY OF A WEIRD DANCER WHOSE GENIUS FOR INTERPRETING THE EMOTIONS HAS STRONGLY STIRRED LONDON THEATER-GOERS AND WHOSE PERSONAL HISTORY IS UNIQUE IN STAGE ANNALS

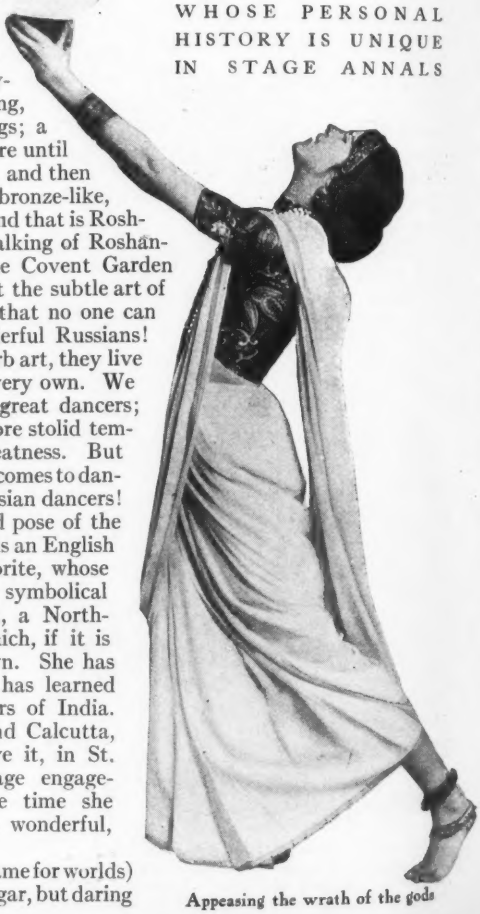


The dancer warding off an evil spirit

A WHIRLING, dazzling, confused mass of filmy draperies, punctuated with the flash of many-colored jewels; a rippling of long, dark-hued arms and twinkling of naked legs; a gradual slowing down of the spinning figure until one senses the semblance of a human form; and then of a sudden an Oriental statue, rigid and bronze-like, in a pose at once grotesque and graceful—and that is Roshanara. Everybody in London has been talking of Roshanara, idol of the Russian ballet during the Covent Garden opera season. Critics who know all about the subtle art of dancing have agreed among themselves that no one can dance like the Russians. Ah, those wonderful Russians! They are born and reared in art, they absorb art, they live it! Russia has an art atmosphere of its very own. We English-speaking people do not produce great dancers; our mode of life, our point of view, our more stolid temperament, are all against terpsichorean greatness. But Russia—there is a country for you, when it comes to dancing! Look at Roshanara, greatest of Russian dancers!

It is really too bad to spoil the profound pose of the critics, but truth must prevail. Roshanara is an English girl—awfully English. Yes, this mad sprite, whose wonderful swirlings and vivid posings are symbolical of the emotions, is a home-bred product, a North-Country maiden with a temperament which, if it is not Russian, is at least completely her own. She has had but slight instruction, and what she has learned from others she found among the dancers of India. Her schooling in art was in Bombay and Calcutta, not, as the great critical folk would have it, in St. Petersburg and Moscow. Her first stage engagement was in "Kismet," where for some time she played the dancing girl—played it with wonderful, convincing realism and lithe beauty.

Roshanara (I would not tell you her right name for worlds) has created a style of picture dancing not vulgar, but daring



Appeasing the wrath of the gods

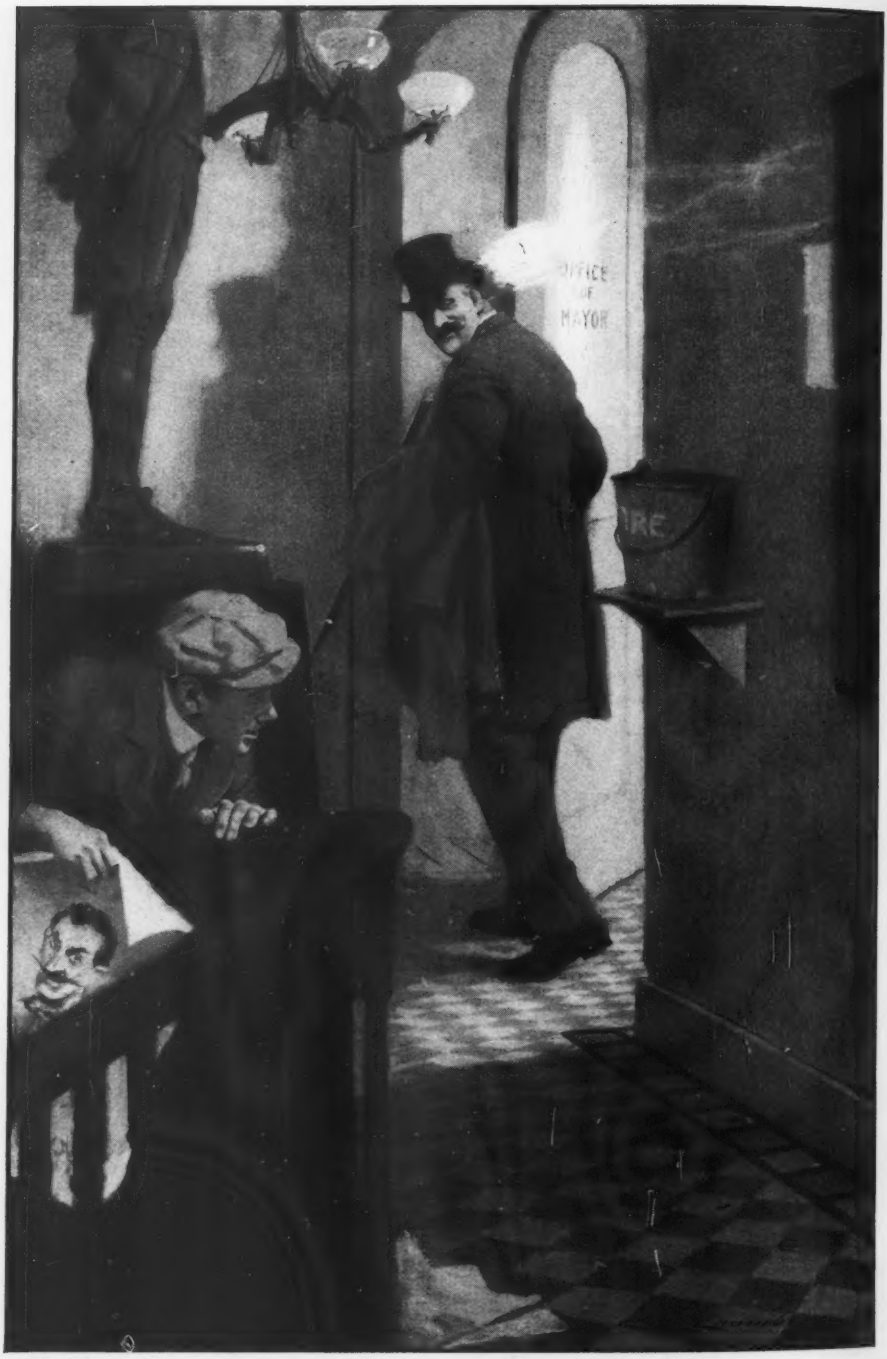
and wholly individual. In it you have the abandon of Nautch girls and the mock-modesty of a harem favorite on parade. At times Roshanara is a spinning human top, again she is a crouching, sinuous tigress, a supple contortionist, a coiled serpent. Always she is the embodiment of svelt grace, always she is dancing. Her art is the art not of any school, but of the natural poet whose rhythms and symphonies are expressed in circling motion, self-studied, self-expressed. If Roshanara did nothing more than pose in attitudes depicting emotional stress she would still be interesting. But dancing as she does with a fervor that sometimes seems sheer madness, she conveys to her audience a conviction that her fleeting attitudes are quite accidental in their grace.



Two dance poses illustrating Fear and Defiance

Roshanara, having conquered London, is now going to conquer St. Petersburg. Heralded as a Russian, she is about to show the Russians what we think Russian dancing should be—Russian dancing as conceived by an Englishwoman, self-trained in India. When she has done with the Russians, this delineator of mad and mystic gyrations will display her art pirouettings to American audiences. We will, doubtless, appreciate her no less than London has done. We will at least load her with our dollars. But whether for money or the simple pleasure of measuring movement to music Roshanara is not likely to be despoiled of her present unique gift of telling a story with her swift body and her plastic hands and feet. Among the season's multitude of dancers she alone stands out as a spontaneous exponent of rhythmic grace.

Incense to Nirvana



DRAWN BY CHARLES B. CHAMBERS

Wallingford grinned as he once more stepped out into the rotunda. On the door of the office of Chinchilla Williams were three tightly glued posters extolling the honesty of Horace G. Daw, and decrying the contemptible villainy of wicked Williams

("*The New Adventures of Wallingford*")

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF

Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

Do you remember Young Wallingford and "Toad" Jessup? Several months ago Mr. Chester put them into these Wallingford stories—just to have them say "Howd'ye," and to let you know that one of these days you are to have the fun of meeting them again and of knowing them better. The fact is that before long Mr. Chester will write for Cosmopolitan a series of "Young Wallingford" stories—not for a minute forgetting J. Rufus and Blackie, but bringing "Jim" and his side-partner "Toad" a little nearer to the limelight. We just mention it here—"lest we forget." The present Wallingford series will go on—you absolutely insist upon it—until further notice. In this story Wallingford picks up a street-paving contract. Another man does the work, but J. Rufus and Blackie get the "honest graft"

By George Randolph Chester

Author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "The Cash Intrigue," etc.

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

"YOU lose your bet, Jim," announced Blackie Daw, looking up from the Tarryville *Banner* and reaching mechanically for his glass of lemonade.

"I have no unsettled bets," protested Wallingford, opening the door of the cellarette between Blackie's red set of Mark Twain and his green set of "The World's History," to find something with which to temper the plainness of his drink. "Moreover, I don't feel any hunch in my system for a bet."

"You're going to make one right now," insisted Blackie, carefully replacing a life-size picture of Horace G. Daw in the center library window. "You'll bet me that you know what a Sizzlebite is, and I'll win. You may as well pay me."

Wallingford poured a fair-size portion of amber liquid into his lemonade, and carefully tasted it. "Where did you find Sizzlebite, and how do you spell it, and has it a tail, or do you get it in a bucket?"

"It's a political term," replied Blackie, gloomily. "That's why it annoys me to be ignorant."

"Don't worry about it," Wallingford comforted him. "In less than two weeks we'll have you elected mayor of Tarryville on the straight Reform ticket, without the aid of a scandal, a purchased vote, or a Sizzlebite. Does it seem to be anything like a gerrymander?"

"No; it's a rake-off," explained Blackie, looking at his watch, and buttoning the Prince Albert which he now wore every evening. "It's part of the repaving of the main road which bisects this county from stem to stern, passing through Mount Hopeso, Fevermarsh, Tarryville, Whistlawn, and Catty Manor, the expense thereof being borne pro rata by the municipalities above mentioned."

"Bravo!" applauded Wallingford. "Hurrah for Daw and Reform! But what about Sizzlebite?"

"It's the code word of the specifications which the county commissioners have just promulgated," went on Blackie, testing his voice two or three times on that last word. "We ought to hear that band by this time. Pro-mulgated; pro-mulgated. There are several other ingredients which look fairly familiar in these specifications, but Sizzlebite is a ringer. There's to be two pounds of it in every square yard, and I thirst for information."

"You'll find the answer ready made," suggested Wallingford. "All you have to do is to call up the county commissioners and find out whose brother-in-law controls the stuff."

"Graft and corruption!" indignantly declaimed Blackie. "That ought to be a pretty good thing, Jim. There must be twenty miles of that road, and it's an average of thirty feet wide. How many square yards would that be?"

Wallingford, his professional instincts aroused, drew a pad of paper toward himself and figured it up. "Three hundred and fifty-two thousand square yards," he announced with a chuckle. "Why, Blackie, a

ten-cent-a-pound profit on Sizzlestuff would amount to over seventy thousand dollars."

"I guess they all have brothers-in-law," surmised Blackie.

"Seventy thousand," mused Wallingford almost hungrily.

"And the people pay," solemnly intoned Blackie. "I suppose the contractors get another rake-off; else, why contract?"

"And the sub-contractors another one, and the village officials another, and the suburban defenders of the public rights, like the Tarryville *Banner*, another," commented Wallingford. "That paving will be contracted for at about a dollar and a half a yard, and its actual cost, outside of the Sizzlegraft, won't be over nineteen cents."

"The business should be systematized," declared Blackie. "There's too many middlemen's profits."

Wallingford was lost in deep thought. He smoked one of Blackie's cigarettes and drank some more of Blackie's lemonade, while Blackie carried out to the card-pedestal just inside the front door a pile of neat hand-bills bearing the portrait of Horace G. Daw and the slogan, "Down with Graft!"

"Say, Blackie, you know who the county commissioners are, don't you?" inquired Wallingford when the Reform candidate returned.

"As a progressive citizen, alive to the needs and abuses of a growing and prosperous municipality," sonorously began Blackie, with his hand in the bosom of his Prince Albert.

"Who are they?" interrupted Wallingford.

"Tommy Harvester," stated Blackie curtly. "As a patriotic voter, bent on disseminating and promulgating—"

"You don't say so," broke in Wallingford with a pleased expression. "I didn't know Tommy lived out this way, or I'd have guessed that he was director of the works." He grabbed Blackie's desk 'phone with one hand and leafed through the 'phone-book with the other, while Blackie, standing thin and straight in front of a pier-glass let into the book-shelves opposite the cellarette, made graceful oratorial gestures, and practised on words containing nice round "o" sounds.

"Mount Hopeso eight-o-seven," directed Wallingford, making figures with his disengaged hand while he waited.

"Hello," presently shouted a voice which sounded like that of a red-faced man with a yellow mustache. "Who is this calling?"

"J. Rufus Wallingford."

"J. Ru— oh, hello, Jim!" greeted Tommy cordially. "Where are you; jail?"

"Blackie Daw's. He's running for mayor of Tarryville," explained Wallingford. "You know Blackie."

"He's a credit to politics. I hope he wins!" responded Tommy warmly. "What can I do for you, Jim?"

"Pass me a little info. Who controls Sizzlebite?"

"Harry Gootch. He's a brother-in-law of Sam Ross."

"County commissioner?"

"Ross is," replied Tommy. "Gootch is just a plain slob. Why do you want to know?"

"I like the name of the stuff," chuckled Wallingford. "Who's to be the head contractor for this new county road?"

"Whoever can buy enough Sizzlebite," returned Tommy promptly. "We're playing no favorites. The county commission can't let any contracts, you know."

"I guessed that from the necessity for Sizzlebite," laughed Wallingford. "Where can I find Mr. Gootch?"

"Don't fuss with him," advised Tommy. "I can tell you anything you want to know. Sizzlebite's twenty cents a pound, and there's seven hundred thousand pounds of it to be sold."

"Twenty cents a pound!" repeated Wallingford. "What is the stuff?"

"Well, I ain't sure yet of anything but the selling price," hesitated Tommy.

"Slack coal's a good ingredient," suggested Wallingford. "It has a rich, solid color. However, that's up to you. Don't do business with anybody till you see me, Tommy."

Violet Bonnie came bounding into the room, with her cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkling. "The parade's coming!" she announced, and to corroborate that statement the blare of a band broke out somewhere in the foreground.

"Is the American flag hauled up?" inquired Blackie, with the thoughtful care of a good general.

"It goes up as they turn in at the gate," responded Violet. "I left Fannie watching it."

"Is the barrel of cider on the front porch?"

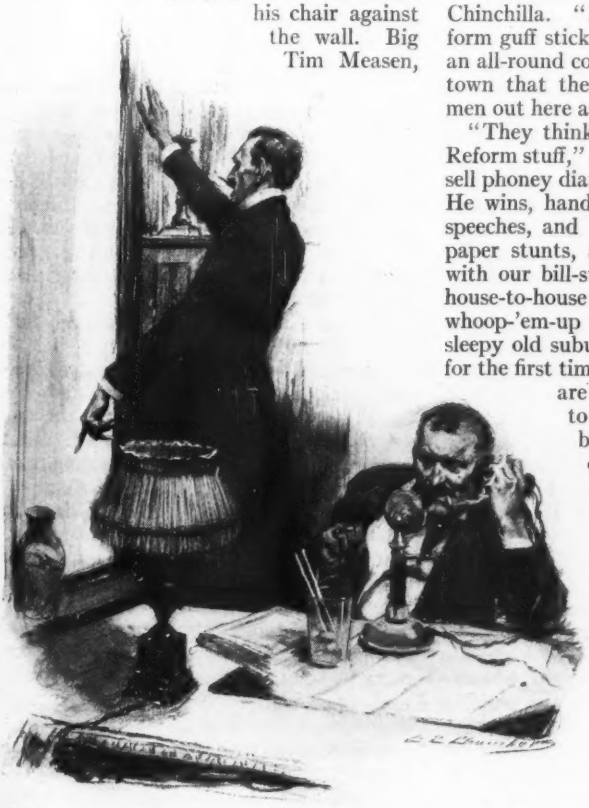
"I'll bet you," she assured him. "With six dozen new tin cups and a case of stogies.

Your picture's in every window, and the toy electric lights around them are all lit up. The moving-picture show's ready to spring at any minute, and Polly Pollet is just fizzing with his lecture."

"Very well, then; lead me to it," consented Blackie resignedly, assuming his most dignified pose. "I am in the hands of my friends. If my fellow citizens insist on my appearing before them, I shall address them, even though I am taken by surprise. Say, Jim, I want you to count the house out there, and if there's less than two hundred and fifty in that parade, I'll dock Billy Cushman a dollar a head."

II

MAYOR WILLIAMS sat in his unpalatial office in the Tarryville city hall, with his knees under his desk and his chair against the wall. Big Tim Measen, with his hair polished smoothly over his knobs, sat across from him with his knees under the same desk and his chair against the opposite partition. Thus working at the responsible business of city government, there was room for but one more person, a limitation which had its advantages, since the business of government is best transacted—and safest—with the fewest possible number in conference.



Blackie, standing thin and straight in front of a pier-glass let into the bookshelves opposite the cellarette, made graceful oratorial gestures

"Looks like we can count up," suggested Big Tim. "We got ours."

"The new boulevard slips us," reminded Mayor Williams, more popularly known as Chinchilla, because of his untamable beard; "I hate to lose that."

"It's for Blackie," decided Big Tim sadly. "It is a snide trick of the county commissioners to show us a nice ripe peach like that just as we get on our train."

"Do we travel, though?" questioned Chinchilla. "Blackie can't make that Reform guff stick. We've made his record as an all-round con. man so well known in this town that the life insurance and railroad men out here are jealous of him."

"They think he's on the level with this Reform stuff," denied Big Tim. "He could sell phoney diamonds to a professional tout. He wins, hands down. Jim Wallingford's speeches, and Paul Pollet's circus newspaper stunts, and that office kid's scraps with our bill-stickers, and Violet Bonnie's house-to-house canvass, and Blackie's crazy whoop-'em-up methods have made this sleepy old suburb know it had a campaign for the first time since the Civil War. Men are going to stay in the village to vote who haven't cast a ballot since they were twenty-one. They laugh their heads off every time election is mentioned, and they'll laugh when they go to the polls. Blackie could get elected if he had 'Graft and Corruption' on his banners in place of 'Reform.'"

"Well, we've done the best we could," the mayor consoled himself, glancing at the much-penciled sheet of paper in front of him. "We've contracted all the city improvements

for the next ten years, and if the cheap-skate contractors don't turn crooked and skin us out of our bit we ought to have a pretty fair income. It's as good as having money out at interest."

"They'll skin us all right," decided Big Tim gloomily; "that is, unless we can get back in the next campaign." He pulled the sheet of paper toward him and inspected the figures with the sedate, half-mournful interest of a man who is retiring from business with a comfortable ledger balance which might have been more.

"I'm afraid we've overplayed ourselves," worried the mayor. "The town will never grow fast enough to put in all that sewerage we've contracted."

"That's all right," Big Tim comforted him. "They can put in two lines on some streets. It's been done. We've cleaned up pretty well for a small town."

"I hate to leave Blackie anything, though," fretted the mayor. "He don't need it. He's an expert, and an inventor. He'll pull off new stunts in graft in the next two years that could be used as a political text-book. Hello, Jim Wallingford. Come in and make yourself comfortable."

"You lollops'll have to move out then," Wallingford laughed, squeezing into a chair at the end of the desk.

"Not for a couple of years," refused Chinchilla, bound not to give up the ship in public.

"I couldn't get a bet out of you at fifty to one," scorned Wallingford. "I didn't come in to hold a bluffing match with you fellows, though. I didn't even come in as Jim Wallingford. I came as the President of the Sizzlebite Paving Construction Company."

"Have a cigar," offered Big Tim hastily. "Chinchilla, reach down for that bottle and a glass for the gentleman. Mr. Wallingford, have this chair. It's more comfortable."

"You seem to be expecting me," guessed Wallingford with a grin.

"Far from thus," corrected Big Tim. "We didn't expect to be so lucky."

"You seem to recognize that Sizzlebite password," observed Wallingford, lighting his own cigar in preference to the one Big Tim had offered him.

"At a glance," acknowledged the mayor. "We lamped the Sizzlebite plum from afar, but figured that to be laid over for Blackie, if he wins."

"Nothing doing with Blackie," Wallingford advised them. "He's heading the Reform ticket."

"Nobody's worrying about Blackie," laughed Big Tim. "He gets his coming and going. How about this Sizzlebite thing? Have we time enough to get in?"

"How soon can you hold a council meeting?" inquired Wallingford.

"In fifteen minutes," promised the mayor, reaching for his 'phone.

"There's no need to pant," objected Wallingford, stopping him. "To-morrow will do. I don't suppose there's much use talking business, except to mention the terms."

"Anything you name will be all right," offered Big Tim. "The boys know this is their last chance."

"Do you intend to build the road yourself?" asked the mayor.

"Me!" chuckled Wallingford. "I never built anything but a plan of action in my life. All I intend to do is to get the contracts, and I just dropped in to see if you fellows are ready."

"Where's your contract?" demanded the mayor, producing his fountain pen.

"I haven't any printed, nor the copy written," smiled Wallingford. "I haven't even settled on the price, but I think it'll be a dollar and a half a square yard. Twenty-five cents of that will go to the officials, I'll take twenty-five myself, and hand the game over to a regular paving contractor at a dollar a yard."

"He can make a swell profit at that price," figured Big Tim.

"About fifteen cents," estimated Wallingford. "He has to pay out forty for Sizzlebite, and split up ten among the suburban newspapers along the route. That leaves thirty-five cents to be spent on making the road."

"It can be done," judged Chinchilla. "Although, if the road were to be made according to the specifications published in the *Banner* last night, it would cost a dollar and a half."

"It would if it had to carry forty cents of this county-commissioner graft stuff," corroborated Big Tim. "However, public-work specifications belong in the Sunday Supplement."

"They class with poetry," agreed Wallingford, rising. "I'll get a form contract ready to-night, boys, and mail you a copy in a day or so. Lay your pipe-lines right away to have it all signed up."

"It'll come back to you on the next mail," promised Big Tim. "The boys'll be tickled stiff to skin Blackie out of this. Why are you dishing him?"

"Blackie has nothing to do with it," Wallingford assured them. "He's on the Reform ticket."

"You're practising your next speech," charged Chinchilla, half enviously.

"Maybe," admitted J. Rufus, laughing; "but I speak from the heart," and walking out into the six-foot rotunda, he surprised a thin-legged boy in the very act of pasting an atrocious caricature of Chinchilla Williams on the floor of the city hall.

The boy, affectionately known to Blackie as "Legs" and "Jesse James" and any other ignominious name which came handy, returned stealthily when he saw Wallingford. "Was you in the mayor's office?" he wanted to know.

"Right-o, Spider," answered Wallingford, smiling down at him and handing him the customary quarter. "I have just come from an interview with his Honor."

"Go back in and talk loud a minute, won't you?" begged the boy. "I've been tryin' for three days to sneak this poster on his door," and he held up a gorgeously printed cartoon of Horace G. Daw, embellished with the legend, "Vote for Honest Horace!"

"I am sorry to see this tendency in you, Spraddles," gravely reproved Wallingford. "It smacks of underhanded methods. Nevertheless, I shall go back."

He looked over his shoulder as he reentered the office, but the Boy Terror was nowhere to be seen. He was hiding, in an ecstasy of mysteriousness, behind the tall pedestal which supported the thirty-dollar statue—nobody knew why—of Nathan Hale.

"Gentlemen," said Wallingford with solemn pomposity as he reentered the room, "I neglected to explain to you the tremendous advantage of Sizzlebite as an ingredient, in the proportion of two pounds to the square yard of boulevard paving, and I have returned to remedy that neglect, so that you may present the advantages of this material at the next meeting of your cautious and conservative council. Sizzlebite, gentlemen," and here, becoming aware of a crackling and rustling and swabbing sound behind him, he raised his voice, "is a rare mineral, mined in the solitudes of the Soudan Desert, which serves to give a protoplastic ho-mo-geneity to roadways intended for the use of that modern ve-hicle, the pneumatic tired au-to-mobile. It is brought to America at vast expense, in specially chartered steamers, and is fused in specially constructed crucibles of solid clay." A mysterious rap on the glass of the door which was hidden by his broad bulk apprised him, with three knocks, a pause, a knock, a pause, and a knock, that the deadly deed was done. "After which interesting process, gentlemen, the dividends are declared."

"Bravo!" laughed Chinchilla Williams. "Blackie Daw, in his palmiest days, never made a better speech to a bunch of ginks in front of a three-shell board."

"Blackie Daw," asserted Wallingford with deep feeling, "is a changed man. He is against graft."

The laughter upon this was long and loud, and Wallingford had a grin on his own face as he once more stepped into the rotunda. On the door of the office of Chinchilla Williams were not one but three tightly glued posters extolling the honesty of Horace G. Daw, and decrying the contemptible villainy of wicked Williams.

III

THE mayor of Fevermarsh proved to be a yellow-complexioned man with mournful eyes, who received the impressive J. Rufus Wallingford with a cordiality only one degree removed from personal enmity.

"The Sizzlebite Paving Construction Company?" he commented. "I never heard of the concern," and his eye roved with positive hatred over the vast curving area of Wallingford's chest.

"Possibly not," admitted Wallingford suavely, studying his man in perplexity. There were lines in his face, and particularly about his eyes, which made the experienced promoter guess him to be "approachable," and yet, why that distinctly hostile attitude? "The wide use of automobiles has developed many new fields of industry, and has changed many others. Sizzlebite paving has very properly come to be the only recognized road material for automobile highways, and conscientious county commissioners, those who wish to handle the funds of the people with true economy, are insisting on its use everywhere."

"I suppose so," granted Mayor Jaunder,

his resentful eyes resting on Wallingford's big, round, pink face. "They've forced it on Fevermarsh, anyhow, and so, I presume, it is merely a matter of finding where we can make the best terms."

"The best terms you can secure will be from the Sizzlebite Paving Construction Company," Wallingford placidly informed him. "We positively control the material, and the price is the same to one and to all."

"I see," admitted the mayor with a dour scowl at Wallingford's plump and bediamonded hand. "You have a monopoly, and we have nothing to say about it. The price is so much, and we pay it. Fortunately, the present town council does not need to burden itself with the opprobrium of having saddled the township with this heavy expense, which, no matter how unjustly, will be charged against this administration."

"We should infinitely prefer to do business with the present council," returned Wallingford hastily, setting the man right in his misapprehension. "The Sizzlebite Company is by no means anxious to take advantage of its apparently superior position, and it is not disposed to be ungenerous; in fact, quite the contrary."

The mayor seemed more interested, although no more friendly. "What is the price of Sizzlebite paving?" he wanted to know.

"That depends on the amount of cooperation we receive from the authorities in carrying out the specifications," replied Wallingford. "Who is the proper person to see in regard to the necessary business arrangements?"

"The town council," advised the mayor; "although I could carry them your offer."

"I think we're coming at it," decided Wallingford, hitching up his chair and wondering at the sudden flare of dislike which he encountered. It was so positive that he was once more in doubt.

"Then why don't you come to the point?" demanded Mr. Jaunder, producing a little bottle of pills from his vest pocket and taking two of them. "You spoke something about the price depending on what degree of cooperation the authorities gave you in helping you carry out your specifications."

"Well, yes," hesitated Wallingford, deciding that he had made a mistake.

"I suppose that the generosity of which you spoke will be in inverse ratio to the amount of help we give you in seeing that we get what we pay for."

"Well, yes," again admitted Wallingford, feeling decidedly uncomfortable, as he became more and more aware of Mr. Jaunder's intense loathing for him.

"In that case, I may as well tell you that the authorities of this incorporated municipality are far too busy with other matters to pay any attention to the work. Now, what's your offer?"

"A dollar and a half a square yard."

"Net?"

"Gross."

"What's the rebate?"

"Twenty-five cents a square yard, which you may turn back into the town treasury or put into any other fund you see fit."

Mr. Jaunder regarded Wallingford's neck with deep malignity for two minutes. "For our entire and complete cooperation in regard to the carrying out of your specifications, you'll have to make the rebate thirty," he declared.

"I don't see where the actual contractor's going to get by with it at that price," worried Wallingford. "There's only thirty-five cents a yard figured now to go into the construction, and, at thirty cents, I'm afraid some sections of your road wouldn't be over an inch thick."

"It will have the proper amount of Sizzlebite in it, won't it?" demanded the mayor.

"Two pounds to the square yard."

"That's what makes the road right for auto use, isn't it?"

"Well, certainly," granted Wallingford, still worried.

"Then it's up to the county commissioners," decided Jaunder. "They specified the stuff. By the way, though, if it comes to a show-down, you don't need to take that five cents off the contractor. You can take it off of somebody else; yourself, for instance."

"I'll take it off of you," asserted Wallingford, rising, suddenly out of patience with the man's personal treatment of him. "You get twenty-five cents, and, if there's any interference with the contractors, the cost of it will be deducted from your rebate. I don't care whether you get a rebate or not, to tell you the truth. We have the goods on you, and you have to take our stuff. You've treated me as if I were an enemy



DRAWN BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

The mayor of Fevermarsh proved to be a yellow-complexioned man with mournful eyes, who received the impressive J. Rufus Wallingford with a cordiality only one degree removed from personal enmity

ever since I came in here, and I came to do you a favor. What's the matter with me?"

"You're so infernal healthy!" complained the man, with almost a snarl. "Now, sit down and let's talk business, Mr. Wallingford. I want that extra five cents on the side for myself. I have to get out of this climate."

"Why didn't you say that in the first place?" chuckled Wallingford. "I know where we can get that extra five cents for you. This stretch of the county road is exceptionally difficult, isn't it; hills and swampy land, and all that?"

"Not at all," protested the mayor, with the immediate instinct of local patriotism.

"Yes, it is," insisted Wallingford. "You don't know how difficult it is, from the contractor's standpoint. We'll have to charge a dollar fifty-five for this section."

"Make it a dollar sixty," urged the mayor, his mournful eyes beginning to glisten.

"Anything you like," agreed Wallingford. "I'll send you a blank contract, and you can fill it in to suit yourself, just remembering that the Sizzlebite Paving Construction Company gets a dollar and a quarter net."

"That's better," decided the mayor. "I'll figure around with the boys a little. I think maybe we can dig out a dollar sixty-five, or even more. Fevermarsh is a wealthy community, and can afford the best."

Wallingford then hurried away to interview the leading official of Mount Hopeso.

That gentleman, who was deeply interested in a pamphlet on "Reform in Politics," by Horace G. Daw, was a solemn-faced man of such dignity that his cheeks rounded down below his jaws like the wattles of a turkey, and when he stood up he had great difficulty in keeping himself from falling over backward.

That conversation was a very stern and severe one. Mayor Popple made it immediately apparent that there would be no chicanery or buncombe about this matter of the paving.

"First of all, I wish you to understand that I am very much offended that the county commissioners have made it impossible for us to obtain our paving by competitive bids," he announced. "I have already stated my opinion of that matter to Mr. Harvester, in no very uncertain terms, and I think he understands my displeasure."

"Yes, so Tommy told me," admitted Wallingford deferentially. "It is customary, I presume you know, for concerns such as mine to allow a certain percentage—"

"I know what you are going to say, sir, and you need not continue," Mr. Popple sonorously interrupted him. "There will be nothing of that sort in this case."

"So Tommy told me," returned Wallingford, still dryly.

"I am glad that he did," responded the mayor, smoothing back the dry and colorless hair from his forehead. "I am glad that Mr. Harvester knows that much about me. I was elected by the people of Mount Hopeso, because they believed in my honor and integrity. I have deserved their confidence, and I expect to be reelected. No taint of questionable methods, nor even any stain of suspicion, has rested on my administration. What will be the price of Sizzlebite paving?"

"One dollar and a half a square yard," stated Wallingford, calmly but firmly.

"A dollar and a half," mused the mayor. "Now understand me, Mr. Wallingford; your price must be shorn of all rebates, concessions, and—I dislike even to use the word—briberies. I want your rock-bottom figure."

"So Tommy told me," agreed Wallingford softly. "The price will be a dollar and a half."

The mayor cleared his throat. "Mr. Harvester informed me that you did not expect to do the actual construction work yourself."

"No," admitted Wallingford, repressing a smile and offering no help.

"You will probably sublet the work."

"Quite likely," assented Wallingford, and waited.

"I understand that you have not yet made arrangements for your sub-contract."

"No."

"I know local conditions very well indeed, and if I can be of any help to you in the matter of selecting a suitable contractor I shall be very happy to render you that courtesy."

"Thank you," accepted Wallingford. "Who are the leading local contractors?"

"Well," hesitated the mayor, "Trimmins and Crumb are the leading ones, I believe, but the best results are nearly always obtained by enlisting young blood; at least, such has been my experience. There is a young man here, by the name of Weakson, who might be worth an interview, since he

can enlist the support of reliable men. Personally, I should be very earnest about enlisting your cooperation with him, but, owing to my official position alone, I cannot permit myself to recommend him too urgently."

"Tommy told me about him," said Wallingford, looking at his watch. "Your sister's son, I believe."

"And a very estimable young man. You will find him, at this hour, in the law office of Grubel and Harker."

"Both members of the town council," added Wallingford, rising. "I shall see Mr. Weakson at once."

"Of course you can do nothing definite," the mayor reminded him. "I think seriously of questioning the authority of the county commissioners to force on us a material of their selection."

With this threat of honest and upright Mayor Popple echoing in his ears, Wallingford sought young Weakson, whom he found to be a goggle-eyed youth with a number thirteen neck, and concluded business with him in something like three minutes, that business consisting in having young Weakson prove that he could raise enough money, from his uncle, the mayor, and the members of the town council, to pay for Sizzlebite and Wallingford's twenty-five cents a yard, throughout the entire length of the county road.

This detail being arranged, Wallingford hurried right back over his path to Whistlawn, the mayor of which place was a real-estate dealer who dressed up to his black-rimmed spectacles, and wore a brisk air, one glance at which told Wallingford exactly what to expect.

"Now let's get right to it," said Mayor Sterling. "This Sizzlebite proposition is a hold-up, and you and I know it, but whatever theft there is in it stops with you and the county commission. All we want in Whistlawn is a good road. What's it going to cost us?"



The leading official of Mount Hopeso was a solemn-faced man of such dignity that when he stood up he had great difficulty in keeping himself from falling over backward

"A dollar and a half a square yard," Wallingford quietly informed him.

"Don't let's fool up any time," urged Sterling." I shouldn't be bothering with this matter anyhow. Decision in the affair is up to the board of aldermen, but, since they shove all these things on my shoulders, let's get through with it. I've told you there's to be no rake-off, rebate, bonus, or gift to any official in this township, and yet you quote me the same price you've made in the sections where I, personally, know they'd steal the strap off a blind man's dog."

"Certainly," admitted Wallingford. "I know exactly what you want. A good road."

Mayor Sterling was silent for a moment, while he revolved that proposition in his mind. "How do we know we'll get the difference in value?" he demanded.

"Hire a man you can trust to watch the work."

"I guess you're right," decided Mayor Sterling. "How much would it cost to have

the road made absolutely according to specifications?"

"You'd better make it a dollar seventy-five," suggested Wallingford; "and I'll fix it up with the sub-contractor to see that you get a square deal."

"All right," agreed Mayor Sterling, and closed his desk with a slam. "We'll hire that man anyhow."

In Catty Manor, Wallingford found the town council in session, and received permission to make them an address. He talked for fifteen minutes on the advantages of Sizzlebite, and made it very plain to the assembled lawmakers that the Sizzlebite Paving Construction Company was a concern which held its proud position through merit alone, since it had never given a penny of bonus money to any person in authority. All he asked the city council to do, after making a contract with him, was to appoint a reliable inspector, and send the inspector to him; which they did, waiting outside after the meeting while Wallingford and the inspector had their highly satisfactory chat.

Before he started back home, Wallingford dropped in at the Catty Manor bank and telephoned Tommy Harvester. "It's on," he said, with much satisfaction. "I'll bring my check-book over. What time will you be home?"

"Till you get here," announced Tommy decisively. "Have any trouble?"

"Why?" chuckled Wallingford. "By the way, Tommy; what's the color of Sizzlebite?"

"Black, I think," replied Tommy.

IV

With music and lights and literature and oratory, all increasing in a furious crescendo up to the very day of election, Blackie Daw was wafted into the mayoralty of Tarryville on a gale of good-humored popularity seldom equaled and never excelled. On the day after he had taken his seat, amid impressive ceremonies devised by himself, Big Tim and Chinchilla Williams called on him to exhibit a thin youth.

"This is Clarence Weakson, Blackie," introduced Big Tim. "He's the sub-contractor for the Sizzlebite road. You want to treat him right."

"I'll be here to do it," promised Blackie, shaking hands cordially with young Weakson, who limply allowed him to do it. "Either Polly or myself will be on the ground when every load of material is dumped. Say, Bandit, jump Polly in here, will you?"

Bandit, in a new suit of dark red plentifully embellished with brass buttons and wearing the grin of a proud victor, was out of the room in one bound and back in another, followed by a compact young man who wore thick eye-glasses and a stiff yellow pompadour.

"Paul Pollet, gentlemen," introduced Blackie. "Big Tim and Chinchilla Williams you know, Crackers, and Mr. Weakson here you will become better acquainted with. He is the Sizzlebite contractor. Watch him."

"We won't have a bit of trouble," returned Mr. Pollet, shaking the limp hand of the lucky sub-contractor.

"Not much danger," laughed Big Tim. "Weakson's well backed and will come right across with the rebate."

"There won't be any rebate," observed Blackie.

"Quit kidding," chided Chinchilla Williams. "You didn't suppose we were going to keep it all ourselves, did you?"

"We knew you'd see the play through just out of friendly feeling," added Big Tim; "but I talked this all over with the boys, and they're willing to have you split in for your bit."

"I don't understand you," asserted Blackie, smiling cheerfully. "Tarryville has contracted for three miles of road, at a dollar and a half a square yard, to be built under certain specifications, of which Substitute-Mayor Pollet and myself each have a copy. That's all."

Big Tim sat down opposite Blackie, in the same chair he had so often occupied during the incumbency of Mayor Williams. "I didn't think you'd do this, Blackie," he protested. "The retiring council did all the work, and you're making a play for all the rake-off."

Blackie turned to Paul Pollet sadly. "I told you we'd never get credit for honest intentions," he regretfully charged. "Show them the cement-tester."

Paul Pollet threw open the door of the adjoining room. "Finest that money could buy," he bragged, displaying the row of odd-looking contrivances ranged along the wall. "I took an engineering course at college, before I went into vaudeville and sold life



Blackie was on his feet in an instant. "Get out of my office!" he ordered. "I told you ordinary fakers, first, last, and all the time, that I was, and intended to be, strictly on the level"

insurance and traveled with a circus and entered the flowery field of journalism, but testing the crushing strength of cement was my first and only love. I'm teaching Blackie how to secure high-grade paving materials."

Mr. Weakson blinked and gulped. It began to dawn on even him that contracting was not all profit. "What all's in those specifications?" he demanded of Big Tim.

"Outside of two pounds of Sizzlebite, how do I know!" Big Tim savagely returned. "Nobody ever pays any attention to specifications anyhow."

"Ask Polly what's in them," suggested Blackie, with a prideful proprietorship in that capable and energetic young man.

"A dollar and a half's worth of good, substantial road-making material," replied Pollet, producing a copy of the specifications from his pocket.

"Good Lord!" groaned young Weakson. "Why. Measen, there won't be a cent left for you. I've already paid Mr. Wallingford twenty-five thousand dollars cash, and sixty-three thousand dollars in notes for his contracts, besides tying up all the money in the world for Sizzlebite."

"I know," assented Blackie. "Jim paid me my share. I was the other partner in the Sizzlebite Paving Construction Company; but that's got nothing to do with this deal. We took contracts for a dollar and a half, and sublet them for a dollar and a quarter, and collected the difference."

"You crook!" blazed Big Tim Measen, shaking his fist.

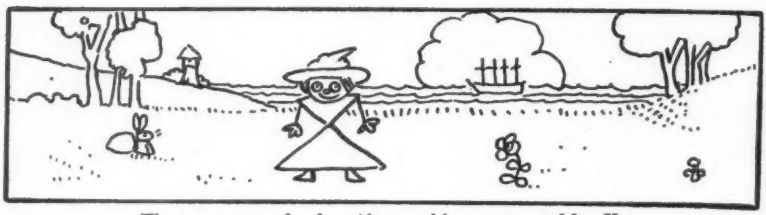
Blackie was on his feet in an instant. "Get out of my office!" he ordered. "I told you ordinary fakers, first, last, and all the time, that I was, and intended to be, strictly on the level. This," and he looked about the little room and its new mottoes with complacency, "this is a Reform Administration."

The next story of ***"Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford"*** will appear in the June issue.

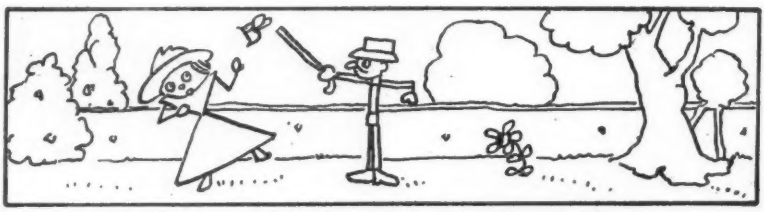
Stung!

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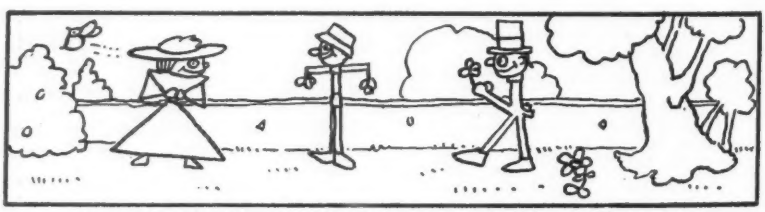
Childe Harold



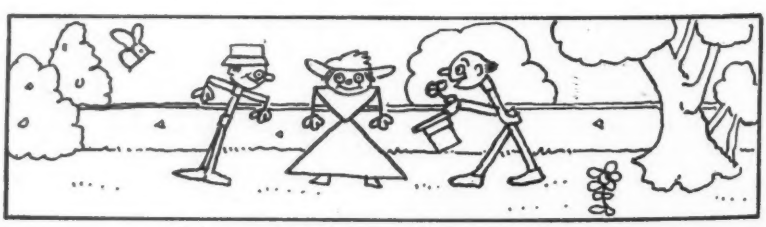
There was once a lovely widow, and her name was Mrs. X;
And she was worth her weight in gold, and 20,000 Mex.



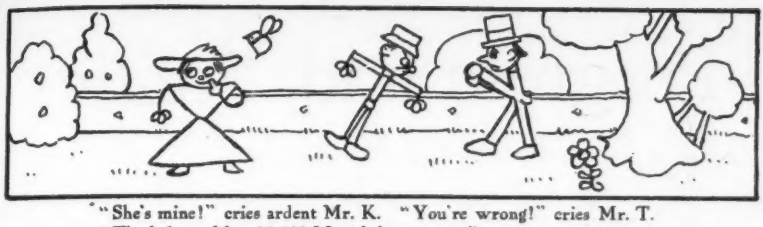
And one morning in her garden, while attack-ed by a B,
She was rescued from her peril by this charming Mr. T.



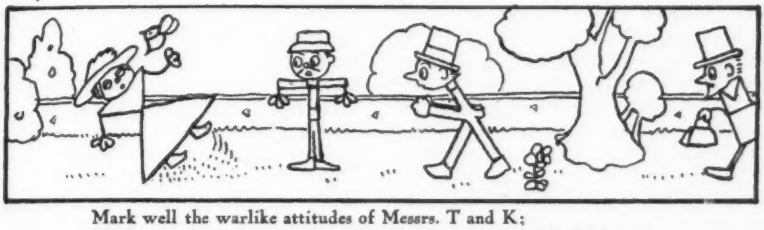
Just then there entered on the scene a gentleman named K,
Who also loved the widow in his own peculiar way.



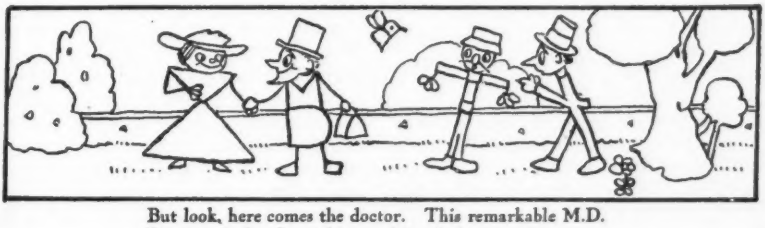
So here are all the elements of farce, or tragedy:
Two suitors, lovely widow, and a poor bedazzled B.



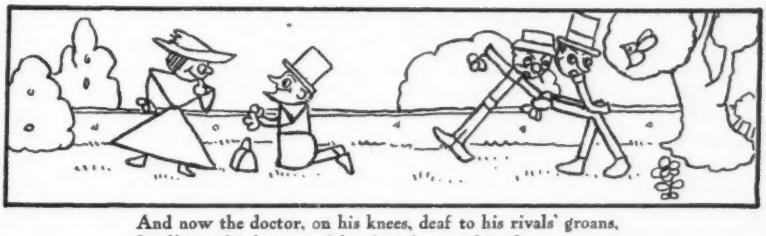
"She's mine!" cries ardent Mr. K. "You're wrong!" cries Mr. T.
"The lady and her 20,000 Mex. belong to me."



Mark well the warlike attitudes of Messrs. T and K;
Mark, too, the widow. "Stung!" cries she, and promptly faints away.



But look, here comes the doctor. This remarkable M.D.
Revives the lovely widow, and is asked to stay to tea.



And now the doctor, on his knees, deaf to his rivals' groans,
Is offering his heart, and hand, and everything he owns.



Three years have passed. They're married now. But still the little B
That brought the doctor to his mate is cherished lovingly.

Progress and Politics

By Alfred Henry Lewis

SAID one Mr. Connell, speaking of Mr. Wilson: "Professor Wilson grows each day beautifully less. He will not carry the state of New Jersey for the Democracy if he should be nominated."

The same word arrives from every corner of the country, and the Democratic feeling is growing that Mr. Wilson, regarded Presidentially, will not do. Also, the feeling is not without a fact or two to stand upon. When Mr. Wilson's canvass began, he had been heard of only as a Democrat who had carried New Jersey. Since then he has become known for other matters not at all in his political favor. That Mr. Wilson should lose ground as a candidate is not so much the miracle as that he should have any ground to lose.

A POLITICAL WHIRLIGIG

The people, seeking a President, insist upon certain qualities, and prime among these qualities is the quality of stability. And if stability be the word, who more than Mr. Wilson has blown first hot and then cold? He writes his Joline letter in 1907, and "wishes there was some way, at once dignified and effective, to knock Mr. Bryan into a cocked hat." Five years later, he bespatters Mr. Bryan eulogistically as "the one man whose broadened mind has been able to see what is the matter and to point it out to the public." In 1907 he teaches the youth of Princeton that the recall, the initiative, and the referendum are but the wiles of some Satan of politics, and five years later he announces that, the scales having fallen from his eyes, he sees clearly how those proposed reforms are the one best hope of a democracy.

Then there was that begging for a Carnegie pension, and Mr. Wilson's outstretched eagerness, while denouncing protectionists as criminals and protection as crime, to feather his nest with the yellow plumage of protection. And because every rightly built man, with warm blood in his veins, is inclined to hold with the ancient Persians that ingratitude should be a capital offense, Mr. Wilson's dismissal of Colonel Harvey—after that hero-hunting editor had done all he could to help him—with the cool suggestion that "the time has now come, Harvey, when your support is injuring me, and you must stop it," created the wide-flung impression that the heart which could support such an attitude was but the cold heart of a snake. Is it among things strange then that, with what new winds were thus set blowing, Mr. Wilson's candidacy should begin to make sternway?

Mr. Wilson's mere presence in politics evokes wonder among those who know his story. There may be nothing in a name, but there's something in a strain. Mr. Wilson's grandfather was a Scotch Presbyterian from the regions about Glasgow. His grandmother was an Irish Presbyterian from the heart of County Down. They came to America in 1804. His grandfather edited papers in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Steubenville, Ohio.

Mr. Wilson's father was a Presbyterian preacher, and filled pulpits in Ohio. In 1858, when Mr. Wilson was three years old, his family moved to Georgia and took him along. Wilson, *père*, was preaching in Augusta when the Civil War broke out, and, for all his Buckeye emanation, he became—in sentiment, not arms—a redhot Confederate. The family moved to South Carolina, then to North Carolina, finally to settle in Wilmington.

THE ARMOR THAT HE BEARS

Mr. Wilson, as a youth, went to Davidson College, and later to Princeton. Having graduated at Princeton, he studied law in Virginia. Following which he failed and fell flat in attempting its practice in Atlanta. At twenty-seven he went to Johns Hopkins and took up the Science of Government, and was given his degree of Ph.D. at twenty-nine, upon writing his "Congressional Government." Then he taught economics to the girls at Bryn Mawr and next to the boys at a Connecticut college. All to culminate in 1892 as a professor at Princeton, of which university he became president after eight years of logrolling. His Princeton policy, as he de-

clared it when he took up the reins of college government, was that he "would try and graduate the students as much unlike their fathers as possible." His rule hurt and did not help the college, and few regretted his Princeton departure when he went to Trenton as governor.

In all that time, dating from his trundle-bed days, Mr. Wilson registered but one unchallenged victory. He triumphed as a tenor in his Virginia law-school days. Indeed, there is still Old Dominion tradition of how—wearing a wild and melancholy mustache—he disturbed many a maiden pillow as a serenader, with "Speed away!" and "She sleeps, my lady sleeps."

And yet this slim paucity of victory did not keep down Mr. Wilson's yearning for office. Ex-Senator Smith was the unbridled boss of New Jersey. Smith was able and rich, a man who spent money in politics instead of making money out of politics, who adhered to his word and his friends—and had never asked for a pension. Mr. Wilson sought out Mr. Smith—whose friendship he had been thoughtfully cultivating—and asked to be made President.

Mr. Smith was more or less astonished, but recovered his poise. He recommended as a first step that Mr. Wilson try for New Jersey's governorship. Mr. Smith finally agreed to supply Mr. Wilson with the nomination, together with a campaign $75,000. Also, he would do his boss best to elect him. Mr. Wilson was pleased to accept the nomination, and the $75,000; after which, by a pull so long and strong that it almost split the machine harness into ribbons, Mr. Smith pulled Mr. Wilson through and landed him in the governor's chair at Trenton.

WITHOUT VIRTUE OF LOYALTY

On the heels of his oath as governor, Mr. Wilson—being a mugwump—very naturally denounced Mr. Smith as a corruptionist and a boss. Mr. Smith, being a corruptionist and a boss, he, Mr. Wilson, would have nothing to do with him. *Nota bene:* A mugwump, having a favor or an office to bestow, gives it to an enemy or a stranger, holding that to remember one's friends is the sure mark of the demagogue. Thus the mugwump proves his purity.

Being governor, and having so mugwumpishly kicked down the Smith ladder by which he had climbed, Mr. Wilson announced himself as a candidate for the Presidency. With that the popular mists, which ever envelop the learned and erudite, began to rise, and the world was given glimpses of the true outlines of Mr. Wilson. There came the Carnegie pension episode, and the Harvey episode; there came the Wilson flattery of Mr. Bryan, and the Wilson espousal of the recall, the initiative, and the referendum. Also, there came some grubber among books, with an 1897 copy of the *Atlantic Monthly*, in which Mr. Wilson showed that General Washington wasn't so much a patriot as a cheap pedler of real estate. Mr. Wilson felt that in this last connection our veneration for Washington as the Father of his country had been vastly misplaced.

MUCKRAKING GEORGE WASHINGTON

"Of course," said Mr. Wilson in his *Atlantic Monthly* article, and all with the jauntiness of one too clear of sentimental vision to be blinded, "he [Washington] had a direct pecuniary interest in the development of the Western lands—had himself preempted many a broad acre lying upon the fair Ohio, as upon the nearer Western slope of the mountains—and it is for anyone who likes the sinister suggestion to say that his ardor for the occupancy of the Western country was that of the land speculator, not that of the statesman."

Clearly, Mr. Wilson was himself "one who liked that sinister suggestion."

While mankind was rubbing its eyes, and trying to settle which it should follow, Washington or Mr. Wilson, as the better patriot and more honest man, Mr. Needham, through the *Outlook*—August, 1911—gave the situation a further jolt. As bearing upon the Wilsonian view of Washington, Mr. Needham printed a conversation with Mr. Wilson. Said Mr. Needham, addressing Mr. Wilson, as printed in the *Outlook:*

"You were speaking at the University Club banquet in Washington several years ago. It was Washington's Birthday."

Mr. Wilson nodded. "I remember the occasion very well," he said.

"In your speech you referred to Washington's Farewell Address, and interposed this parenthetical remark, 'which he did not write.' You did not explain who did write Washington's Farewell Address, nor did you indicate what authority you had for your statement. And it struck me at the time," I continued, "that the remark was pedan-

tic, a gratuitous slap at the Father of our country—and on his birthday, too."

The governor of New Jersey smiled. "I remember how I kicked myself after I had made that statement," he said. "I can only account for it in this way: that most men, on some occasion or other, *cannot resist the temptation to play the Smart Aleck.*"

A SHEAF OF EXPLANATIONS

More than once since unpouching his ambition to be made President, Mr. Wilson has been driven to explain himself to mankind. When, touching the recall, the initiative, and the referendum, he made that running switch of sentiment, and came out for their support, after having branded them as vicious fallacies for twenty Princeton years, his explanation was that the error of his ways had been suddenly—if not miraculously—made manifest unto him. That he hungered for a White House had had nothing to do with it. When, after describing Mr. Bryan as "a dangerous theorist" and wishing there "was some way, at once dignified and effective, to knock him into a cocked hat," he abruptly discovered that Mr. Bryan was "the one whose broadened mind has been able to see what is the matter, and point it out to the public," his explanation was that he had changed his mind. When he so ruthlessly scrap-heaped Colonel Harvey, "whose support was hurting him," and would no longer have his name at the head of *Harper's Weekly* as its candidate, his explanation was that his "was a one-track mind" and could accommodate but "one train of thought at a time." When, while denouncing, as crime and criminals, protection and protectionists, he begged that he be given a Carnegie pension, every dollar whereof would reek of protection, his explanation was that "anyone who went into politics, guided by sentiments of honor, laid his family and those dependent upon him for support at the mercy of any untoward turn of the wheel of fortune," and that it was "his duty," as much as he might, to provide against "such a contingency." When, after accepting a gubernatorial nomination, a $75,000 campaign fund, and his election from Mr. Smith, he refused to recognize Mr. Smith politically, his explanation was that Mr. Smith was a boss, a corruptionist, and the head of a machine.

But better than all these, as covering them one and all, was his explanation to Mr. Needham of his vilification of Washington. He had unbelted in those slanders against the great hero of our Revolution, simply because he had been unable, upon so fair an occasion, "to resist the temptation to play the Smart Aleck." That, with a last analysis, is the right, correct phrase for it. Mr. Wilson gives us his exact portrait when he calls himself a Smart Aleck. Also, once a Smart Aleck always a Smart Aleck.

By the light of Mr. Wilson's Smart Aleck explanation, the reason why his canvass is losing ground becomes excessively plain. The Presidency is not an office for a Smart Aleck. A Smart Aleck may have his uses, but they are never White House uses, and Mr. Wilson, as a Smart Aleck, puts himself outside the running.

At the time of that sad scrap-heaping of Colonel Harvey, a Wilson adherent came to the rescue after this manner:

"Doctor Wilson should not, perhaps, be blamed; since, however unlovely he may in certain lights appear, he is only what Heaven made him. While a monumental egotist, he is unconscious in his egotisms. He is a born deceiver, as much as any oyster, and takes whatever is done for him or given him as no more than his natural due. In every situation presented he sees only himself. Were he to find a man hungry, it wouldn't occur to him to feed the man. As a first if not a sole effect, it would but cause him to order a more elaborate dinner for himself. In any clash of interests, the doctor would burn another's barn to boil his own egg, and he would never once think of the barn or its owner. He would do these things and be these things unconsciously."

THE SPOT-LIGHT ON A MYSTERY

How much more graphically, not to say sufficiently, does Mr. Wilson explain the enigma of himself, when in response to that Needham query he says that he is simply a Smart Aleck. Why, it is the very king of explanations, and offers the complete solution to that first great mystery, which overmasters all minor mysteries, the grand mystery of how Mr. Wilson ever came to think of himself for a White House at all! Our gifted Scotch bard indubitably had the Wilsons in mind when he sang:

> Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
> To see oursel's as ithers see us!
> It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
> And foolish notion.

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EDWARD H. CLARK, President. S. S. CARVALHO, Treasurer. GEORGE VON UTASSY, Secretary, 381 Fourth Ave., New York

$1.50 A YEAR ***15 CENTS A COPY***

Published monthly by International Magazine Company. Entered at the Post-Office at New York and Toronto as second-class mail-matter

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Cosmopolitan Magazine, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

Chalmers

Ten Reasons Why You Should Buy a Chalmers Car

1 Chalmers cars are made in our own shops.

We build our own motors, transmissions, steering gears, control levers, axles, fenders, running boards and practically all other parts. We even have our own foundry. Our factory is one of the most completely equipped in the industry. In the last 18 months we have invested more than half a million dollars in new machinery.

2 Chalmers engineering is right.

Our cars are designed under the direction of our consulting engineer, George W. Dunham, a recognized authority among automobile engineers. His policy is to be progressive; but not radical; to be always in the lead, but never to use on Chalmers cars any construction that has not proved itself under severest test.

3 Chalmers compressed air self-starter is the simplest, safest, most reliable.

This great convenience—first introduced by us on a moderate priced car—does away with the annoyance and danger of cranking. It is dependable. There is nothing complicated about it—just press a button on the dash and away goes your motor.

4 Chalmers four-forward-speed transmission gives utmost ease of control.

With this great improvement you can always select the speed that will carry you along—through any kind of going in the fastest time and with the least strain on your motor. This transmission is now featured on all the best foreign and most of the high-priced American makes.

5 Chalmers long stroke motor gives you all the power you will ever need.

This motor has great pulling power at low speeds. It "hangs on." It throttles down well and there is little danger of "stalling" it. It also has many other points of superiority—ball-bearing crank shaft, cylinders en bloc, improved water jackets, dual ignition, improved oiling system. It has also patented Chalmers piston rings to prevent smoking and loss of compression.

6 Chalmers cars are easy to handle.

No car could be more fascinating to drive. Consider the convenience of these features: self-starter; four-forward-speed transmission; multiple disc clutch; demountable rims; automatic tire inflater carburetor dash adjustment. All these and other conveniences make the "Thirty-six" an ideal car to drive.

7 Chalmers cars are safe cars.

Note the four main factors of safety on a Chalmers: the heavy pressed steel frame; the sturdy second-growth hickory wheels; the quick-acting, powerful brakes; the forged steel steering connections. These are things you can examine with your own eyes. Compare the Chalmers with other cars from the standpoint of safety.

8 Chalmers service department is constantly at your call.

When you buy a Chalmers it is our aim to help you get satisfactory use and enjoyment of that car. For that purpose we maintain a well organized Service Department. We have $750,000 invested in parts at our plant and among our dealers, for your convenience in case of accident. Chalmers dealers make it their policy to help owners to get full satisfaction from their cars.

9 Chalmers cars are sold at a fair price—one price to all.

Chalmers cars are not high-priced. Yet they have always sold primarily on their quality rather than their price. And we believe no other cars offer quite so much value for the same prices or lower.

10 The Chalmers guarantee is backed by a strong, sound company.

We have over $5,000,000 invested in this business. We have ample financial resources. We buy material and equipment at cash prices. We have built up a strong organization in all departments. We have the capital, the equipment, the organization to do business on a large scale—and do it right. More important still, we have the determination to see that our resources mean efficient service to the owners of Chalmers cars.

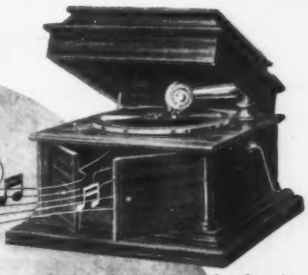
If you are going to buy a car this spring, we feel these Ten Reasons should convince you that it ought to be a Chalmers. Below a certain price it is impossible to get the quality you demand; above a certain price it is difficult to get enough additional quality to justify the higher price. But in a Chalmers you get all you can ask in a motor car—at a medium price. We urge you to see the Chalmers cars at our dealers' and place your order at once.

"30," $1500; "Thirty-Six," $1800; "Six," $3250.

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All the music of all the world



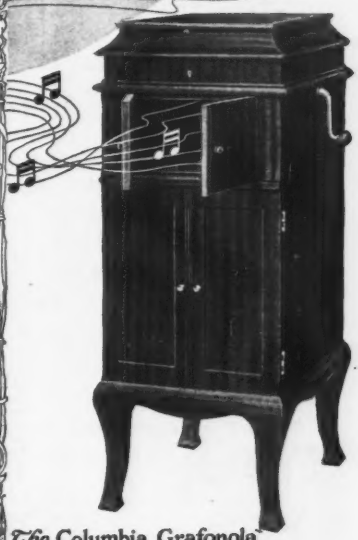
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The A, B, C of the best things made—that they shall be the things best known.

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The best White Soap is Fairy

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Cost but 5c.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
CHICAGO

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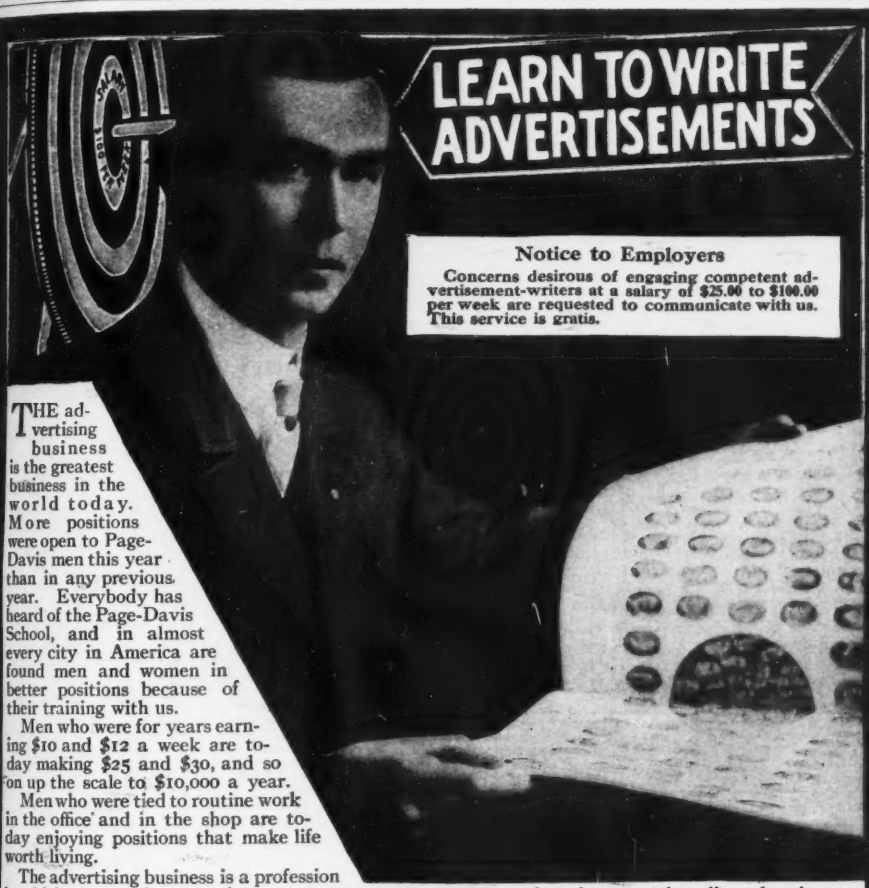
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Cos. 5-12.

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Note to Advertisers
Record for January
and February, 1912

	JANUARY	FEBRUARY	TOTAL
Examiner . . . . . Lines	835,324	819,154	= 1,654,478
Call-Chronicle Combined Lines	794,500	738,080	= 1,532,580

Examiner's Excess more than 62 pages, or . . . LINES 121,898

Gains and Losses for the first two months of 1912 compared with the same period of 1911:

One Winner ═══ Two Losers

Examiner	Gained 248,780 Lines
Chronicle	Loss 4,886 Lines
Call	Loss 30,128 Lines

Circulation - - Daily, 107,000

Circulation - Sunday, 197,000

The Examiner is still the ONLY newspaper in San Francisco with Printer's Ink Guarantee Star for NET PAID CIRCULATION

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

India Paper Edition

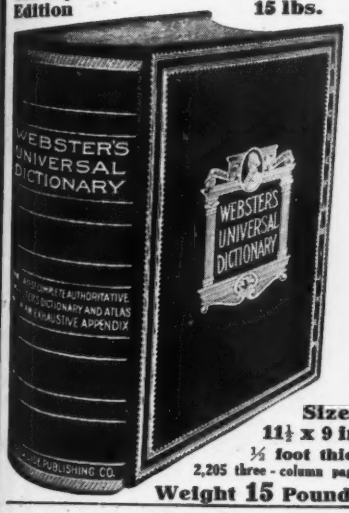
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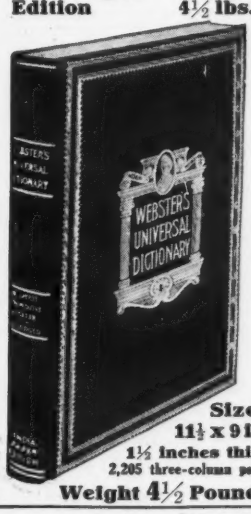
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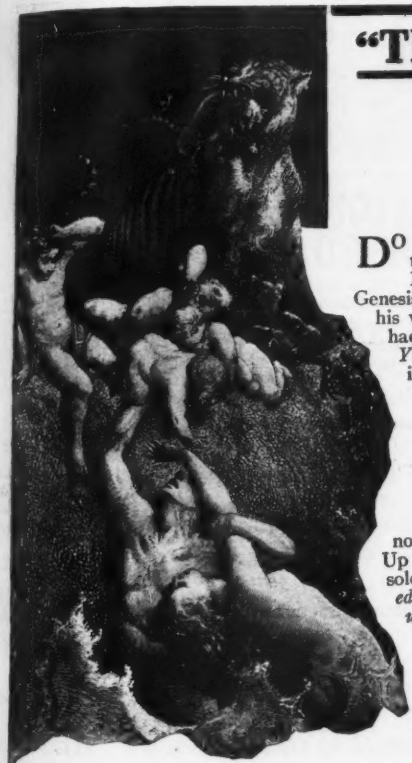
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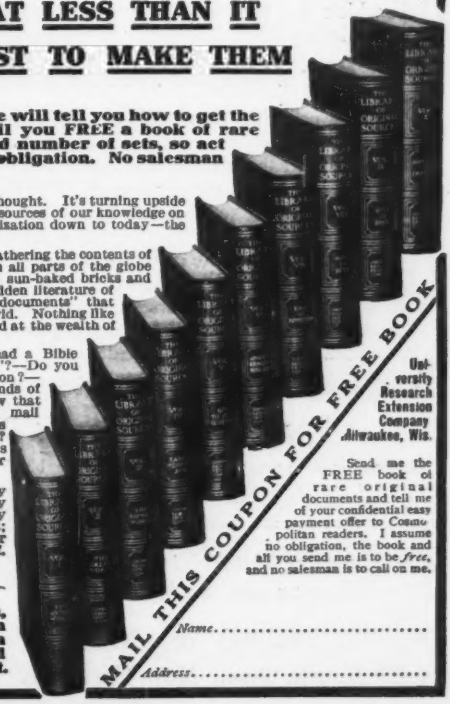
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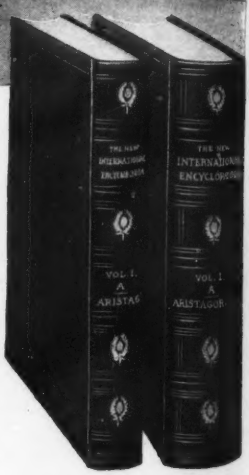


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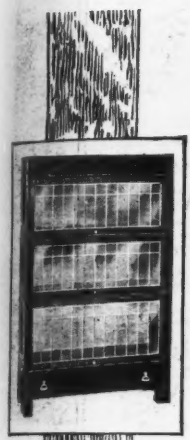
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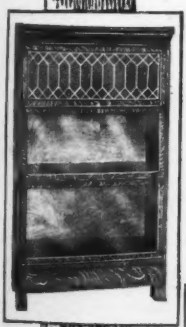
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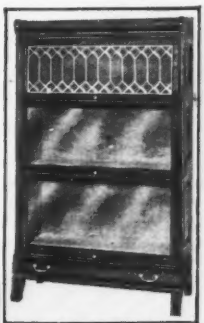
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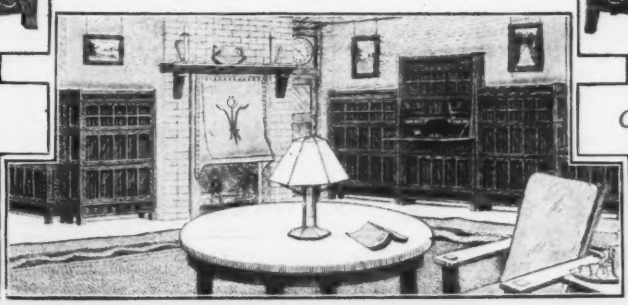
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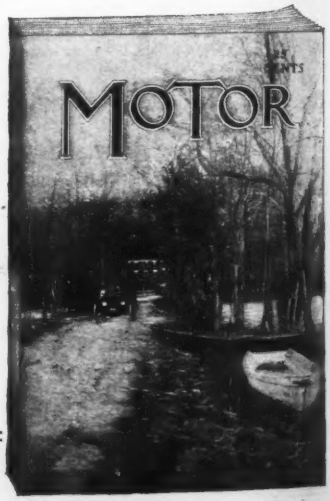
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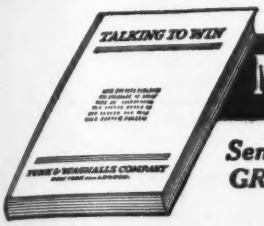
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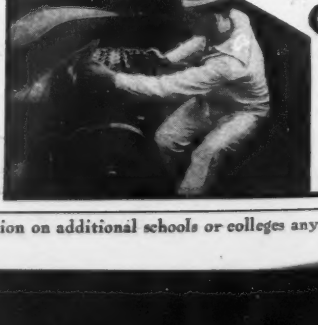
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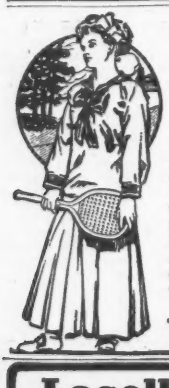
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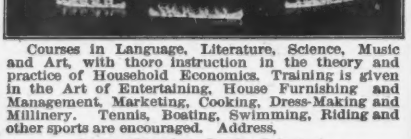
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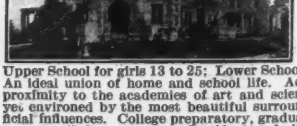


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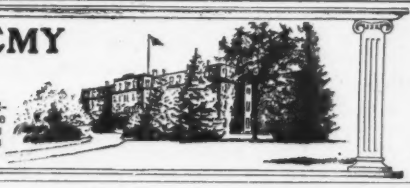
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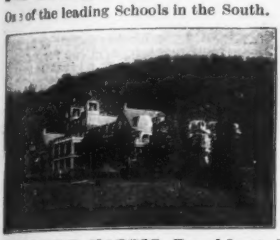
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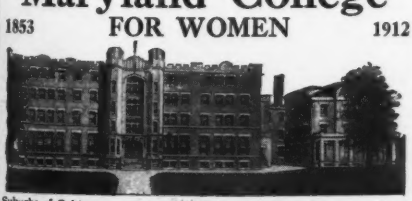
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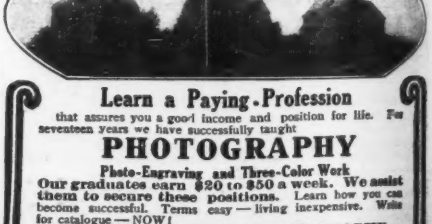
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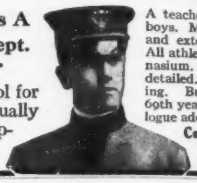
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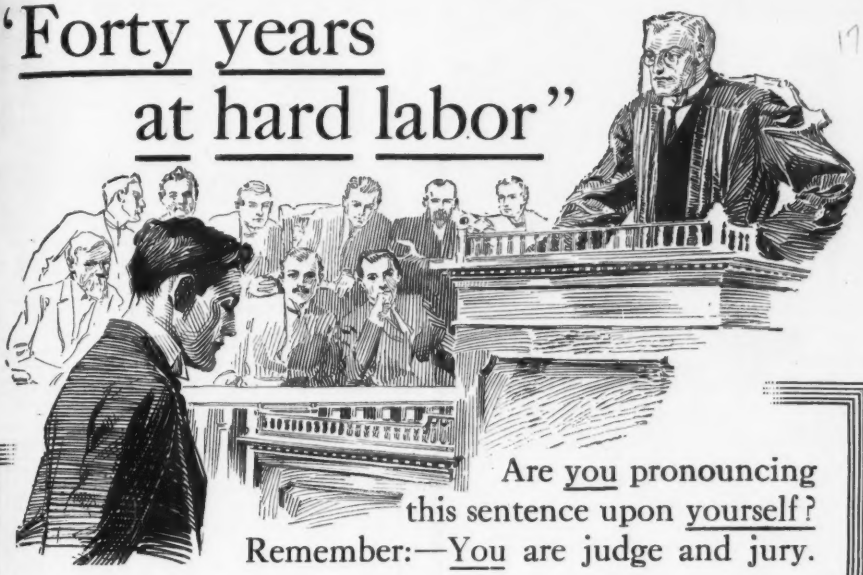
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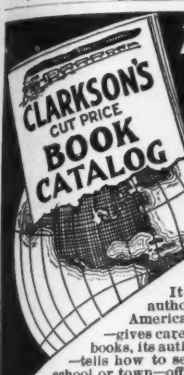
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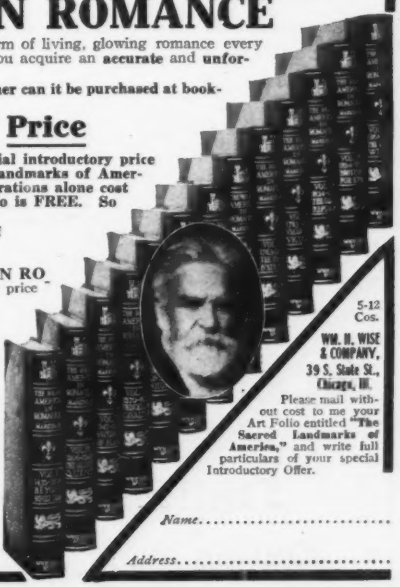
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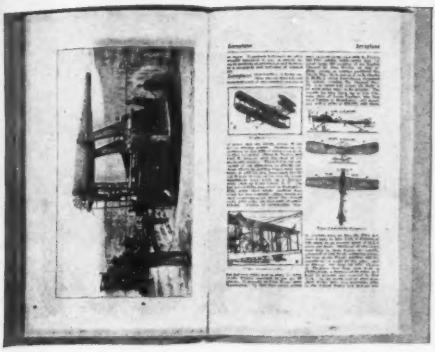
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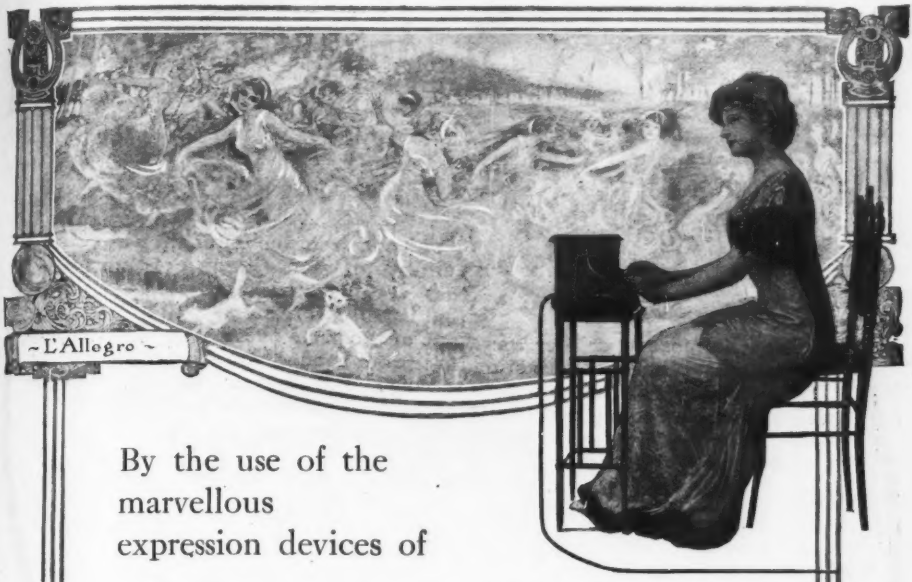
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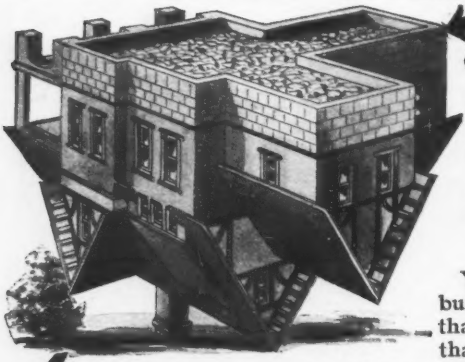
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Make Crisco pie crust. This recipe, when tested in the Crisco Kitchen was found to be excellent, as the crust was uniformly flaky, tender and delicious.

Try it. You can obtain the same results.

1 cup flour
¾ teaspoon salt
5 level tablespoons CRISCO
2 tablespoons ice water

Sift flour and salt together, chop in Crisco very fine and add water slowly. Handle lightly. Put the dough on a board, roll ⅛ inch thick, line pan and bake in a hot oven.

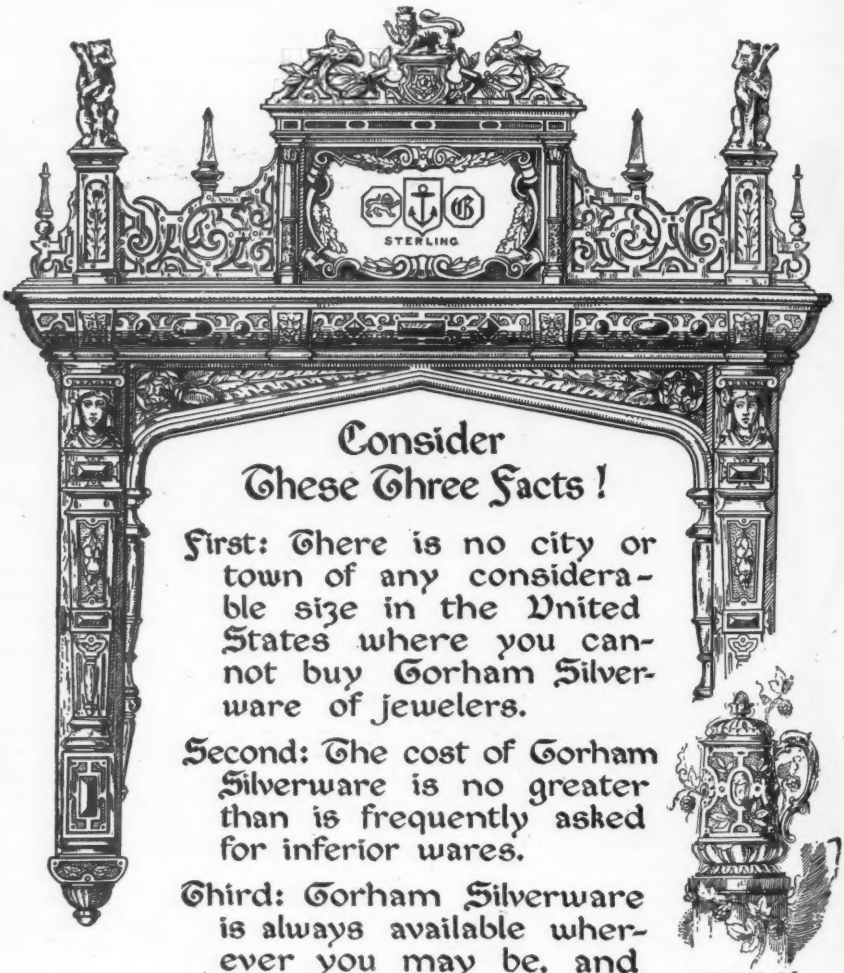
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By CHARLES J. JACKMAN

Secretary Gas Corliss Company

The gasolene engine is the most uncertain, fickle and expensive prime mover. At the same time it is the most popular, and is the foundation of some of the largest industries in the world. The popularity of the engine is due to its light weight, compactness and adaptability. The uncertainty of its operation is due to *inherent defects* which have not been corrected since its introduction in the United States some thirty years ago,—the improvements made, being in the nature of refinements of construction.

Inherent Defects

Every time you hear your gas engine "misfire"; every time you have to crank until your hand is blistered; and every time you have to tear it down in order to scrape the carbon out of the cylinder, you have evidence that Dr. Otto, who introduced the engine bearing his name in the United States, left his work uncompleted. Our patent records are evidence that Dr. Otto recognized the defects of his engine and spent years of work and study trying to correct them, but he died before his work was completed. So we continue mixing the fresh incoming charge with the burnt gas which remains in the clearance space after an "explosion," and we continue to supply too little air to complete combustion.

If, in some way, the burnt gas could be prevented from mixing with the incoming charge, and if we could automatically place a strata of fresh air in contact with the piston head, so that it would remain unmixed with the fuel mixture, until after ignition, the gasolene engine would become almost as reliable as the steam engine.

Dr. Otto invented and demonstrated the idea of compression, and all engineers know that uniform compression is necessary to produce uniform power; but the gasolene engine to-day, especially as used in automobiles and power boats, is required to operate under variable compression because it is controlled by the throttle, and throttling means a reduction in volume of the cylinder contents.

The Problem Solved

But now comes an engine which corrects these defects of the Otto engine in such a simple manner that we wonder "that it was not done before." Before explaining how this is done, I must call your attention to the fact that the gasolene engine is a modified gas engine. The originator never intended it to run with gasolene but because gasolene was very cheap twenty-five years ago, being a by-product, and because it was extremely volatile, being converted into a gas very readily, the gas engine was made a gasolene engine; and now the entire gasolene engine business depends on gasolene for power.

Gasolene is distilled from crude oil, but one hundred gallons of crude oil contain only fifteen gallons of gasolene—three times as much kerosene is produced, so that according to the natural laws of supply and demand, gasolene will continue to be the more expensive. It

costs twice as much now as kerosene, and in some sections three or four times.

All efforts which have been made to adapt the Otto engine to the use of kerosene have been unsuccessful. Preheating attachments and contrivances of all kinds have been tried, but the fact remains that gasolene is the only fuel which is successfully used in automobiles, boats and other small power units.

Therefore, this new engine, the Sorg Oil-Gas Motor, which is the equivalent of the gasolene engine in weight and size and which produces as much power from kerosene as the ordinary engine does from the same amount of gasolene, comes at an opportune time.

Sorg Oil-Gas Motor

The Sorg Oil-Gas Motor exceeds the expectations of all who have seen it. Not only does it develop power from common kerosene, but it runs as smoothly as a steam engine. The violent or irregular impulses, which we associate with the gasolene engine, are entirely lacking. A steam engine with the same number of power impulses couldn't run any quieter, nor could it be controlled any better than this engine. It responds readily to the throttle, starts under load, and best of all it doesn't misfire, balk, or carbonize the interior of the cylinder, the valves or spark plug. It is superior from a mechanical as well as from a power generating standpoint, although the patents on the essential features, which bring about these remarkable results, cover both.

The Proof

I know that this sounds almost too good to be true, but in the pages following indisputable proof of every statement in this article will be presented. Mechanical propositions cannot be misrepresented *if the details are given.* (See the last two pages of this article). Secrecy and general statements are ear-marks of the mechanical faker. The best proof of all is the fact that some types of these engines are already on the market and in actual use. You will find an advertisement on the pages following from a responsible manufacturing concern which is already manufacturing the stationary types of these engines.

Organization

This engine has been known to a great many people for almost three years, and its principle well understood. The work necessary to bring it to the present state of perfection was done by the Gas Corliss Company, a single liability Minnesota corporation, capitalized for $200,000. It is all common stock, par value $100.

Plan of Doing Business

Basic patents are valuable because they are sustained without litigation. Most of the greatest industries to-day are founded on basic patents. These patents, both foreign and domestic, are our greatest asset. The Gas Corliss Company is a holding company which owns and controls all the patents of the Sorg Oil-Gas Motor and licenses manufacturers to build the engines. We already have contracts in force and other contracts have been offered which will be taken up as soon as our facilities permit. Not only American and Canadian companies have asked for these contracts but they have come from as far away as Russia and New Zealand.

When one appreciates the tremendous and ever increasing demand for small power units, the economy of kerosene for fuel, the extreme low capitalization of the company, and the enormous total horsepower that is annually produced, it is easy to realize that, even a low rate per horsepower, from the manufacturers, is bound to bring great profits for the parent company without the usual industrial risks.

So much for the main source of income, but the sale of foreign patents must not be overlooked. We have already secured patents in sixteen foreign countries including all of the more important ones in Europe. International patent laws, now in effect, make many of these patents almost as valuable as those in the United States. This will prove a source of considerable income for the Company.

Unusual Opportunity

Our present capital is occupied in handling the demand of our present contracts. In order to take care of the opportunity of making new contracts, which have been offered to us sooner than we expected, we can use about $50,000 to the immediate and positive benefit of all stock-

holders. This money will enable us to complete marine, automobile and other types of various sizes, that will extend the manufacture and sale of this engine, practically at once, into more industrial and motive lines.

Only One Issue of Stock

All stock of this corporation is common stock. Every stockholder shares alike. The present stockholders have bought under a contract stipulating that no further issue, of any class of stock, will be made. This means that there are no favorites, and that everyone has an equal opportunity to get the full benefits of the success of this company.

Not one of our stockholders owes his association to the witchery of scientific salesmanship. Our stockbooks show that many of our stockholders, who have put in from $3000 to $8000 in our business, began with an investment of $500 to $1000, increasing their holdings as fast as they could.

Economical Management

Those who come and see the work we have done are surprised at the results we have obtained with a small outlay. We have been able to make a dollar go twice as far as ordinarily, because we have no salaried officers, and in no instance have we associated a salaried position with the sale of stock. We have paid no one a commission to sell stock. Consequently, all the money that has come into the business has been used to develop it. The draftsmen, designers and mechanics in our employ, represent the entire pay roll.

Guarantee

Your best guarantee of a square deal is your own judgment based upon the facts which we are presenting in these six pages. A personal investigation might more thoroughly satisfy you, but it would only confirm your judgment based upon a careful reading of this article. Your investment, whether of $500, $1000, $3000 or more involves only an ordinary business risk with an unusual opportunity to profit from your association with an established growing concern.

Stock Reservation

We have no special inducements to offer, nor have we the facilities for follow-up system of correspondence. We are not professional promoters and we have no desire to accumulate a mailing list. If you decide to take part in this enterprise you will have to send your money now. If you have money to pay for one, five, twenty or more shares, you had better send it at once. If you expect to have more money later on, that you would like to put into this business, tell us about it and we will reserve as much stock as you think you can take care of in a reasonable time. Or if you like, send 20 per cent. of the amount that you wish to invest and we will reserve your stock a reasonable time that you may have an opportunity of a personal investigation.

In any event every word in this article is an essential part in our transaction with you and any misrepresentation on our part entitles you to a return of your money. Send check or draft to

GAS CORLISS COMPANY

CORN EXCHANGE, MINNEAPOLIS

The three following pages show the simplicity and economy of the principles upon which the Sorg Oil Gas Motor is built.

Power

Persistent

Steady

Reliable

DIAMOND IRON WORKS
SORG
OIL-GAS
MOTOR
MINNEAPOLIS MINN-U-S-A-

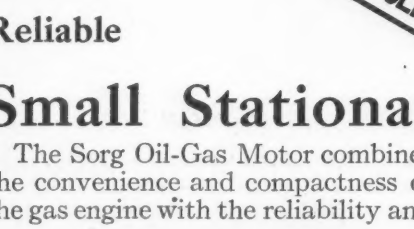
Power

From Kerosene

No Odor Smoke or Carbon

Small Stationary Power Plants

The Sorg Oil-Gas Motor combines the convenience and compactness of the gas engine with the reliability and

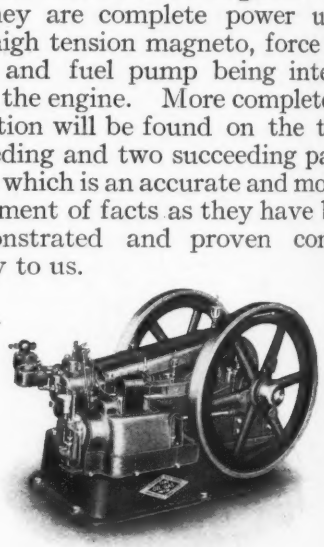


12 Horse Power, $575.00

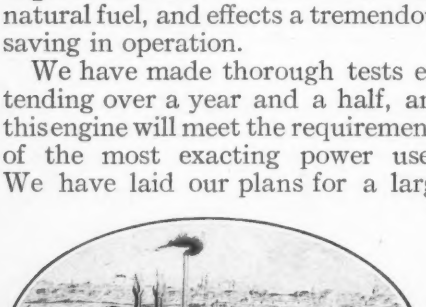
smooth operation of the steam engine. The shock, vibration, and irregular impulses characteristic of the gas engine are absent. Kerosene is the natural fuel, and effects a tremendous saving in operation.

We have made thorough tests extending over a year and a half, and this engine will meet the requirements of the most exacting power user. We have laid our plans for a large output, and the entire energy of our plant is now being devoted to the immediate production of the more popular sizes in these engines.

They are complete power units, the high tension magneto, force feed oiler and fuel pump being integral with the engine. More complete description will be found on the three preceding and two succeeding pages, all of which is an accurate and modest statement of facts as they have been demonstrated and proven conclusively to us.



5 Horse Power, $265.00



Five and twelve H. P. sizes are now ready. Three and eighteen H. P. will be ready in ninety days. For our responsibility see Dun's or Bradstreet's.

DIAMOND IRON WORKS

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Members of National Metal Trades Association. National Founders Association

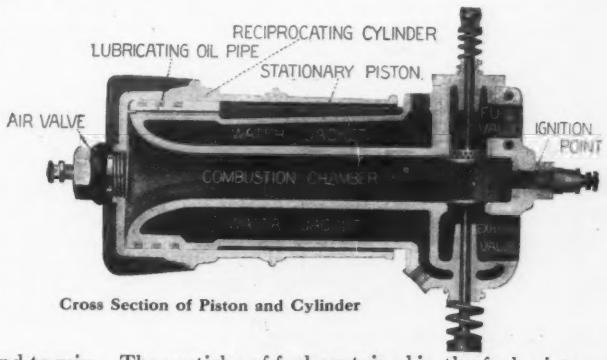
ESTABLISHED 1885 INCORPORATED 1903

Read the preceding and succeeding pages

SORG OIL-GAS MOTOR

THE POWER PRINCIPLE

Burnt Gas and Air Stratified.—Beginning at the charging stroke (see cross-section) the cylinder is moving forward, thereby creating a vacuum in the combustion chamber. Very little forward movement of the cylinder starts the burnt gases in the combustion chamber moving away from the point of ignition, and the fuel mixture which comes in at the fuel valve follows the column of burnt gas. The combustion chamber, being small in diameter, requires very little movement of the cylinder to remove the entire contents.

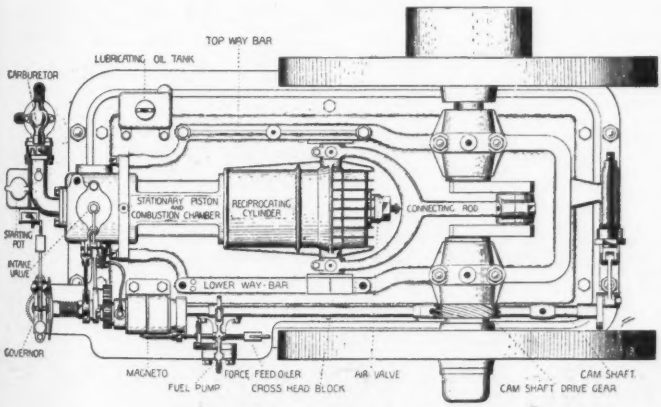


Cross Section of Piston and Cylinder

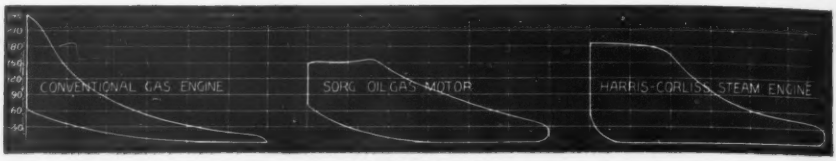
The air valve in the cylinder-head now opens and a volume of air unmixed with fuel is rushing through this valve—the vacuum being formed between these two columns, which are entering the cylinder, there is no tendency for the fuel mixture and the air at the extreme opposite end to mix. The particles of fuel contained in the fuel mixture are vaporized while passing through the tube.

On the compression stroke these gases occupy the entire clearance space and retain their relative position, the fuel mixture occupying the small end of the combustion tube, while the burnt gas and air occupies the space nearest the cylinder head. The tendency for these gases to mix is reduced because the combustion chamber is comparatively small in diameter.

A New Result.—Ignition now takes place, and is positive because there is a fresh fuel mixture in the cylinder at the ignition point under all conditions. Ignition takes place about ten degrees before dead center and sufficient gas is expanded on dead center to raise the average pressure of the remaining contents of the cylinder to 115 and 120 pounds. This pressure, as shown on the indicator card on the opposite page, is maintained: The size and the shape of the combustion chamber controls the rate of flame propagation. It is evident that a greater part of the charge has been consumed under very high compression, and this compression is maintained by the constant expansion of gas which takes place as the flame travels forward. At about one-third stroke, compression has been completed, and the power wave moving faster than the piston has impinged itself upon the piston head and this action thoroughly mixes the surplus air with the flame.



Plan View 5 H. P. Stationary



Indicator Cards

Heat Losses Avoided.—The heat losses due to the greater surface of the combustion chamber are off-set by the lower average temperature made possible by slower combustion, while the time that the entire flame has been in contact with the walls of the cylinder and combustion chamber is reduced considerably because a small portion of gas only is ignited and expanded at the dead center position. In other words, the entire heat generated has been in contact with the walls a shorter time, and the maximum temperature reduced about one-half that of the conventional engine. These combined effects can be produced in no other way.

The indicator card of the Sorg Oil-Gas Motor is a composite card taken from about one hundred indicator cards. A steam card is shown for comparison. The elimination of the high pressure at dead center point allows a much lighter construction than that of the conventional engine. Therefore, the combustion chamber serves the following purposes:

First.—Combined with the special fuel valve, it acts as a vaporizing means for the fuel, and does away with carburetting troubles.

Second.—It provides a means for removing the inert gases from contact with the fuel mixture, and it also makes it possible to keep a strata of air in contact with the cylinder head until after ignition.

Third.—It is a means whereby combustion is controlled.

Fourth.—It makes possible the gradual application of power without after-burning.

On the plan view and cross-section shown, the cylinder becomes the piston or reciprocating member. The result is the same if the piston reciprocated as in the conventional engine.

We submit the following extracts from reports made by mechanical engineers.

"The engine is built on sound mechanical principles, and I could find no errors in design or construction. * * * A piece of wet blotting paper held in front of exhaust pipe is neither soiled nor tainted with kerosene odor. * * * produce a uniformity of power and sustained energy that I have never before seen in any internal combustion engine, and is only equaled in the most perfect type of steam engine. * * * The principle of this motor remedies the inherent defects of the internal combustion engines by eliminating instantaneous explosion, and is so simple in its construction that a man has access to all parts without trouble or loss of time. * * * The most wonderful part of the engine to my mind was the fact that kerosene was pumped cold from a tank in the base of the engine and was neither preheated, vaporized or mixed with water or steam. * * * The Sorg Oil-Gas Motor establishes entirely new principles in both operation and construction and successfully solves the old problem of economically utilizing the world's cheapest known fuel—Kerosene.

Very truly yours,
S. A. VAN DER LUFT, M. E.
St. Paul."

"* * * the Sorg Engine has advantageous features that make it a desirable unit for many applications. Chief of these is its adaptability for using kerosene as a fuel, which in itself is sufficient reason to believe that this engine will find a wide field of usefulness.

"Respectfully submitted,
SARGENT & LUNDY,
Railway Exchange, Chicago."

We further refer to the following engineers who are familiar with the Sorg Oil-Gas Motor:

Edward L. Sudheimer, M. E., Σ. E., Minneapolis, Minn.
A. McMillan, M. E., 731 Monadnock Block, Chicago.
F. G. Bradbury, Commercial Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Our testing room and equipment is at the disposal of engineers.

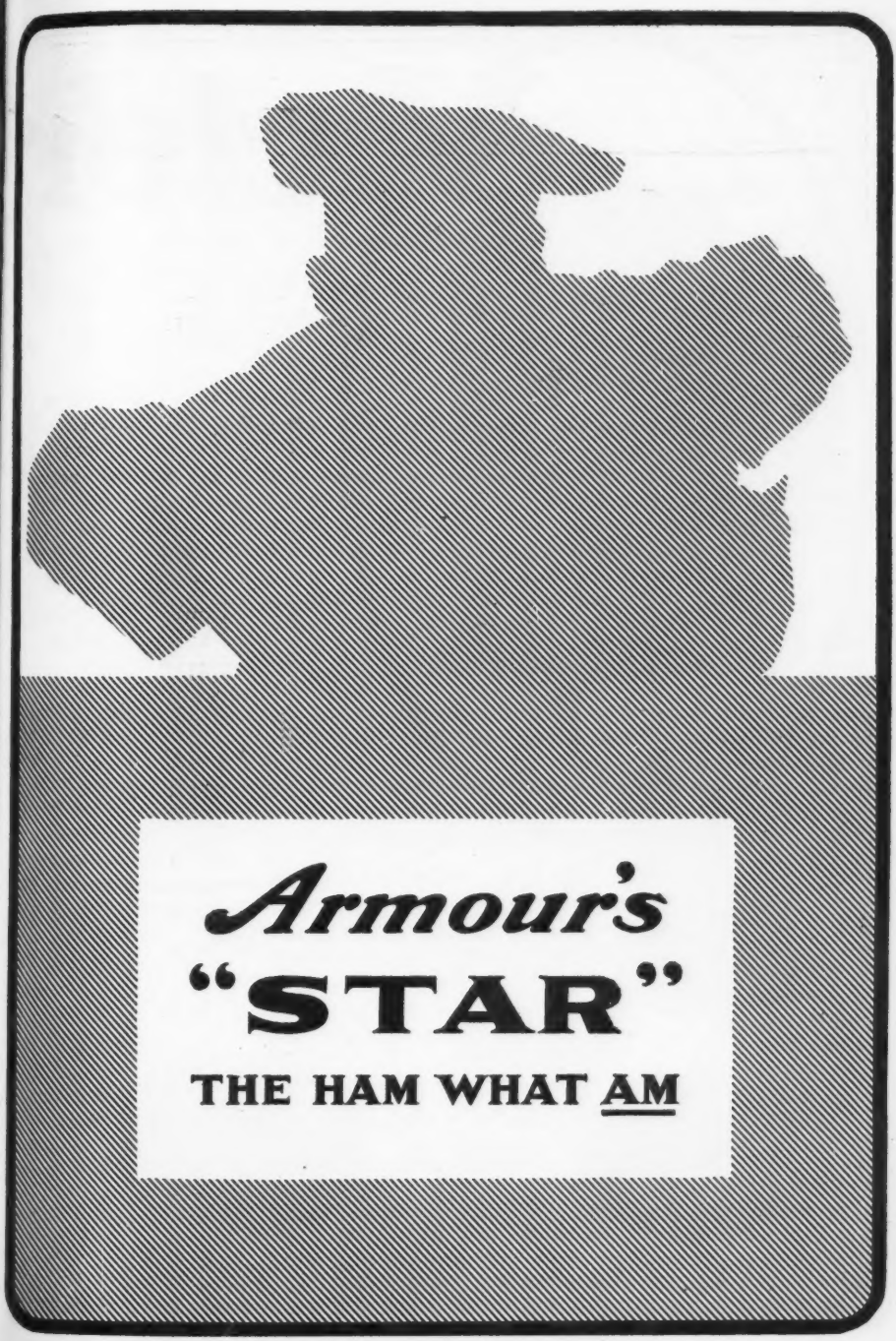
BOARD OF DIRECTORS

William A. Sorg, President; W. T. Price, Vice-President; Chas. J. Jackman, Secretary; Swan Lindberg, Treasurer; A. M. Hovland. All of Minneapolis, Minn.

GAS CORLISS CO.

(Sole Owners Sorg Oil-Gas Motor)

CORN EXCHANGE **MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.**


Armour's
"STAR"
THE HAM WHAT AM

Victor

Every home should have a Victor-Victrola

because

this instrument satisfies the love of music that is born in every one of us; touches the heart strings and develops the emotional part of our nature; freshens the tired mind and lightens the cares and worries of every-day life.



Victor-Victrola XVI, $200
Mahogany or quartered oak

because

the Victor-Victrola brings to you the best music of all the world and gives you a complete understanding of the masterpieces of the great composers such as you can acquire in no other way.



Victor-Victrola IV, $15
Oak

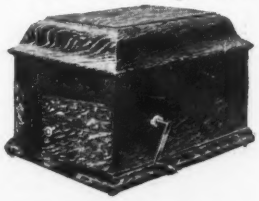
because

the Victor-Victrola places at your command the services of the world's greatest opera



Victor-Victrola VI, $25
Oak

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month



Victor-Victrola VIII, $40
Oak

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

-Victrola

stars, who make records exclusively for the Victor, besides a host of famous instrumentalists, celebrated bands and orchestras, and well-known comedians and entertainers.

because

the Victor-Victrola is universally recognized as the world's greatest musical instrument, occupies a place of honor in homes of wealth and culture everywhere, and has awakened millions to a proper appreciation of music.

because

with Victor-Victrolas ranging in price from $15 to $200 and Victors from $10 to $100 no home can afford to be without one of these wonderful instruments.

because

any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play any music you wish to hear and demonstrate to you the Victor-Victrola.



Victor-Victrola XIV, $150
Mahogany or oak



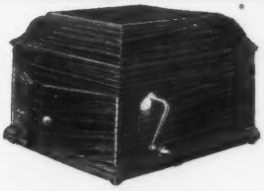
Victor-Victrola XI, $100
Mahogany or oak

Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Records played with Victor Needles—there is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.



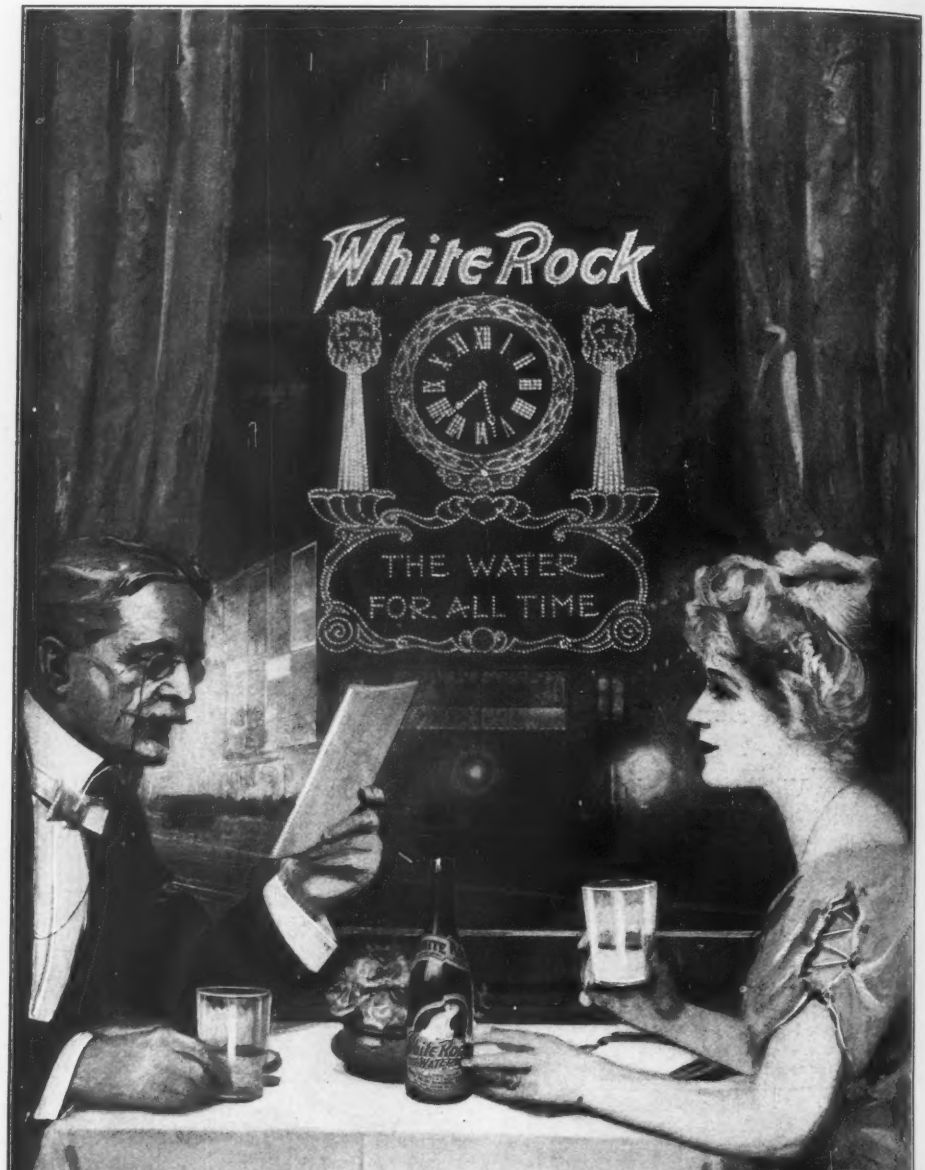


Victor-Victrola IX, $50
Mahogany or oak

Victor Steel Needles
6 cents per 100
Victor Fibre Needles
50 cents per 100
(can be repointed and used eight times)



Victor-Victrola X, $75
Mahogany or oak



Scene from window of famous New York hotel, showing wonderful White Rock sign which lights Times Square.



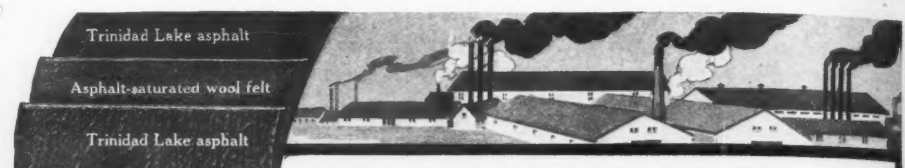
ADLER-ROCHESTER-CLOTHES

FAMOUS for having raised American tailoring standards to their present pre-eminence. Adler-Rochester Clothes this season set a STILL HIGHER standard in good clothes making. Made to sell from $18.00 to $45.00 and to represent 100% value always.

THE BOOK OF MEN'S FASHIONS pictures every late style tendency. It speaks with positive authority on the subject of dress, and directs you to the nearest merchant who handles Adler-Rochester Clothes. Yours for a postcard request. Write for Edition A to-day.

The above picture by James Montgomery Flagg, beautifully reproduced in eight colors—size 20x27, ideal for framing—will be mailed to you on receipt of your address and ten cents in stamps.

L. Adler, Bros. & Co. Rochester, N. Y.



Genasco

THE TRINIDAD-LAKE-ASPHALT Ready Roofing

GENASCO · THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE · TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

No matter what the surface of roofing may be, its waterproofing should be Trinidad Lake asphalt.

This *natural* asphalt contains oils put there by Nature herself; and because *Nature* put them there they do not dry out. They give asphalt life; and this life imparts to roofing lasting resistance to sun, rain, wind, heat, cold, and fire.

Trinidad Lake asphalt is the backbone of Genasco Ready Roofing. It puts this real, lasting life in Genasco, and prevents cracks, breaks, and leaks.

Genasco Roofing is supplied in rolls. It has different surfaces (mineral and smooth) for different needs. Ready to lay without experienced help. Ask your dealer for Genasco. Write us for samples and the Good Roof Guide Book—free.

The Kant-leak Kleet for smooth-surface roofings prevents nail-leaks. It makes seams waterproof without cement.

The Barber Asphalt Paving Company

Largest producers of asphalt, and largest manufacturers of ready roofing in the world

Philadelphia

New York **San Francisco** **Chicago**





"You'd better not buy less than half-a-dozen!"

BECAUSE your family will enjoy this perfect soup so well, you are likely to find yourself suddenly without it some fine day just at dinner hour with the stores closed and everybody clamoring for

Campbell's OX TAIL SOUP

And no wonder they all like it so well.

The rich stock is made from fresh selected ox-tails most daintily prepared. And this nourishing broth—combined with whole-tomato puree—contains, beside the meaty marrowy joints, diced vegetables, barley, celery and herbs, all flavored delicately with dry Spanish sherry of our own importation.

There never was a more satisfying soup. And we make 20 others just as good. Try them all.



There was a young lady named Kitty
Who lived in great style in the city
She said "*Campbell's* fare
Is so tasty and rare
To miss it one day is a pity!"

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton Broth	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato



Look for the red-and-white label

Insist on

getting only the Best Wheat in your flour. Then your bread will be far more nutritious and it will be whiter, lighter, better tasting. Insist on



OCCIDENT

The Guaranteed Flour

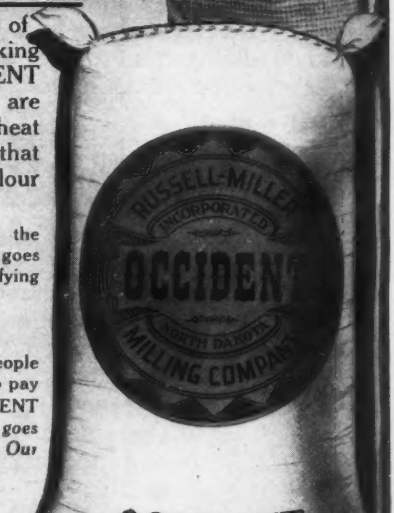
The hard, glutinous Spring Wheats of North Dakota are the best bread-making wheats grown. Eight of the great OCCIDENT Mills with their eighty Grain Elevators are right in the midst of these famous wheat fields, and we get FIRST CHOICE of that wonderful wheat for OCCIDENT Flour direct from the growers.

OCCIDENT is a *clean* flour. The wheat in the preparation and grinding for OCCIDENT Flour goes through more washing, scouring and purifying processes than are employed by any other mill.

Costs More—Worth It

OCCIDENT Flour is milled for just those people who appreciate real bread quality and are willing to pay the slight extra cost necessary to insure it. OCCIDENT is truly the most economical flour because it *goes further* and never fails in baking results. *Our Written Money-Back Guarantee is in every sack.*

If OCCIDENT doesn't satisfy you, your grocer will refund the price without argument. Try one sack. Every housewife should send for our *Free Booklet*, "Better Baking."



Russell-Miller Milling Co., Minneapolis, U. S. A.



No Trouble to Prepare

A woman can get too much Exercise, and Housework is monotonous Exercise at that!

It is said that the preparation of meals takes up fully one-half of the housewife's busy day.

That time could be shortened and she could have more leisure for enjoyment if

Post Toasties

Were used more frequently.

We do the cooking for you, Madam, in a factory that is spotlessly clean. And remember, too, that in the making, "Toasties" are not touched by human hand!

These delicious bits of crisped Indian Corn are already to serve from the package instantly. And your family will like them, too—

"The Memory Lingers"

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.







The Fabric that is SURE to meet with your Approval!

"Well, how is it, Mr. Tailor?"

"How do *you* like it?"

"It looks good to me. I'm *sure* the cloth is right because you can't go wrong on the American Woolen Co's. Puritan Serge. It's becoming and it stands up. But you are the doctor as to fit and tailoring."

"Well, sir, I'm proud to say the work in that suit is worthy of the cloth. It's a pleasure to make a suit of Puritan Serge because, no matter how long it's worn, it's a credit to the workmanship put into it.

PURITAN 1620 SERGE

A thoroughbred style fabric for the man who cares

— is one of the most beautiful rich shades of blue ever woven. It is a distinctive serge, with the warmth of sunlight in it, with a draping quality and feel that mark the true style fabric. Pure wool, through and through. Thoroughly dependable. Width 58-60 inches. — London shrunk.

Tell your tailor you want Puritan Serge. He has it or can get it. Puritan Serge is also used for high-grade ready-to-wear suits. The name PURITAN SERGE is stamped on the back of the cloth.

If unable to obtain Puritan Serge, send us the name of your clothier or tailor, with money order or check for quantity required at $3.00 per yard (3½ yards for man's suit), and you will be supplied through regular channels, as we do not sell at retail.

American Woolen Company
Wm. M. Wood, President.

AMERICAN WOOLEN COMPANY

Selling Agency
American Woolen Co. of N. Y.
AMERICAN WOOLEN BLDG.
4th Ave., 18th and 19th Streets
NEW YORK

Big Ben



If you'd rise early, just say when
And leave your call with me—Big Ben.

BIG BEN has something to say to people who like to get up promptly in the morning.

He guarantees to call them on the dot whenever they want and either way they want, with one prolonged, steady call or with successive gentle rings.

And he guarantees to do it day after day and year after year, if they only have him oiled every year or so.

There are 16,000 jewelers in the country who have known him since he was *that high* and who'll vouch for everything he says.

Big Ben stands 7 inches tall, slender, massive, handsome. He rings steadily for five minutes or intermittently for ten. He's pleasing to wind, pleasing to read and pleasing to hear.—If you can't find him at your jeweler's, a money order sent to *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois,* will bring him to you express charges prepaid.

$2.50

Sold by Jewelers. Three Dollars in Canada.



IN our Flanders pieces Oak comes into its own again. Oak is the characteristic American wood. Properly finished and treated it is a splendid wood, with a texture and grain which appeal to every sense of the beautiful.

IN the past, it has been abused by thoughtless handling. It has been demeaned into cheapness of appearance and commonness of design.

OUR Flanders furniture comes from Vriedmann de Vries, who was to the furniture making of Holland what Peter Paul Reubens was to its painting. It is a style that comes between the harsh lines of Mission furniture and the more ornamental designs of period pieces. Thick, wide, heavy table tops; strong, roomy chairs; rich, old-timey bookcases—all these come in Flanders designs. The dining room or the library or living room of the modern, airy, sunshiney home receive their harmonious touch of completeness when Flanders is used to furnish them. With use it receives a deeper polish and a richer surface. It is

For Your Children's Heirlooms

YOUR dealer will show you our Flanders pieces as well as our perfect studies of period furniture, in Mahogany, Circassian Walnut, and Enamel for all parts of the house. With the goodly display on his floors and our magnificent book of direct photogravures, you may select from our entire line of more than 2,000 different pieces. The book of photogravures is not a catalog. Our furniture is not the sort that can be pictured in that way.

OUR de luxe book, "Character in Furniture," which we will send you by return mail, for 15 2c U. S. stamps, is an authorative publication on period styles. It is illustrated by Rene Vincent, who has depicted our furniture in real life. You will also enjoy our colored card bearing Eugene Field's famous poem, "In Amsterdam," which mentions us whimsically. If you ask, we will send it with the book.

BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE

Berkey & Gay Furniture Co.

161 Canal Street, Grand Rapids, Michigan

This is the inlaid mark of honor that is in or on every Berkey & Gay piece

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



Tell "Baby" This Story Tonight—

"Once 'pon a time there was a Daddy and Mother who had a little child like you. Out of their great love for this child grew a great wish—they wished for *their* "Baby" the greatest gift of after years—the gift of music—and they reasoned it out *just as we have*—like this—

"Now, 'Baby,' you're two years old and it will be *at least* five years before you can start taking music lessons. Though we know that you are just about the smartest 'Baby' in the whole world, we could hardly expect you to play *well* before you had studied and practiced at least three years. So—since ten years is a long time to go without music, we are going to have an Apollo Player Piano in our home. And just as surely as a child brought up in a German speaking family will be able to speak German, you're going to be *musical* because you're growing to be brought up with music—*true* music—the music of the wonderful Apollo Player Piano. And we might add that 'Daddy' and 'Mother' are going to enjoy it too...."

Tomorrow set about making this story "come true." Learn what the Apollo Player Piano *is*—learn what it will do for you and your children. We are willing to rest our case with you on the strength of what an investigation will develop. Your name and address will bring you back literature that is worth reading for its own sake as well as that of the information it contains. Write right now.



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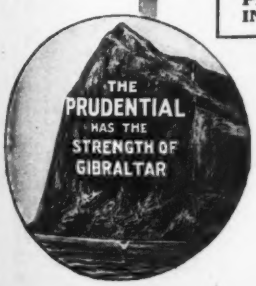
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Capital and Surplus, over	18 Million Dollars
Paid Policyholders in 1911, over	27 Million Dollars
Total Paid Policyholders since organization, plus amount held at interest to their credit, over	**466 Million Dollars**
Life Insurance Issued and Paid for in 1911, over	440 Million Dollars
Increase in Paid-for Insurance in Force, over	167 Million Dollars
Liabilities include Policy Dividends	29½ Million Dollars
of which there is payable in 1912	4¾ Million Dollars

NUMBER OF POLICIES IN FORCE, OVER - - - **10 MILLIONS**

PAID-FOR INSURANCE IN FORCE, OVER - - **2 BILLION DOLLARS**



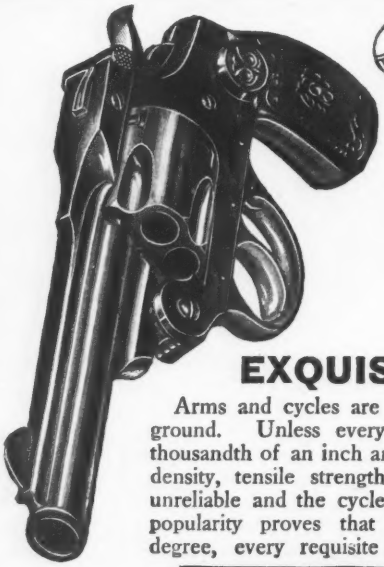
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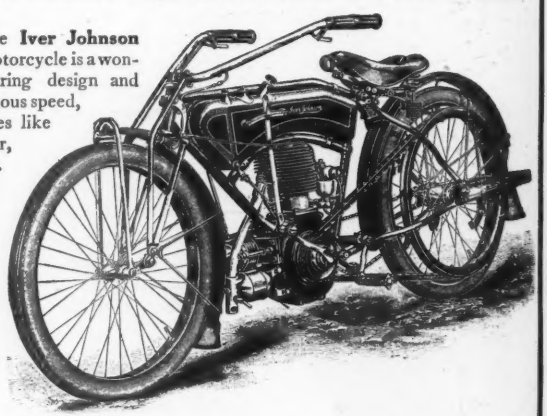


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New York



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EFFORT is like a man in the street, plodding deviously through traffic to his work. *Instinct* is like a bird in the sky flying straight and free to the goal of its desire.

The piano-playing principle around which the Virtuolo is built—the principle which *is* the Virtuolo—is to eliminate Effort and liberate Instinct—the instinct for musical expression.

In the evolution of such player pianos as permit of personal expression at all, the whole tendency has been to control the playing by mechanism which demands *constant Mental Effort* of the player. Not so with the

VIRTUOLO

THE NEW INSTINCTIVE PLAYER PIANO

attains musical expression by *eliminating Effort* and forming an alliance with your Instinct.

As you sit at the Virtuolo, about to start the roll, you are like the virtuoso, seated at his instrument, thinking *not* of how he will attack the keys, but of harmonies rising like pictures in his brain—cadences like iridescent visions, which conjure forth his gift—the universal human gift of Musical Instinct.

There are four sensitive buttons beneath your fingers, but you do not think of them. Remembering how this same piece affected you when last you heard it, you are now aflame with anticipation.

Could this possibly be, if, instead of instinct, you were about to put forth effort?—Effort, which is like a man plodding deviously to his work?

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Send for full information about the Virtuolo and our easy buying plan. Your name and address on a post-card addressed to DEPT. 5, HALLET & DAVIS PIANO CO., 505 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, will bring you this information. Mail the post-card today, before you have a chance to forget about it.

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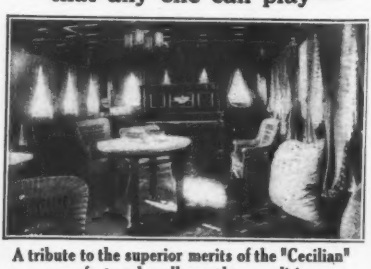
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Gentlemen:—This photograph shows the Cecilian Piano in the cabin of my steam yacht "Galatea" where it has been for six years. Without a single repair, my Cecilian is as perfect in tone and mechanism as the day you installed it, after traveling almost everywhere on the Great Lakes, and being frozen in six winters through, with the "Galatea" in her slip.

(*Signed*) E. L. FORD, Detroit, Feb. 10-'12.

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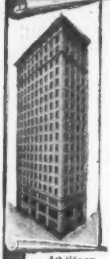
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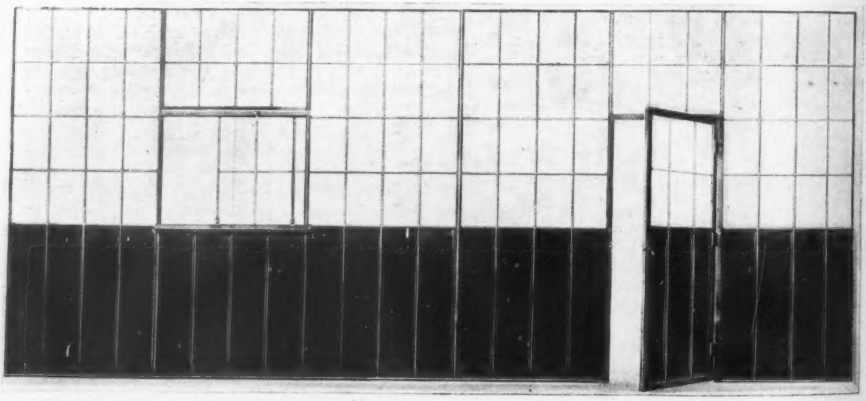


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In addition to its beauty and refinement of design and decoration, Homer Laughlin China gives splendid service. It is ***"as good as it looks."*** In buying see that the trade-mark name "Homer Laughlin" appears on the under side of each piece of sufficient size.



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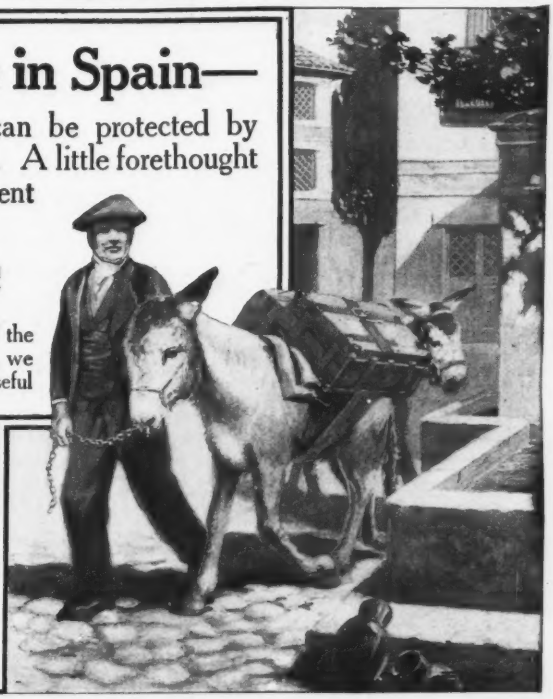
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The Stearns-Knight Car

The Vital Point

Remember that the engine is the heart of your car. All else is of minor importance. So the points discussed here overshadow all others if you want a modern car. They call for your attention.

10,000 Cars

Have Knight-Type Engines in Them

These cars bear names which stand the world over for the utmost in automobiles.

They were built by engineers who have always led in this industry.

They are owned by men who demand the best.

Those 10,000 cars—the greatest cars in existence—have proved that Knight-type engines are the coming type.

Daimler — England's foremost car — controls the British rights. That has been a Knight-type since 1908, and its sales have quadrupled since then.

Mercedes controls the German rights. Panhard for France, Minerva for Belgium.

Thus the master engines of the world have been displaced by Knight-types.

A Knight-type engine won the Dewar Trophy in the greatest engine test on record.

It won the Scottish Economy Trophy. It holds world's records on points that count for most.

That's why we adopted it for the Stearns-Knight, after two years of rigorous tests.

"Wait and See"

Makers of poppet-valve engines say, "Wait and see."

But the Knight-type is six years old. Daimler has used it since 1908.

One after another, the greatest makers in Europe have been forced to pay royalty for it. It is used now in 17 famous makes of cars.

Some $25,000,000 has been already invested in Knight-motored cars of the highest grade.

And the demand for Knight-type cars today is three times the possible output.

How much longer is it wise to wait?

We waited three years after Europe came to it. We were not willing converts.

But we know when progress can't be longer stopped. The cars of the future will be Knight-type cars.

We were compelled by the evidence—as you will be—to come to this type of car.

Like Coasting

It is almost like coasting all the time to ride in a Stearns-Knight car.

The silence is almost uncanny. No valves to pound open, no valves to spring shut — hundreds of times a minute.

No cams to grow noisy, no timing gears to hum.

No valves to grind. No carbon to cause leakage.

There is luxury of motion in a Stearns-Knight, known in no old-type car.

It's like gliding on the road. All the evidence of effort to which you are accustomed is lacking in this car.

There is wondrous flexibility. There is that continuous power for which electric motors are famous.

And the engines grow better with use. They show more and more power. We have Knight-type engines run for six years which are as quiet and efficient as when new.

Hundreds Know

Hundreds of Stearns-Knight cars, in the hands of owners, have covered thousands of miles of road. The owners are men who know cars—men who demand the best.

The letters we get from them form the highest tribute ever paid to an American car.

The facts which won them will win you when you know them. They are the same facts which won 10,000 buyers in Europe.

They are irresistible to any man who wants the utmost in a car.

The Stearns-Knight Car

One-Half More Power

Stearns-Knight engines are rated on the poppet-valve basis.

But we guarantee the engines to show at least 50 per cent more than the rated power.

This is due in part to the spherical firing chamber. It is mostly due to the saving of leakage.

Poppet valves are rarely tight. When carbon accumulates the waste of power is enormous.

Judge for yourself what this saving means during the life of a car.

These are advantages too great to be disregarded.

The greatest engineers have had to adopt them. And most of the others are now seeking ways to end the poppet valve.

The time is fast coming when all high grade cars must have a new-type engine.

A Costly Change

Engineers have spent over $1,000,000 in perfecting the Knight-type motor.

We have ourselves spent $200,000, plus two full years, to meet American requirements.

Then this engine requires far more careful construction in every detail of the car.

Noises which were drowned by the old-type motors show up with the Silent Knight.

So this innovation was costly.

But our sales have doubled since the Stearns-Knight came out. They have compelled a new factory. At times our output was three times oversold.

This multiplied demand makes the Stearns cost less than any other Knight-type in America.

The Future Type

The evidence is that the leading cars of the future are bound to be Knight-motored cars.

History shows that what Daimler, Mercedes and Panhard adopt will soon mark the best cars the world over.

In buying a car for years to come, this fact should be well considered. You want the coming, not the passing type.

In two more years Knight-types will be common among high grade cars—as in Europe now. Today the Knight-type, in its perfection, means in America a Stearns-Knight car.

Go See This Car

Go to our local dealer and see this Stearns-Knight car.

But first write for our books. Get all the facts. Then judge for yourself if Knight-type is the future type.

Write now for these books. The Stearns-Knight car is the topic of the year in Motordom. Cut out this coupon, mail it to us, and we'll send all the interesting facts.

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No-Rim-Cut Tires

10% Oversize

Here is the tire which now outsells any other tire that's made.

Over one million have been used, on some 200,000 cars. And the demand today is six times larger than two years ago.

Here is a patented tire which quickly jumped to the lead because it cut tire bills in two.

You should know it.

The Hookless Tire

There are no beads on the base to hook into the rim flanges.

So your removable flanges, when you use this tire, are slipped to the opposite sides. They curve outward then, not inward.

Should the tire become wholly or partly deflated, it rests on a rounded edge. Rim-cutting is thus made impossible.

126 Braided Wires

The tire is held on because the tire base is unstretchable.

There are six flat bands of 126 braided wires vulcanized into the tire base.

Nothing can force the tire over the rim flange. It needs no hooks, no tire bolts.

But, when you unlock and remove a flange, it slips off like any quick-detachable tire.

The Extra Size

These tires are made 10 per cent over the rated size.

This is done to take care of your extras—to give an over-tired car—to save the blow-outs due to overloading.

That means 10 per cent more air—10 per cent added carrying capacity. And that, with the average car, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

Yet No-Rim-Cut tires now cost no more than other standard tires.



The Passing Type
No Oversize

This is the old-type tire—the clincher tire—which No-Rim-Cut tires are displacing.

It is on the same rim as the No-Rim-Cut tire. But the removable rim flanges must be set to curve inward—to grasp the hooks in the tire.

The thin edge of the flange digs into the tire, when wholly or partly deflated.

Statistics show that 23 per cent of all ruined clincher tires have been rim-cut in this way.

A Doubled Cost

These tires involve all the worry, all the waste of rim-cutting.

And these tires are not oversize. So you lose this added mileage.

That is why No-Rim-Cut tires, under average conditions, cut tire bills in two. Tens of thousands of users have proved it.

That is why these tires now far outsell any other tire.

Our Patent Type

We control by patents the only way to make a satisfactory hookless tire. Other methods have serious shortcomings—all are explained in our Tire Book.

That is why the demand for this new-type tire centers on Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires. These tires are right—a million tires have proved it. Don't accept experiments.

GOODYEAR

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Our 1912 Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

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(572)

Reo the Fifth

By R. E. Olds, Designer

My Ideal Car

Reo the Fifth—my latest creation—shows what I regard as ideal in a car.

It is not too large nor too small, too light nor too heavy. It is long, roomy, speedy and powerful.

It gives one a real car, without being wasteful of gasoline or oil.

Experienced motorists, more and more, are adopting this type of car. So this factory now is building no other model.

The Little Price

The price of this car is no indication of what I've embodied in it. This price, in the long run, I regard as impossible. It is simply a passing sensation.

We have a model factory, splendidly equipped. Also enormous output. We have worked for years to bring cost of production down to the lowest limit.

This year we save nearly $200 per car by building only one chassis in this great plant. We ought to, and will, undersell other cars of this size.

But this initial price is too low. A slight advance in materials—a little slip in production—will compel a higher price. And those who delay must expect it.

It Is Superb

Here is a car where every detail shows the final touch.

The lines of the car are impressive. The car is long and low, big-wheeled and over-tired. Never was a car more comfortable.

The body finish consists of 17 coats. The upholstering is deep, made of genuine leather, filled with hair.

The lamps are enameled. Even the engine is nickel trimmed.

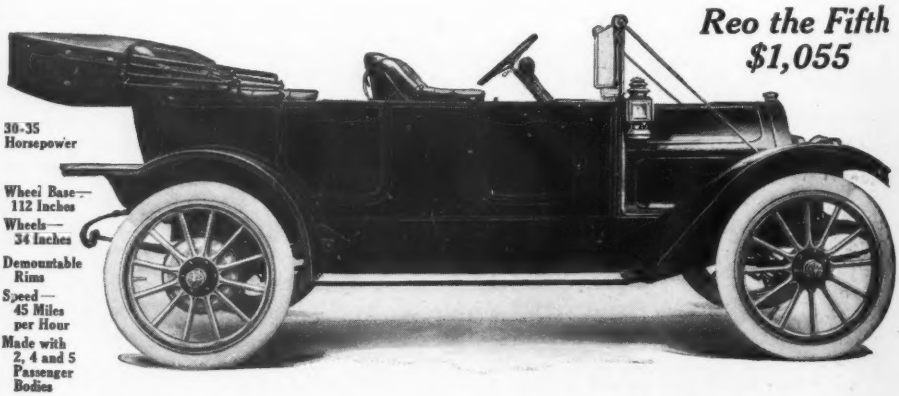
You expect these things in the costliest cars. But you never saw greater perfection in detail than in Reo the Fifth at $1,055.

In most moderate-priced cars close inspection shows stinting. It reveals many petty economies.

You find wheels too small, tires too small, springs too light. Countless details show the signs of skimping.

Here you find the opposite extreme. Were the car to sell at twice the price not a detail could be bettered. Nor could I add to this car, inside or outside, a single iota of value.

This car is built to represent the very best I know.



Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank and speedometer—all for $100 extra. **Self-starter, if wanted, $20 extra.**

(59)

It Took 25 Years to Build It

I have spent 25 years in active experience to learn how to build a car like this.

This is my 24th model. It embodies all I have learned from building tens of thousands of cars.

No man can possibly build a car like this without knowing what the years have taught me.

Care and Caution

The best I have learned is the need for care and caution —for careful inspection, for repeated tests, and for big margins of safety.

All the steel I use is analyzed, so I know the exact alloy. I take nobody's word in this matter.

The axles, driving shaft, crank shaft, etc., are all much larger than necessary—to guard against any contingency.

I test my gears in a crushing machine with 50 tons' capacity. I used to make tests, as others do, with a hammer. Now I know to exactness what each gear will stand.

The differential was designed for a 45 h. p. engine.

I put the magneto to a radical test, to know it can never fall down. My carburetor is doubly heated—with hot air and hot water—to deal with low grade gasoline. Thus I eliminate half the common troubles. Instead of ball bearings I use roller bearings — Timken and Hyatt High Duty. There are only three ball bearings in this whole car. Tests and inspections are carried to the extreme, so that errors can't slip by.

Such methods seem extreme to men of lesser experience. But a man who has built cars for 25 years learns that he can't be too careful.

The Best I Can Do

The car represents the best I can do—down to the smallest detail. Men will never build cars much better.

The materials are the best that men know. The features are the best yet invented. More of care, skill or caution cannot be conceived.

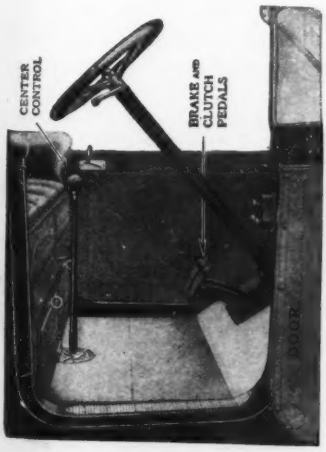
I have built this car for the thousands of men who have learned to have faith in me. And it justifies that faith.

Ask for Catalog

Our catalog shows the various styles of body, and pictures the important details. The Roadster type sells for $1,000.

I never knew a car which met such a welcome as Reo the Fifth has met. It is shown by dealers in a thousand towns. When we send our books we'll tell you where to see it. Address

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for
Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.
Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.

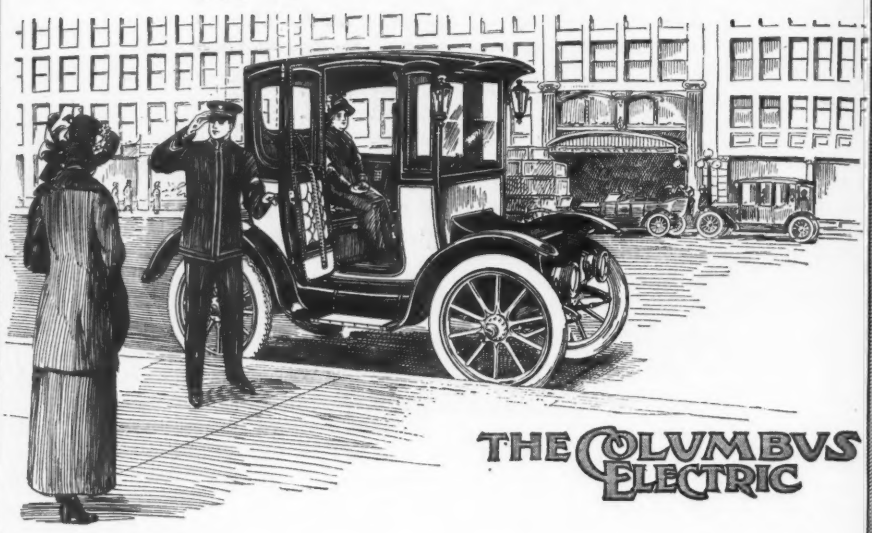


New Center Control No Levers—No Reaching

This new center control is exclusive to Reo the Fifth. All the gear shifting is done by moving this handle less than three inches in each of four directions.

There are no side levers, so the entrance in front is clear.

Both brakes are operated by foot pedals. One pedal also operates the clutch. The driver sits, as he should sit, on the left hand side, close to the cars he passes. Heretofore this was possible in electric cars only. That's one of the unique features.



The Town Car for All the Family

¶ Just glance a moment at the above illustration of our 1912 Model 1225 and imagine it standing in front of your home! Does it not appeal to you instantly by its artistic design; its evident richness of finish, its air of distinction and exclusiveness? Add to this, ease of operation, comfort, safety, ample speed and low cost of maintenance; the absence of oil, smoke, dirt and noise, and you have all that you can possibly obtain in any motor vehicle.

¶ The **COLUMBUS-ELECTRIC** will give all the service a man can ask, yet it is so simply constructed, so easily controlled, that a woman or even a child can run it safely. There is no complicated machinery to worry about, just a lever to push—that's all. No matter how bad the weather, you can go anywhere you like in town in cozy comfort, as fast as any city ordinance will permit, and at not much more cost than street car fare.

Write for Catalog 64-E.

THE COLUMBUS BUGGY COMPANY

564 Dublin Avenue, **Columbus, Ohio**

The G. V. Electric Truck is a Revelation in Economy



THE motor truck has come to stay! And the biggest motor truck surprise is the G. V. Electric Truck. Here is a revelation in economy the fastest selling, most service-giving truck made to-day.

The age, experience and prestige of the General Vehicle Company are undisputed. We have been building these sturdy G. V. trucks since 1901 and have thousands in use.

709 G. V. Electrics have been bought by 25 customers alone—an average of 28.9 per customer and here's something to think about: many of these trucks have been from six to ten years in daily service.

The General Vehicle Company *sells fleets*. It gets the re-orders because G. V. trucks simplify deliveries and

Reduce Delivery Costs

G. V. Electrics pay for themselves in short order. 69% of our total 1911 business came from old customers.

Doesn't our product merit your confidence and investigation?

Made in six capacities: 750 lbs., 1000 lbs., 2000 lbs., 2-tons, 3½-tons and 5-tons.

All six models standardized.
All parts of each model interchangeable and accessible.
Fewest wearing parts.
Lowest maintenance of any Commercial Vehicle.
100 per cent. faster than horses.
25 per cent. to 60 per cent. cheaper.
75 per cent. less housing space.
No danger from fire.
No noise, odor or dirt.
Backed by strong guarantee.

Catalog No. 98 on request.

Our book "The Electric Truck As An Investment" gives inside information on motor truck economy. It will open your eyes—write to Dept. 6. Use your letterhead, please—edition limited.

GENERAL VEHICLE GREATEST VALUE

GENERAL VEHICLE GREATEST VALUE

General Vehicle Company
Principal Office and Factory
Long Island City, New York

Three Important Facts

concerning the much-talked-of

UNITED STATES TIRES

The first fact

United States Tires are made as no other tires in the world are made.

The co-operative method employed in their manufacture is unique in automobile tire manufacturing.

Here is the method:

In four of the largest and best-equipped tire factories in the world there are at work today four corps of tire specialists, each of which formerly made a brand of tires which ranked among the world's *best* tires—Continental, G & J, Hartford and Morgan & Wright.

Each body of men formerly put into the tire of its particular manufacture enough of quality, enough of strength, enough of actual *wear* to cause the tire to become a *front-rank* tire—a tire that easily competed with all other single-factory tires.

Now—

In the same factories today these same tire specialists are at work building tires not only as good as *they* know how, but—and mark this—as good as their knowledge, *plus the knowledge of three additional corps of tire experts*, can make them.

Or, to put it another way—

It is precisely as if the motorist, desiring an *ideal* tire, should contract with four leading tire manufacturers to build a tire that would actually combine every element of strength and every secret of manufacture known to the four companies.

It is *inconceivable* that such a method of tire manufacturing should not produce a grade of tires that is *distinctly* better than could possibly have been produced by any one of the factories working single-handed.



"Tire-by Satisfied, thank you

The second fact

You can buy United States Tires in any *style* you prefer.

Three styles of fastening—Dunlop (straight side), Quick Detachable and Clincher, and six different treads—Plain, Bailey, Nobby, Chain, Type Course and Steel Stud.

If you are convinced that a certain style of fastening or tread can best serve your purpose, you can not only get it in a United States Tire, but—what is even more important—you can get it in a tire made as *only* United States Tires are made.

Thus the motorist who clearly recognizes our claim to his patronage on the basis of *manufacturing methods* is enabled to take advantage of our tires *regardless of personal choice* in the matter of fastening or tread.

The third fact

United States Tires cost no more than you are asked to pay for other kinds.

This opportunity to secure *extra value without extra cost* has naturally appealed to motorists who are wedded to no tire but the most *economical* tire it is possible to buy.

There is every indication that the spring season will witness thousands of motorists putting on one, two or more United States Tires for the *first* time—motorists who are convinced that, *at the same price*, tires made by our co-operative method most certainly *should* give exceptionally large mileage returns for their investment.

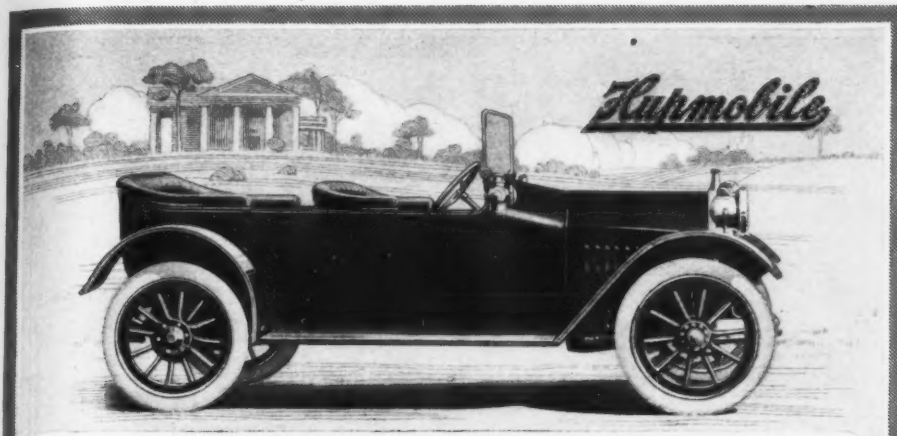
Knowing as thoroly as we do what our four-factory method of manufacture means in the production of superior grade tires, **we frankly invite every motorist who, without prejudice, is looking for a *full* return on his tire expenditure, to use United States Tires as either partial or *exclusive* equipment during 1912.**

America's Predominant Tires

at no greater cost than other kinds

Sold Everywhere

UNITED STATES TIRE COMPANY, NEW YORK



Hupmobile Long-Stroke "32" Touring Car, $900

F. O. B. Detroit, including equipment of windshield, gas lamps and generator oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse; sliding gears. Four cylinder motor, 3¼ inch bore by 5½ inch stroke. Bosch magneto; 106-inch wheelbase; 32x3½ inch tires. Color, standard Hupmobile blue. Roadster, $900.

'Long-Stroke' Means Long-Stroke in the New Hupmobile

We have figured always that it was the wisest kind of enlightened selfishness to give more than the public expected.

Thus, only one motor in America has a longer stroke than the engine in the new Hupmobile "32."

And this car sells for several times the Hupmobile price of $900.

The relation of stroke to bore in the new Hupmobile is the mean average of the best and latest European practice; and is positive assurance of greater pulling power.

The cylinders are cast en bloc; the crankshaft, of special drop forged high carbon steel, is equipped with three especially liberal bearings, instead of two; the valves—all on one side—are completely encased, oil-tight and dust-proof, yet instantly accessible.

Note these evidences of extra-generous construction, please, and compare them with other cars at the Hupmobile price.

You will see in the engine and transmission unit a triumph of mechanical adaptation, which makes for increased efficiency and space economy.

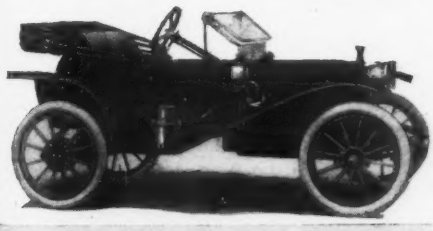
The full-floating rear axle, in itself, places the Long-Stroke "32" in an exclusive class.

You can ascribe all these constructive advantages to the fact that the Hupmobile organization has always been held practically intact.

The chief engineer, E. A. Nelson, designed the original Hupmobile runabout—whose priority in its own class has never been seriously disputed. The department heads, and the skilful workmen who have executed his designs, have remained with us in our progressive development.

We should be glad to send to you 4½x8½ photogravures and full description of the handsome Long-Stroke "32."

Hupp Motor Car Company, 1265 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

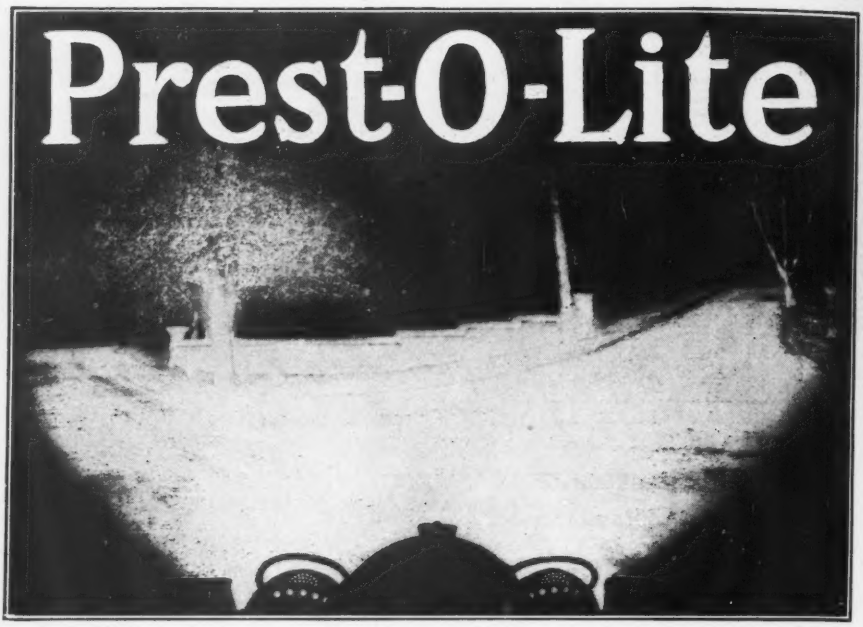


Standard 20 H. P. Runabout, $750

F. O. B. Detroit, with same power plant that took the world touring car around the world—4 cylinders, 20 h. p., sliding gears, Bosch magneto. Equipped with top, windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Roadster $850. Coupe $1100.

A recent exhaustive report of the efficiency of the Hupmobile Runabout in nearly a year of army service is contained in a booklet entitled "A Test of Service," which we will gladly send on request.

Prest-O-Lite



If You Want Full Service—

PREST-O-LITE
The Light Universal

from your automobile or motorcycle—both night and day—you must have a dependable lighting system.

Don't overlook that all-important point when you buy.

Then is the time to—

Insist Upon Prest-O-Lite

It is the safe, sure, efficient and economical lighting system, giving satisfaction, night after night, to 350,000 owners.

Its satisfactory service includes 15,000 exchange stations, in every town and village where automobiles go.

Don't take chances by driving at night with a cheap, unsafe, unreliable generator or imitation gas tank.

One accident costs ten times the price of Prest-O-Lite.

Be sure you get Prest-O-Lite. Insist!

Makers of
Prest-O-Lite Gas Tanks
Prest-O-Tire Tubes
Prest-O-Tire Tanks
Prest-O-Carbon Remover
Prest-O-Welder
Prest-O-Starter
Prest-O-Liter
Ask for literature on any or all of them.

THE PREST-O-LITE CO., 211 East South St., Indianapolis, Ind.

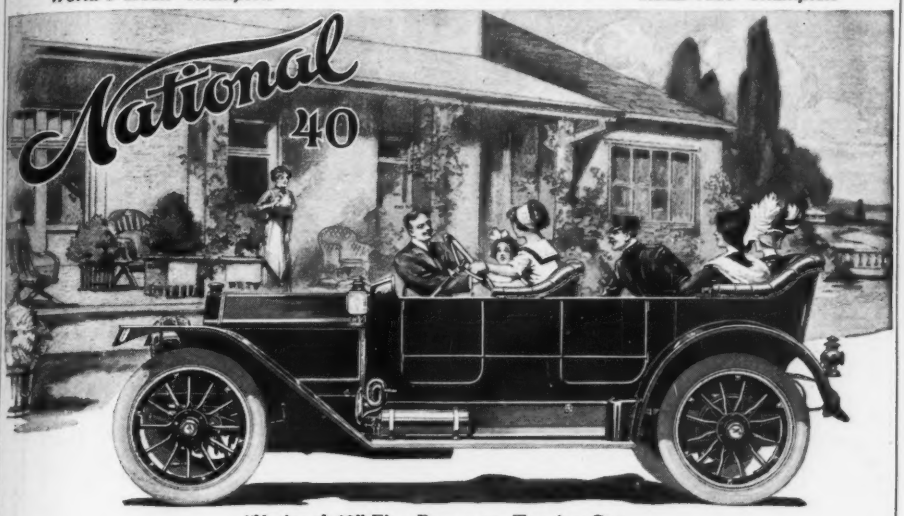
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EXCHANGE AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

World's-stock Champion *Road-race Champion*



"National 40" Five-Passenger Touring Car

"Second Nature" Motoring

GENUINE pleasure in motoring is only possible when your control becomes second nature to you—when you are unconscious of any effort.

Man and machine can only harmonize when there is perfection of design and construction in the automobile, and when the man has that confidence in himself which comes of confidence in the machine—when he *knows* it.

No other car rides as easily or gives such uniformly satisfactory service as The National. Twelve years of concentrated effort and applied knowledge produced National quality.

The National is not merely the fastest and most durable stock car in the world; it's a self-starting car that a woman can handle as easily as an electric and it has the dignity, elegance and minute refinement of detail every woman loves.

"National 40"—Four Models, $2600 to $3000

CHAMPION IN CONDITION

Absolutely noiseless; low, spacious bodies with straight, strong lines; self starter; deep upholstery; easy riding, 128-inch wheel base; wide doors; powerful motor, 4 7-8 x 6, always quiet in operation; large tires; smart slope to hood; center control with left-hand drive, foot mat on running board; gas and electric lights; access in both front doors; always dignified and serene in action. And, the National's heritage of reliability, power, speed and general atmosphere of elegance.

CHAMPION IN POSITION

History's most phenomenal race record was made by National Cars last season, crowning their past performances. They won 84 firsts. Among these victories, proving National quality, are: World's fastest road race, average, 74.63 miles per hour; world's fastest stock straight-away mile, 40.32 seconds; Elgin National Trophy (stock), 305 miles, average 66.4 miles per hour. Nationals have shown superiority over cars of greater cost on road, hill, beach, track, etc.

For catalogue or other information, address

NATIONAL MOTOR VEHICLE COMPANY

1027 East Twenty-second Street **INDIANAPOLIS, IND.**



"The car that brought them all to shaft drive."

AMID the conflicting claims for this car and that, the well known efficiency record of Baker Electrics is a standard of value which any purchaser can bank on. The service a car has been rendering for years speaks for itself.

THE BAKER MOTOR VEHICLE COMPANY

Also Manufacturers of Electric Commercial Cars

Cleveland

Sixty-Eight West Eightieth Street

FISK F TRADE MARK

Time to Re-tire



Inquire among Fisk Tire users before you buy again

FISK HEAVY CAR TYPE TIRES are to be depended on for a consistently high average mileage

They are "balanced" tires, showing equal resistance to wear in all parts

They are offered with an urgent request that you find out what they are doing for others in actual every-day service

The Fisk Rubber Company
Dept. N Chicopee Falls, Mass.
Direct Factory Service in Thirty-five Cities



Why we call our Shaft Drive the "Chainless" Shaft Drive

THE word "Chainless" is used to distinguish our true Direct Shaft Drive from so-called "Shaft Drives" in appearance only, but with *concealed* chain or gear reductions housed between the motor and shaft, *underneath* the car.

Chains loosen, rattle, wear out and waste power. There are no chains **anywhere** on the Detroit Electric. The "Chainless" Shaft Drive is noiseless, smooth running, economical of power. No jerking, no constant adjusting of chains. Our "Chainless" Shaft Drive is in its third successful season.

Other noteworthy features offered in the Detroit Electric, so superior that the choice of an electric resolves itself into the mere selection of one of our nine beautiful designs, are:—

Horizontal controller lever, allowing full seat room; Four extra powerful brakes (2 sets) acting on rear wheels; Aluminum Fenders "Closed-in"; Aluminum Body Panels which add to life of car and beauty of finish as they do not check or warp; divided front window, adjustable from one inch to full depth without disturbing occupants; **exclusive** rights to use Edison nickel and steel battery in electric pleasure cars.

Illustrated catalog sent upon request.

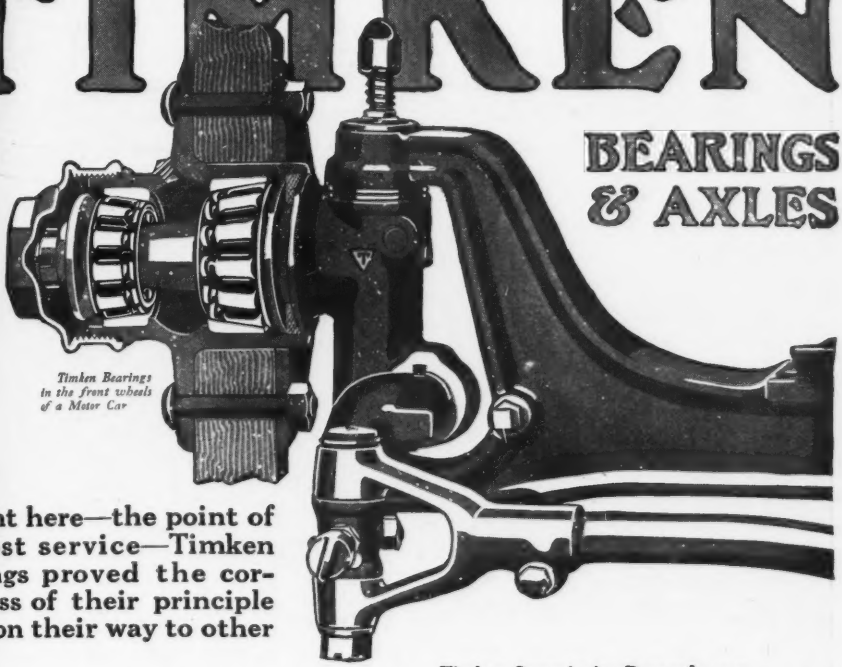
Anderson Electric Car Co., 404 Clay Avenue, Detroit, U. S. A.

Branches:
Buffalo, Brooklyn, Cleveland — New York, Broadway at 80th Street — Chicago, 2416 Michigan Avenue (Also Branch at Evanston, Ill.) — Kansas City, Minneapolis, St. Louis

Selling representatives in all leading Cities

TIMKEN

BEARINGS & AXLES



Timken Bearings in the front wheels of a Motor Car

Right here—the point of hardest service—Timken Bearings proved the correctness of their principle and won their way to other uses.

Do you know what your front-wheel bearings have to meet when your car rounds a corner?

The whole weight of the car and its load is suddenly and violently thrown toward the outside of the curve.

The front-wheel bearings get almost the whole of this tremendous pressure—called "end-thrust."

On a rough road the swerving and jolting of the wheels is practically constant.

Every stone, every rut, means a sledge hammer blow on the bearings—first one side, then the other.

Only bearings that can stand this end-thrust—Timken Tapered Roller Bearings—will do for front-wheel service.

Timken Superiority Depends on Correct Principles

Timken Bearings have the greater strength—the greater capacity for hard service—because their tapered rollers carry the load along lines instead of on points as balls do.

They meet end-thrust as easily as weight—because they are set at an angle to the shaft.

No matter whether the force comes from above or from the side, it can never meet the roller end-on, it is always resisted by the long supporting area of contact.

Another great Timken Bearing advantage is resistance to wear.

Of course wear will come sometime—no bearing could be made that wouldn't wear.

But the Timken Bearing *can be adjusted to take up that wear*—by advancing the cone into the cup.

Timken-Detroit Axle Construction Completes Your Assurance of Safety and Satisfactory Driving

Because Timken policy overlooks *no* factor in safe and sure axle building.

The little things are there as well as the big.

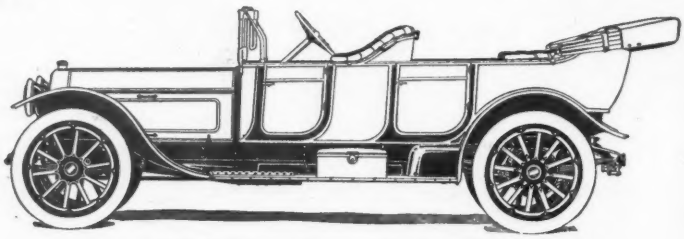
We believe Timken alone has them all.

And that is why they are today meeting the test of actual service in thousands of cars of every type—pleasure and commercial.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
Canton, Ohio
THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE CO.
Detroit, Mich

1913 Peerless 1913

SILENCE ALL THAT THE NAME IMPLIES COMFORT



"48-Six" Seven-Passenger Touring—$5,000

1913 Peerless

PEERLESS Motor Cars for 1913 are ready for immediate delivery. These new models provide for a wide range of choice in power and body types:

Six-Cylinder	Touring	Torpedo	Limousine	Landaulet	Berline-Limousine
"38-Six"	$4,200	$4,200	$5,200	$5,300	$5,400
"48-Six"	5,000	5,000	6,000	6,100	6,200
"60-Six"	6,000	6,000	7,000	7,100	7,200
Four-Cylinder					
"40-Four"	$4,300	$4,300	$5,300	$5,400	$5,500
"24-Four"			4,200	4,300	

BY this earlier production of the new models, buyers are afforded the unusual opportunity of a full season's enjoyment of the highest expression of motor-car ideals.

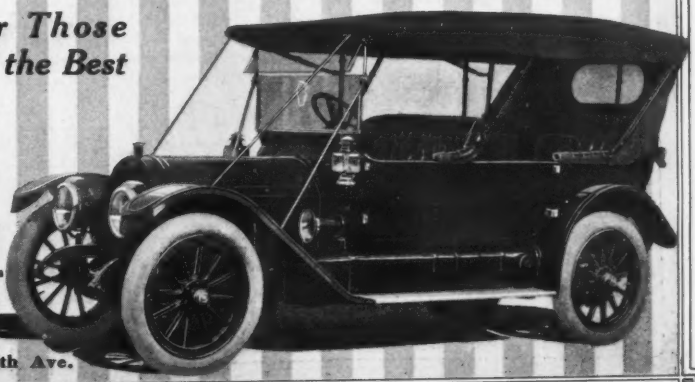
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The Peerless Motor Car Company, Cleveland
Makers also of Peerless Motor Trucks

Matheson
"Silent Six."

Look at the new Matheson Series C Touring car. Mounted on a tried and proven chassis of remarkable workmanship, you will find a worthy body with exceptional features. Such luxury has never before been embodied in a standard model or included in a list price. Everything you want on a long tour—trunks and all—can be carried, out of sight and out of the way; clean, dry and instantly accessible.

Built for Those Who Use the Best



Matheson Automobile Company
Wilkes-Barré, Penn.

New York Salesrooms
B'way at 62nd St.

Boston Salesrooms
664 Commonwealth Ave.



Fourteen Inches of Springs Between the Rider and the Bumps

DID YOU EVER take an unexpected step downward. Remember how unpleasant the resulting jar was? To the rider of the ordinary motorcycle the holes, bumps and ruts common to ordinary roads are veritable unexpected steps downward, yielding the same jar and unpleasant effects. This is not true, however, with

THE NEW

Harley-Davidson

"THE SILENT GREY FELLOW"

whose saddle and *Ful-Floteing Seat* (a new and exclusive feature) place fourteen inches of springs between the rider and the bumps. This seat floats or suspends the riders weight between concealed springs, held under heavy compression, 28 inches of springs being used for this purpose as against only the small inadequate saddle springs of the ordinary motorcycle. This *Ful-Floteing Seat* eliminates all the jars and jolts formerly so objectionable, making the Harley-Davidson ride with all the ease and comfort of an expensive touring car.

CLEANLINESS

All moving parts that use oil or grease are now encased in oil tight cases, thus doing away entirely with any possibility of getting grease or oil on the riders clothes—another objectionable feature in the ordinary motorcycle.

EASY STARTING

The *Free-Wheel* Control (another exclusive feature) does away absolutely with tiresome pedaling, or running alongside to start, the machine being started or stopped by the mere shifting of a lever.

These features—all exclusive Harley-Davidson features—will be demonstrated to you by our nearest dealer. We have just issued a descriptive booklet, which will be gladly sent you on request.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
239 B Street, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Those old Daguerreotypes of grandfather and grandmother and Aunt Mary and then the quaint pictures of father and mother taken just after the war—money couldn't buy them from *you*.

Are you forgetful of the fact that future generations would cherish just such pictures of you?

There's a photographer in your town.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.



Kodak Simplicity

Every step in photography has been made simple by the Kodak system. Loading in daylight, focusing without a ground glass (no focusing at all with the smaller sizes), daylight development and Velox printing—these are Kodak features.

The Kodak Film Tank means more, however, than the mere doing away with the dark-room—it means better results. All the guess work of the old dark-room methods of tentative development is done away with. Certain ready prepared powders are dissolved in a certain amount of water of a certain temperature; development then continues for a certain length of time. It's all by rule, and thereby gives the best possible result from every exposure.

The Experience is in the Tank.

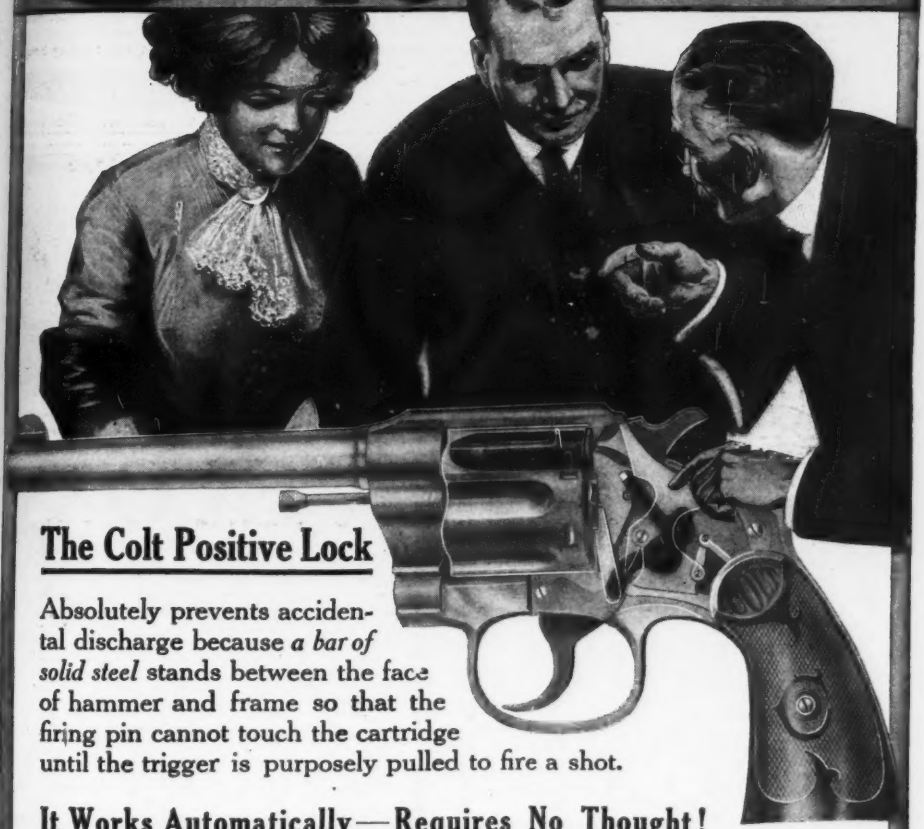
EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

Complete Kodak Catalogue free at the dealers or by mail.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

COLT REVOLVERS

T[illegible]LD'S RIGHT ARM



The Colt Positive Lock

Absolutely prevents accidental discharge because *a bar of solid steel* stands between the face of hammer and frame so that the firing pin cannot touch the cartridge until the trigger is purposely pulled to fire a shot.

It Works Automatically—Requires No Thought!

This makes a COLT the ideally safe, confidence-inspiring revolver for Home Protection.

CANNOT BE PREMATURELY DISCHARGED by being dropped, by the hammer slipping when partly cocked, or by being struck a blow.

Ask your dealer to show you a Colt with the Positive Lock

Catalog 25 describing all COLT models mailed free on request.

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.
HARTFORD, CONN.

COLT
The Standard of the Firearms World



MULLIN'S STEEL BOATS CAN'T SINK

The reason is this: They are built like Government Torpedo Boats, of tough, puncture-proof steel plates, pressed to rigid form and so securely joined together that a leak is impossible. The Mullins Steel Boats are *guaranteed* against puncture—leaking—waterlogging—warping—drying out—opening seams—and NEVER REQUIRE CALKING.

MOTORS: The Loew-Victor 4-Cycle and Ferro 2-Cycle. Light—powerful—simple—can be operated by the beginner—start like automobile motors—one man control—never stall at any speed—exhaust silently under water.

We also manufacture a complete line of steel hunting and fishing boats—row boats—cedar canvas-covered canoes.

Our beautiful book, illustrated in colors, is free.

THE W. H. MULLINS CO.,
108 Franklin St., Salem, Ohio



Famous Yale and Harvard Model Canoe



Four Car Owners in Every Five Use the Reliable *Stewart* Speedometer.



Speedometers, $15 to $80
Clock Combinations, $45 to $70

Stewart Speedometers have 100,000-mile season odometer, 100-mile trip register; can be reset to any tenth of a mile.

WRITE TODAY

AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY ON EVERY CAR

Tells you how fast you go—saves you from arrest and accidents; keeps track of your season mileage; helps you follow guide book mileage when touring; saves you money on tire adjustments; checks your gasoline and oil supplies; helps you get maximum efficiency out of your car. Beautifully made; absolutely accurate; open dial, easily read; jewel bearings; positive odometer; unbreakable flexible shaft; drop forged swivel joint that will outwear the car.

Speedometer Guaranteed for Five Years.

There is a quality reason back of the popularity of the STEWART Speedometer. There is a quantity reason back of the price.

Send for new 1912 descriptive catalog; tells you why in our big factory we can make the best speedometer at the lowest price.

STEWART & CLARK MANUFACTURING CO.
1870 Diversey Boulevard, CHICAGO

Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Kansas City, Indianapolis, New York, Los Angeles, London, Boston, Minneapolis, Paris

Prints by Gaslight

The Amateur Finisher who uses

VELOX

the highest priced of the amateur papers, shows that he doesn't let price stand in the way of delivering good work. He is pretty sure to do better developing, as well as better printing, than the man who uses cheap paper.

Insist on Velox and get clear, snappy, brilliant prints.

Also the simplest and surest for those who do their own work. The Velox Book, free at your dealers or by mail, tells all about the various grades of Velox and how to handle it.

NEPERA DIVISION,
EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*



10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

We will ship you a "RANGER" BICYCLE on approval, freight prepaid, to any place in the United States *without a cent deposit in advance*, and allow ten days free trial from the day you receive it. If it does not suit you in every way and is not all or more than we claim for it and a better bicycle than you can get anywhere else regardless of price, or if for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep it, ship it back to us at our expense for freight and you will *not be out one cent.*

LOW FACTORY PRICES We sell the highest grade bicycles direct from factory to rider at lower prices than any other house. We save you $10 to $25 middlemen's profit on every bicycle. Highest grade models with Puncture-Proof tires, Imported Roller chains, pedals, etc., at prices no higher than cheap mail order bicycles; also reliable medium grade models at **unheard of low prices.**

RIDER AGENTS WANTED in each town and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1912 "Ranger" Bicycle furnished by us. You will be astonished at the *wonderfully low Prices* and the liberal propositions and special offer we will give on the first 1912 sample going to your town. Write at once for our *special offer.* DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone at any price* until you receive our catalogue and learn our low prices and liberal terms. BICYCLE DEALERS, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received. SECOND HAND BICYCLES—a limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at $3 to $8 each. Descriptive bargain list mailed free.

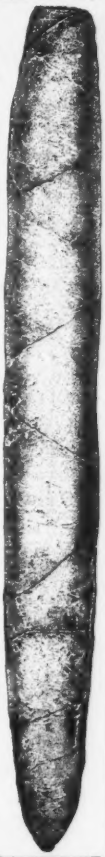
TIRES, COASTER-BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at half usual prices. DO NOT WAIT, but write today for our *Large Catalog* beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything.

Write It Now. **MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. K 33, CHICAGO, ILL.**

Who Smokes My PANATELA?

I WONDER how many readers of the advertisements I have been putting out for nine years are curious about the class of men who buy my cigars.

I will tell you to what class my customers belong. For the most part they are men who, after various experimenting, have found that the type of cigar known as "Havana & Sumatra" is best suited to their taste. They like either the slender panatela shape or the fatter Club Special. Some prefer clear Havana cigars. I sell these too.



SHIVERS' PANATELA
EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

Also they are the kind of men who relish the idea of saving half their yearly cigar money, by buying direct from my factory.

Not men necessarily poor nor rich. Here is a man whose name is on the roster of directors of half a dozen different railroads; here is a country Justice of the Peace.

My customers are just men—the kind you meet in the Pullman smoking room. They like my cigars, they like my method of selling them—they buy from me again and again.

Here is my offer: I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of the Cosmopolitan Magazine, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

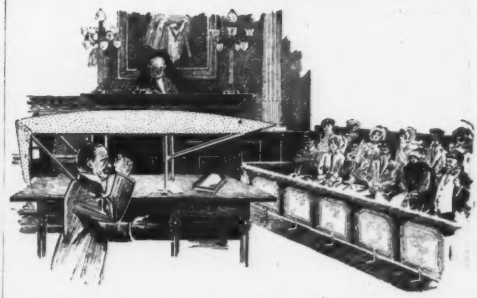
I import Havana tobacco *from Cuba* for the filler of my panatela, using only the long clean leaf. The wrapper comes from Sumatra, via Amsterdam. All my cigars are hand made in my own Philadelphia factory by adult men cigarmakers. By selling my cigars by the box, by mail, *to the smoker*, I am able to sell the 10c cigar of the retail stores for $5.00 per hundred—and so on.

If you accept my offer, you will probably like my cigars so well that you will become a regular customer. This is the only way I can make a profit out of my business as initial orders are always handled at a slight loss.

In ordering please enclose business card or give reference and state whether you prefer light, medium or strong cigars.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS
913 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Especially important advertisement. When answering it don't fail to mention Cosmopolitan.



To the American Automobile Jury:

1—The first fabric ever made for automobile Tops was **Pantasote**

2—The demand has increased surely—constantly—growing always, through all the years. This—

3—Because people found that **Pantasote** *stays* new.

4—Because of the glass-like finish that prevents oil and grease soaking in—that prevents stains. These wash off with soap and water as they do from the varnished sides of your car.

5—Because the inner layer of cementing gum, that binds the outer fabric to the inner lining, produces a cushion effect that prevents cracking from folding.

6—Because this cementing gum that lies between the fabrics binds the whole together for all time against snow and ice and rain and heat and cold and the wind's stress and the mechanical strains that Tops are always subjected to.

7—So you have a double protection in **Pantasote** both *outside* of and *between* the fabrics.

8—You get what Pullman cars have found the best and use exclusively—what all the railroads in the country have adopted for window curtains.

9—**Pantasote** is crack-proof, sun-proof, heat-proof, cold-proof, sleet-proof, snow-proof, rain-proof, oil-proof, grease-proof, dust-proof and dirt-proof.

The above is a brief summary of the evidence we offer. We do not fear the verdict.

A Book for You: "The X-ray on Automobile Tops"

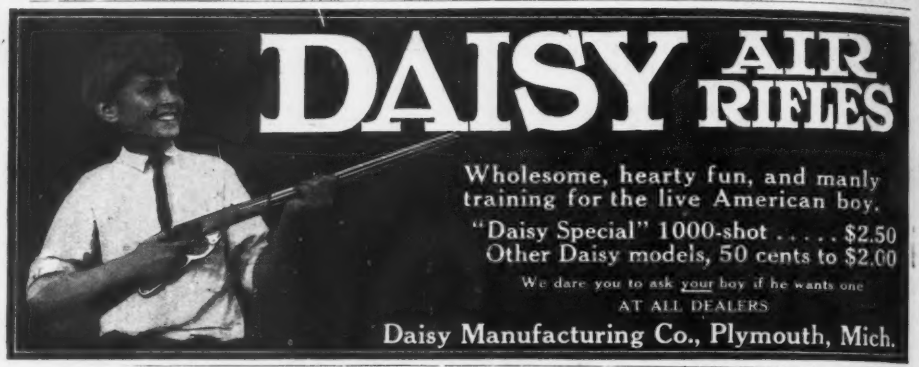
The truth of how automobile coverings are made and what you get when you pay your money is practical information. Saves the expense of re-covering your automobile Top—makes your car stay new-looking—gets you a higher price for your *old* car.

All these facts are in a small neatly bound book, called **"The X-Ray on Automobile Tops."** It has a wealth of plain illustrations and live information.

Just write "X-Ray" on a postal and back comes your own book to you by first mail.

Now, is the psychological moment. Put the "X-Ray" mark on a postal. Address:—

THE PANTASOTE COMPANY
125 Bowling Green Building, New York City



DAISY AIR RIFLES

Wholesome, hearty fun, and manly training for the live American boy.

"Daisy Special" 1000-shot $2.50
Other Daisy models, 50 cents to $2.00

We dare you to ask your boy if he wants one

AT ALL DEALERS

Daisy Manufacturing Co., Plymouth, Mich.

VACATION DAYS WITHOUT ROWING



The newer, easier way to propel a rowboat *swifter*, is with an

EVINRUDE DETACHABLE ROW BOAT MOTOR



A little demon of a 1½ H. P. Engine. Can be carried about like a traveling bag. Fits any row boat. Put on and off as easily as oar-locks. Makes a row boat a swift motor boat. Used the world over.

Write for Evinrude Book with Out-Door Views in Colors.

EVINRUDE MOTOR CO.,
291 Reed St., Milwaukee, Wis.
New York Salesroom: 260 W Broadway, N.Y. Dept. F.

THE Racycle

Rides ¼ Easier than any Other Bicycle on the Market

ON a "Racycle" you can ride farther and faster—you can climb hills easier than you ever thought possible. These are not idle claims, but are proven scientifically and by thousands of enthusiastic riders—for "The Racycle" is the largest-selling, high-grade bicycle in the world. An entirely different crank-hanger construction reduces friction and chain strain.

Send for *catalog* before buying any wheel. *Mailed free on request.*

THE MIAMI CYCLE & MFG. CO.
25 Grand Ave., Middletown, Ohio.



This is the Greatest of Outdoor Sports

Canoeing is at its best when you own an "Old Town Canoe." This is the canoe that has made this sport so popular on all our river playgrounds, park lakes, the seashore, etc. The



"Old Town Canoe"

is light, easy to paddle, durably constructed, easy to manage, as graceful as a swan. If you live where there is water to play on, write for our catalogue of canoe facts and canoe pictures. 2000 canoes in stock. Models for every use. Agents everywhere. Prompt deliveries.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 695 Middle Street, Old Town, Me., U. S. A.

Buy Tire Satisfaction

Save Money on Tires

Every automobile owner or driver knows that so many factors enter into the making or breaking of an automobile tire guarantee that the ordinary guarantee may prove unsatisfactory for the owner or the manufacturer. Who can say how many miles a tire ought to run when Jones is an easy driver and Smith is a notoriously bad driver; when Brown's car is undertired and Green's car is overtired?

We want Jones, Smith, Brown, Green to be satisfied



Showing Non-Skid Tread and tire structure

Oswego Prices

Size	Casings	Non-Skid Casings	Guaranteed Tubes	Lapped End Reliners
30x3	$11.35	$13.05	$3.00	$2.20
30x3	12.10	13.90	3.15	2.45
31x3	13.00	14.95	3.25	2.65
30x3½	17.00	19.55	4.20	2.85
31x3½	17.50	20.15	4.30	2.95
32x3½	18.00	20.70	4.50	3.00
34x3½	19.75	22.70	4.75	3.20
36x3½	22.00	....	5.00	3.60
30x4	23.50	....	5.25	3.80
31x4	24.75	28.00	5.50	3.95
32x4	25.50	29.30	5.60	4.20
34x4	26.00	30.00	6.00	4.45
36x4	27.00	31.00	6.25	4.80
35x4	28.00	32.20	6.50	4.95
36x4	29.00	33.35	6.70	5.00
40x4	....	....	....	5.10
32x4½	....	....	7.00	4.35
34x4½	33.00	38.00	7.25	5.20
35x4½	35.00	39.25	7.75	5.45
36x4½	37.00	42.00	8.25	5.75
34x5	....	43.00	8.60	6.00
35x5	....	....	....	6.10
36x5	39.00	44.85	8.75	6.20
37x5	42.00	48.30	9.00	7.00

One trial order of Oswego Tires at our prices does not pay us for doing business: we must have repeated orders from satisfied customers. Try Oswego Tires at these prices. If they do not satisfy you we want to know about it so that we may try to make satisfactory adjustment.

Write your order plainly. Send check, P. O. money order or New York draft. Descriptive printed matter on request. Dealers write for discounts.

OSWEGO TIRE CO., 10 E. Cayuga St., Oswego, New York

Do Not Confuse Low Prices With Cheap Prices

LEE TIRES



No pneumatic tires ever before made such a showing, under such hard service as have

LEE

Puncture-Proof *Pneumatic* TIRES

The latest report from one large truck user is that **36 Lee Tires ran 194,756 miles, an average of 5409 miles per tire** without puncture or renewal of inner tubes. How unique Lee construction and best materials combine to give such service is explained by booklet N. Write for it or call at



OUR STORES

1628-1630 Broadway, New York City — 225 North Broad St., Philadelphia

103 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston — 620 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

1212 Woodward Avenue, Detroit

LEE TIRE & RUBBER CO.

CONSHOHOCKEN, PA. — *J. Ellwood Lee, Pres.*



PETERS
Big Game CARTRIDGES

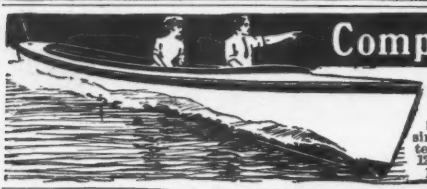
SUCCESSFUL big game hunting depends on the *accuracy* and *killing power* of your ammunition.

Peters Cartridges have extreme accuracy, high velocity and are absolutely uniform. To develop the highest shooting efficiency of your gun, use PETERS CARTRIDGES.

Peters Steel Reinforced Shells—reinforced in the head and rim—"steel where steel belongs"—are *superior* to any shell made. They protect the user and shoot perfectly in *any* gun. ¶ Ask your dealer. If he happens to be out of ***Peters*** Ammunition, he will get it at your request. Accept no substitute.

Illustrated Booklet and "Sportsmen's Handy Book", with latest game laws — FREE. Write for them.

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE CO. 1703 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., CINCINNATI, U.S.A.
Branches: New York New Orleans San Francisco

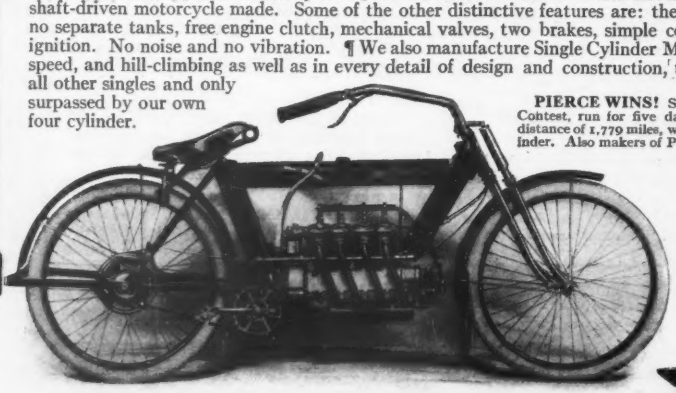


Complete Launch With Engine Ready to Run $94.50

16, 18, 20, 23, 27, 28 and 35 footers at proportionate prices, including Family Launches, Speed Boats, Auto Boats and Floating Cabin Cruisers. We are the world's largest Power Boat Manufacturers.
A NEW PROPOSITION TO DEMONSTRATING AGENTS
Sixty-four different models in all sizes ready to ship, equipped with the simplest motors made; start without cranking; only three moving parts; ten-year-old child can run them. Boats and engines fully guaranteed. 12,500 satisfied owners. Write today for large Free Illustrated Catalog.
DETROIT BOAT CO., 1116 Jefferson Ave., DETROIT, MICH.

PIERCE MOTOR CYCLES

THE life of a motorcycle is in its frame and engine. Compare the strong dignified lines of the Pierce with any other motorcycle. ¶ The PIERCE FOUR CYLINDER is the only two-speed, shaft-driven motorcycle made. Some of the other distinctive features are: the large tubing frame, no separate tanks, free engine clutch, mechanical valves, two brakes, simple control, and magneto ignition. No noise and no vibration. ¶ We also manufacture Single Cylinder Models. In efficiency, speed, and hill-climbing as well as in every detail of design and construction, they are superior to all other singles and only surpassed by our own four cylinder.



PIERCE WINS! San Francisco Elimination Contest, run for five days and five nights for a distance of 1,779 miles, won by a Pierce Four Cylinder. Also makers of Pierce bicycles, famous for over twenty years.

Pierce Motorcycle Catalogue "CS" on application

THE PIERCE CYCLE CO.
BUFFALO, N.Y.

Pacific Coast Branch
OAKLAND, CAL.

Learn Trapshooting



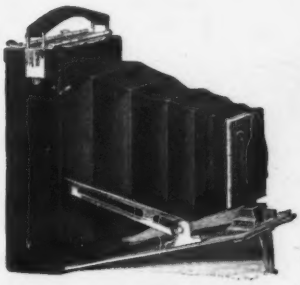
"The Sport Alluring" For Men and Women

Fascinating, Safe, Healthful. Second only to Baseball as a National Sport.

A large picture of above scene, (17"x12"), in 8 colors, for framing, sent on receipt of 14c in stamps.

Ask for FREE BOOKLET No. 228, "The Sport Alluring," profusely illustrated with pictures of royalty and celebrated Americans trapshooting, and "Hints to Beginners."

Du Pont Powder Company
Wilmington, Del.
Pioneer Powder Makers of America
Established 1802



Here's the new

Premoette Jr.

It sets a new standard for compactness in hand cameras.

It makes 2¼ x 3¼ pictures and itself measures only 1⅜ x 3¼ x 4⅝ inches; weighs but 10 ounces.

It is made entirely of aluminum covered with beautiful grain leather.

It has ball bearing automatic shutter, excellent lens, direct view finder, loads in daylight and will make splendid pictures.

Just the camera for your summer's photography, and costs only $5.00.

Get the new Premo Catalogue, just off the press. It describes this and many other Premos fully. Free at the dealer's or mailed on request.

Rochester Optical Division
Eastman Kodak Co. Rochester, N. Y.



I Want Some of

THE BLACK SHELLS

Stand in front of your dealer and say that. Take what he hands you and give 'em a trial.

You will not "guess they're all right." You will say, "Crackee! those BLACK SHELLS are the quickest and surest that ever came my way." That's what they all say.

The improvements in BLACK SHELLS are big enough to count. Here are a few—think 'em over:

The *Non-Mercuric Primer* is better than the old mercury-and-ground-glass kind, because it's uniform, sure and quick. The United States Government has discovered this and no longer uses mercuric primers for high explosives, fuses or small-arms ammunition.

The *Flash Passage* (the hole in the head through which the flame passes from the primer to the charge) is 100% larger than in ordinary shells. That means *speed*, and a fraction of a second counts when you're stopping a bird on the wing.

The BLACK SHELLS are really water-proof—even a ducking won't harm them. They'll not stick in the barrel and they'll not cut off.

There are three classes of BLACK SHELLS:

ROMAX, a black powder shell with 5/16-inch brass.

CLIMAX, the most popular smokeless (both dense and bulk) shell made. Has one-half-inch brass.

AJAX is the highest grade smokeless (both dense and bulk) shell made. Has a long one-inch brass.

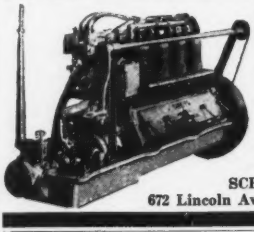
Send for book about shells. If you enclose 10c we will send a beautiful colored poster 20 x 30 inches, called "October Days." Sure to please every shooter.

U.S. CARTRIDGE CO

Dept. W. LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

SCRIPPS MOTORS

for boats of every class are record holders because built with attention to detail, of superior material, by superior mechanics, in a superior factory. Run everywhere—on stream, lake, ocean, one mile or a thousand, without a hitch. Carried Capt. Larsen through Niagara rapids and whirlpool. Will drive your boat anywhere a boat can go, without risk, trouble or worry.

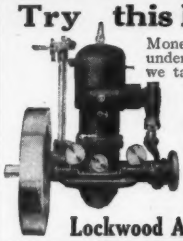


Rated 4 to 100 H.P., but excel their rating. All 4-cycle type. From one to 6 cylinders. A new line of slow speed, heavy duty motors just added.

Our free book tells what Scripps Motors have done, and what you can depend on.

SCRIPPS MOTOR CO.
672 Lincoln Ave. Detroit

Try this Motor 30 Days



Money back any time. Test it a year under our guarantee—use it a lifetime—we take the risk, you get the satisfaction—a square deal that pays us both.

L. A. Marine Motors

3 to 30 Horse Power, are sound in design, material, workmanship. Write for catalog, giving special features, complete specifications, and our 30 days' trial plan.

Lockwood Ash Motor Co., 112 Horton St., JACKSON, MICH.

Spend Your Vacation on Quaint Cape Cod

Seashore, Woods and Country. Splendid fishing, yachting, bathing and golfing. Cool breezes always.

Send for "Quaint Cape Cod." It's free

Write ADVERTISING BUREAU, Room 717, South Station, Boston.

NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD R. R.

"Where Summer Is Five Septembers Long"

You'd enjoy a vacation this summer at either

Marthas Vineyard or Nantucket

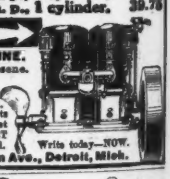
Islands in the Atlantic

We've two beautifully illustrated books that describe these islands. They're free. Write today. Advertising Bureau, Room 722, South Station, Boston.

NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD R. R.

SANDOW MARINE ENGINE

8 h. p., 2 cylinder, $125.00
4 h. p., 1 cylinder, 57.00
2 h. p., 1 cylinder, 39.75



BUILT LIKE AN AUTOMOBILE ENGINE.

2 to 20 h. p., ready to ship; gasoline or kerosene. Drives boats of all kinds; starts easy; cannot backfire; almost noiseless. 5-Year ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE—30-Day Trial. Three moving parts—women and children run it. Starts without cranking. Demonstrate an engine for us and get yours at cost. BE FIRST IN TERRITORY TO GET OFFER. Sales plan and literature FREE, postpaid. Write today—NOW.

Detroit Motor Car Supply Co. 85 Helen Ave., Detroit, Mich.

M + M MOTORCYCLES



Promote good health—get out of the city—breathe pure air—avoid lung troubles

Lowest Price—Highest Quality

Catalog Free

$140 to $225

American Motor Co., 751 Centre St. Brockton, Mass.



We Will Send You This Box of WILBUR'S CHOCOLATE BUDS Postpaid for 25 Cents.

We want you to try WILBUR'S **"BUDS."**

Say **"WILBUR BUDS"**—there are many imitations. They are recognized as the daintiest, purest, most delicious chocolate confection made. Each **"BUD"** is a pyramid of vanilla chocolate, sweetened with pure cane sugar and made by a special process that gives it a taste and flavor unlike any confection you know. Each **"BUD"** is carefully enveloped in a silver foil wrapper that keeps it fresh.

If your confectioner or druggist cannot supply you, send 25 cents, stamps or coin, and we will send this dainty box of WILBUR'S delicious **"BUDS"** direct to your home.

"More-than-a-pound" for $1.00

H. O. WILBUR & SONS, 239 North Third St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Wilbur's Cocoa: as good as the "Buds"



On or Off in Five Minutes

Makes a Motor Boat of ANY Boat AND also "makes good" on shore.

Here is the famous original Portable marine motor, now adapted for also running a hundred different small machines ashore. Simple—light—strong—**SOLD ON THIRTY DAYS TRIAL.**—Money back if you say.

"PORTO" the Marine and Stationary Engine Combined—**TWO MOTORS IN ONE**

A reliable 2 h.p. motor that will drive an 18 ft. rowboat 7 miles per hour for 4 hours on a gallon of gasoline, or in five minutes can be mounted for use in shop, laundry, barn, or any other place desired. **Write Quick** for new "Two-in-one" catalog, mailed free. Orders filled in order of receipt. Don't delay.

WATERMAN MARINE MOTOR CO. 1518 Fort St., W., DETROIT, MICH.





FOLDING CANVAS CANOES, BOATS & LAUNCHES

Light, easy to handle, no boathouse, leaks or repairs. **Safe anywhere,** always ready, check as baggage, carry by hand. **Safe for family,** or bait casting standing, all sizes. Ribbed longitudinally and diagonally. **Non-Sinkable.** Stronger than wood or steel. Used in the U. S. Navy and Army, and Canadian and Foreign governments. **Awarded First Prize** at Chicago and St. Louis World's Fairs. Catalogue 100 engravings for 6 cents.

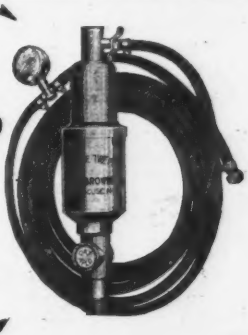
KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO., 688 Harrison St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Don't Break Your Back

Trying to pump up your tires with an old-fashioned hand pump. You can't get sufficient pressure anyway.



Get a Brown Impulse Tire Pump



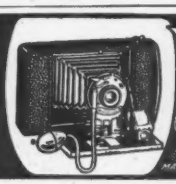
It will inflate your tire to any pressure up to 150 lbs. in from one to four minutes. Attaches to your motor and fills your tires with **pure cool air.** Nothing to wear or get out of order. Nothing to watch but the gauge.

Price, $15.00 **Including 12 feet of hose, high grade recording gauge and hose coupling.**

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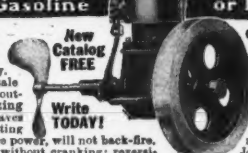
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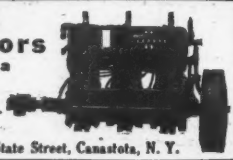
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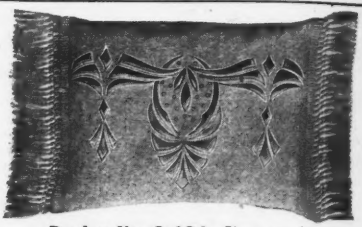
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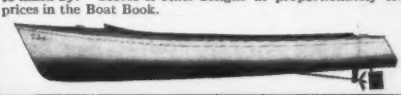
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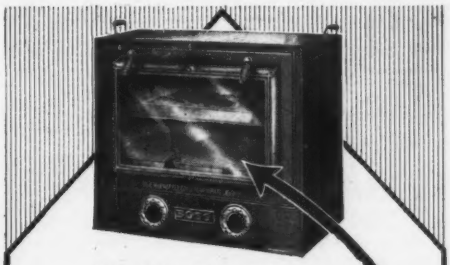
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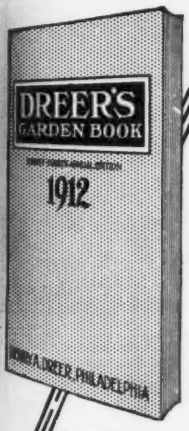
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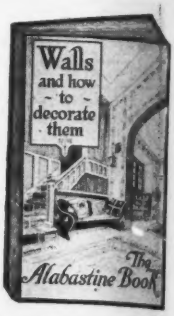
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MANY USES AND FULL DIRECTIONS ON LARGE SIFTER-CAN — 10¢



Beautify Your Bedroom with Jap-a-lac

A WOMAN of refinement has dainty ideas about her bedroom. Jap-a-lac will help her to realize them. There are delicate Jap-a-lac Enamels—Enamel Green (Pale), Enamel Blue (Pale) and Enamel Pink—exquisite tints for the woodwork of bedroom and nursery. You will perhaps want a Pale Blue or Gloss White for the metal bed—or Jap-a-lac Gold.



JAP-A-LAC
Renews
Everything from Cellar to Garret

You can now get Jap-a-lac in 10c cans—enough to finish a small article of furniture—to demonstrate its wonderful beautifying effects. Any dealer can supply you. Accept no imitation of Jap-a-lac. Let us send you our book of Jap-a-lac suggestions for home money-saving.

For Sale at Paint, Hardware and Drug Stores.

The Glidden Varnish Company

Factories: Cleveland, Ohio, Toronto, Can. **Branches: New York, Chicago**



Magnificent Steel Launch $96

Complete With Engine, Ready to Run

18-20-23 and 27 ft. boats at proportionate prices. All launches tested and fitted with Detroit two-cycle reversible engines with speed controlling lever—simplest engine made—starts without cranking—has only 3 moving parts—anyone can run it. **The Safe Launch**—absolutely non-sinkable—needs no boathouse. All boats fitted with air-tight compartments—cannot sink, leak or rust. We are sole owners of the patents for the manufacture of rolled steel, lock-seamed steel boats. Orders filled the day they are received. Boats shipped to every part of the world. **Free Catalog. Steel Rowboats, $20.** (6)

MICHIGAN STEEL BOAT CO., 1308 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

Cheer Up! Keep your home *bright, beautiful* and *sanitary* by dusting furniture and woodwork with

LIQUID VENEER

WRITE TODAY FOR FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY,
245-E. Liquid Veneer Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

We originated side-iced refrigerators and odor-proof water coolers 20 years ago.



Delicious Ice-cold Water, Fresh Appetizing Food

Enjoy delicious, ice-*cold* drinking water, without *ice*-water danger from our **"Built in," Odor-Proof Cooler** of porcelain-lined cast iron. Forms part of wall between ice and food chambers. Uses no extra ice. Used with or without **bottle holder** accomodating one or two gallon bottles. The

Automatic Refrigerator

soon pays for itself in ice-saving alone

Honest-made eight-wall construction keeps heat *out*, keeps cold *in*—less ice used, less ice space needed, generous shelf room given—light, adjustable, wire shelves—never clogging drain—constant circulation of dry air prevents mixing of food flavors—one-piece porcelain lining or other styles if preferred—outside icing if desired—*satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded—sizes, styles, prices to suit.*

See the Incomparable Automatic at your dealer's. If he doesn't handle it, write us his name. We'll see you are supplied. Right now, **send for our 68-page FREE illustrated catalog,** mentioning dealer's name. Tells how the **Automatic** will *save you money* and give you *better* cooling service for *food and water.*

ILLINOIS REFRIGERATOR CO., Wall & Heaton Streets, MORRISON, ILL.

Dealers: One dealer in town of 4000, sold 29 **Automatics** last season. A St. Louis department store sold 5 cars. Our dealers' advertising service backed by quality will get you similar results. Write for particulars.

Craftsman Fire-Place

Burns **Wood, Coal or Coke**



A Complete Heating and Ventilating System

IF you are intending to build a new home or remodel an old one and would be interested in HEATING THE ENTIRE HOUSE WITH WARM AIR OR HOT WATER, FROM AN OPEN FIRE-PLACE, write to me for full information. It is guaranteed.

GUSTAV STICKLEY

Inventor and Manufacturer

41 West 34th St., New York City



A battered garbage can attracts dogs, cats, flies

There's a menace to your health

in that battered garbage can! Dogs knock it over—nose off the loose-fitting lid and scatter the disease-breeding garbage around the yard, where it is a constant source of danger to the health of you and your children. ***AVOID THIS DANGER!*** Get

Witt's CAN—for ashes and garbage
PAIL—for general use

Made of galvanized corrugated steel that stands the roughest handling without becoming battered. The lid fits closely down over the rim, keeping in the odor, keeping out dogs, flies, etc. Witt's Cans and Pails are ***clean*** and ***sanitary***—outlast two of the ordinary kind.

Three sizes of can and pail. If your dealer hasn't Witt's, write us and we will see that you are supplied at once.

THE WITT CORNICE CO., Dept. 8, 2118 Winchell Ave., Cincinnati, O.



LOOK FOR THE YELLOW LABEL

Without Door **$1.00** PER SECTION With Door **$1.75**

IT FITS ANY SPACE



On Approval, Freight Paid

Lundstrom

IT GROWS WITH YOUR LIBRARY

SECTIONAL BOOKCASE

Endorsed "The Best" by Over Fifty Thousand Users

Made under our own patents, in our own factory, and the entire production is sold direct to the home and office. That is the reason we can offer them at such ***reasonable prices.*** Our Sectional Bookcases are the product of years of undivided attention to this one line of manufacture. Book sections have ***Non-Binding Disappearing Glass Doors,*** and are highly finished in ***Solid Golden Oak.*** Other styles and finishes at correspondingly low prices.

WRITE FOR NEW CATALOGUE NO. 40.

THE C. J. LUNDSTROM MFG. CO., LITTLE FALLS, N. Y.

Manufacturers of Sectional Bookcases and Filing Cabinets

Branch Office: Flatiron Building, N. Y. City

McCray Refrigerators

The Best Built

—have won their world-wide reputation because they keep things fresh and pure. The active, cold dry air circulation (McCray's Patent) reaches every nook and corner of the interior. You can keep anything in a McCray in perfect condition.

The solid heat insulated walls, the sanitary easily cleaned interiors, lined with Opal glass, enamel, porcelain, or odorless white wood—no zinc, the improved shelves, the simple drainage, all make the McCray the standard of refrigerators. Chosen by the United States Government for Pure Food Laboratories.



The wide range of stock sizes of McCray Refrigerators offers a choice to suit the smallest or the largest family. Any stock size McCray can be arranged for outside icing, thus avoiding the inconvenience of the ice man.

Write for Free Book "How to use a Refrigerator" and any of the following catalogs:

No. 88—Regular sizes for Residences
No. 68—For Groceries
No. 49—For Hotels, Clubs, Institutions
No. A. H.—Built-to-order for Residences
No. 59—For Meat Markets
No. 72—For Flower Shops

McCray Refrigerator Co.,
374 Lake Street, Kendallville, Ind.

Branches in all Principal Cities



5-ROOM SUMMER HOME $185

LESS THAN ONE SEASON'S RENT WILL BUY A KENYON TAKE DOWN HOUSE—The Coziest Kind of a Summer Home That Will Last for Ten Years or More.

As strong as the strongest house on earth. More comfortable. Healthier, cheaper, better. It is portable, too. Take it with you, wherever you go. Erect it on the very spot that fits your fancy in a few hours. The strongest wind cannot even shake it. Not a drop nor an ocean of rain can enter it.

Absolutely fly, mosquito, vermin, damp and rodent proof. Fresh air just *pours* into it night and day. The house of a thousand air holes. Every Lover of Out-Door Living Will Love The KENYON TAKE DOWN HOUSE. Send for New Kenyon Book with Photographic Outdoor Views in Colors.

Made in 14 other sizes priced from $42.00 to $475.00

THE R. L. KENYON COMPANY, 62 Albert Street, Waukesha, Wis.

DISTRIBUTED BY AND EXHIBITED AT

GIMBEL BROTHERS, N. Y. and Phila. JORDAN MARSH COMPANY, Boston, Mass. HAHNE & CO., Newark, N. J.
D. H. HOLMES & CO., New Orleans, La. THE FAIR, Chicago, Ill. SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY
KENYON-SEATTLE CO., 526 1st Ave. South, Seattle, Wash. DRY GOODS CO., St. Louis, Mo.
WM. M. MOTLEY, Foreign Agent, 68 Broad Street, New York City, N. Y.

The Home of Wholesome Food

A Snow-White *Solid Porcelain Compartment*



A Germless Food Compartment

It does away with cracks, joints, crevices, corners and other natural hiding places for dirt, odors, decaying food and dangerous microbes found in other refrigerators—the one *really sanitary* food compartment.

The "Monroe"

A Lifetime Refrigerator

Send for Our Free Book on Home Refrigeration

It tells you how to keep your food sweet and wholesome—how to cut down ice bills—what to seek and what to avoid in buying *any* refrigerator. It is packed with money-saving hints, and every housewife and home owner should have one. It tells all about the "MONROE"—describes its wonderful lining and the many other grand features that have given this refrigerator its position as the world's best.

The "MONROE" is sold direct to you—at factory prices—on 30 days' trial. We pay the freight and guarantee "full satisfaction or money back." *Liberal Credit Terms if not convenient to pay cash.*

The "MONROE" is the **ONE REFRIGERATOR** with each food compartment made of a solid piece of unbreakable snow-white porcelain ware with every corner rounded as shown in above cut. The **ONE REFRIGERATOR** accepted in the best homes and leading hospitals. The **ONE REFRIGERATOR** that can be sterilized and made germlessly clean by simply wiping out with a damp cloth. The **ONE REFRIGERATOR** that will pay for itself many times over in a saving on ice bills, food waste and repairs. The **ONE REFRIGERATOR** with no single point neglected in its construction, and suitable to grace the most elaborate surroundings.



Sold Direct

MONROE REFRIGERATOR COMPANY

(15) **Station 18, Lockland, Ohio**





Foster IDEAL Springs are Comfortable Every Night in the Year, and Every Year for a Lifetime

They give satisfying rest to the tired, because the body is gently supported in the most comfortable and healthful position. They never sag or get out of shape. There is no rolling to the center, even with persons of unequal weight. They are light and strong, made of the best material, guaranteed for life, and sold everywhere on Thirty Nights' Free Trial. Money back if you are the least bit disappointed. Made plain or upholstered, for wood or metal bedsteads.

Foster "IDEAL" Metal Bedsteads and Accident Proof, Noiseless Crib also have features which will interest you. See them at your dealers.

Send for our new book, "Wide Awake Facts About Sleep"—It is a book full of interest.

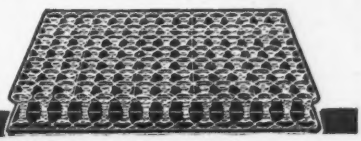
FOSTER BROS. MFG. CO.

139 Broad Street, Utica, N. Y. **19 Buchanan and Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.**

Ideal Bedding Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.



This plate on the genuine



This Washer Must Pay for Itself.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.



So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see, I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

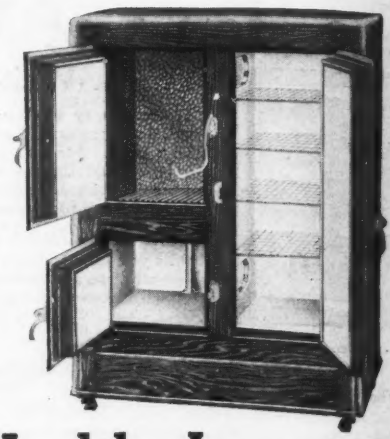
Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after a month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully and wait for my money till the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

Address me this way—H. L. Barker, 639 Court Street, Binghamton, N. Y. If you live in Canada, address 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.



Health Insurance

Should Begin in the Home



by using the ***Leonard Cleanable*** One-Piece Porcelain Lined Refrigerator. Painted linings are vile imitations of Porcelain. They soon get scratched and the scratches full of grease; germs eat the grease and in digesting it throw off a gas and this is the disagreeable smell found in common Refrigerators. But the worst of it is that the product of their digestion is Ptomaine—a deadly poison, which may easily get into the food. Ask any doctor about this. Before you buy a Refrigerator try your knife or hat pin on the lining. If you can scratch it, ***don't buy it.*** The

Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator

linings are ***real Porcelain*** all in ***one-piece*** with rounded corners easy to clean. Not a crack or crevice for germs to hide in. You cannot scratch or mar its surface. ***Look for the Leonard Window at your dealer's.*** If he can't supply you I'll ship freight prepaid as far as the Mississippi and Ohio rivers. Money back if not satisfied. Style shown above, size 34¼ x 21 x 45¼, is made in three different casings, viz: No. 4 polished oak, $35.00; No. 307, satin walnut, $31.50; No. 4405, ash, $28.35. Fifty other styles and prices from $18.00 to $150.00, shown in catalog, all one-piece porcelain lined. Write for it. ***Also my book on the selection and care of refrigerators*** and a sample of the Leonard Porcelain lining and insulation, all free. Write me personally.



C. H. Leonard, Pres.
Grand Rapids Refrigerator Co.
108 Clyde Park Ave.
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Look for the H

On every piece

When buying glassware—make sure that each piece has a H on it. Every piece of glassware so marked is guaranteed, when used under like conditions, to last twice as long as ordinary glassware.

HEISEY'S H GLASSWARE

COPYRIGHT 1911, BY A. H. HEISEY & CO.

quality and durability considered is lower in price than any other glassware made. The glass itself is crystal clear and of the finest finish. The workmanship will satisfy the most critical.



On request we will send you our book, "Table Glass and How to Use It."

A. H. Heisey & Co.
Dept. 22
NEWARK, OHIO



Fans Fit for a Flirtation of a Shimbashi Geisha Girl

Vantine's Fans show beauty of design and exquisite pigment blendings, characteristic of everything Japanese.

Vantine Folding Fans, hand decorated paper grounds—all colorings and sizes, enamelled, natural bamboo or lacquered sticks, 5c up to $1.25 each.

Vantine Silk Fans, decorated in soft, beautiful floral designs and in Japanese scenes and subjects, natural wood, also bone and sandalwood sticks at $1 up to $25 each.

Vantine's Black Silk Fans with plain and carved sticks at 65c to $6.50.

VANTINE'S SCREEN FANS

Showing exquisite Japanese tea garden scenes and Geisha Girl decorations.

In paper at 5c and up to 50c each.

In silk, colored photograph and embroidery decorations at 5c and up to $4.

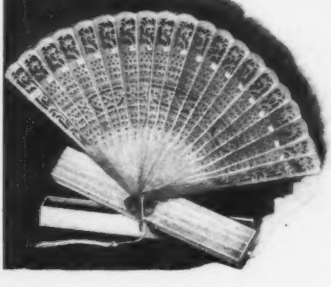
Vantine's Carved Sandalwood and Bone Fans—varied styles and carvings at 75c and up to $6.

Vantine's daintily decorated, spangled Fans for the debutante, also exquisite feather and paper Fans for Cotillion Favors.

BY MAIL.—Same prices prevail, and we pay expressage on purchases of $5.00 and over. Write for booklet, "Fascinating Fans of Japan." Shows very nearly two hundred different designs.

Vantine's
The Oriental Store.

Broadway at 18th Street
NEW YORK
BOSTON—PHILA.



This Genuine Sandalwood Fan 50c postpaid with lasting Eastern odor—daintily carved, 7½ in. long; in characteristic Japanese box.

Since the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court, it has been decided by the Monks hereafter to bottle

CHARTREUSE

(Liqueur Pères Chartreux)

both being identically the same article, under a combination label representing the old and the new labels, and in the old style of bottle bearing the Monks' familiar insignia, as shown in this advertisement.

According to the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, handed down by Mr. Justice Hughes on May 29th, 1911, no one but the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) is entitled to use the word CHARTREUSE as the name or designation of a Liqueur, so their victory in the suit against the Cusenier Company, representing M. Henri Lecouturier, the Liquidator appointed by the French Courts, and his successors, the Compagnie Fermiere de la Grande Chartreuse, is complete.

The Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), and they alone, have the formula or recipe of the secret process employed in the manufacture of the genuine Chartreuse, and have never parted with it. There is no genuine Chartreuse save that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.



At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.
Bâtjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for the United States.

THIS SHIELD OF QUALITY
TRADE MARK
INSURES
Welsbach
GAS MANTLE
SERVICE

The Story of Welsbach Service-

1 Physical Strength
2 Durability
3 Brilliance
4 Maintained Candle-power
5 Sunlight Color Value
6 Gas Economy

Huyler's Breakfast Cocoa

has a quality and flavor that surpasses even the high expectations which the name Huyler's always creates.

The precise mixture of cocoa beans and the manner of roasting them, give to Huyler's Cocoa the exquisite flavor and character which distinguishes all Huyler's products. It is appetizing, delightful and nourishing.



We ask you to try Huyler's Cocoa. If you cannot buy it from your grocer, send us his name and 15c for ¼-lb. package, which we mail postpaid.



10c, 15c and 25c at your grocers

Huyler's Premium Chocolate

Unsweetened chocolate in cake form for cooking and baking, sold in blue wrapper. It is of the same quality as Huyler's finest candy chocolate. ½-lb. cake 20c.

Huyler's Vanilla Chocolate

Sweetened chocolate in cake form for eating, drinking and cooking. Sold in a pink wrapper, but all "pink wrapper" chocolate is not Huyler's. Look for the name Huyler's. ½-lb. cake 20c.

Huyler's 64 IRVING PLACE NEW YORK CITY

Mellin's Food

SAMPLE FREE

Does it not occur to you that **Mellin's Food** is a good and satisfactory product when you consider that hundreds of thousands of babies have been successfully raised on Mellin's Food and that **Mellin's Food** has been in use for nearly fifty years?

To have been successful for so long a time a food must have all the essentials of a complete food; it must contain material to nourish and sustain, to furnish heat and energy, to provide for growth and development, all readily digestible and in the proper proportions.

Mellin's Food,

as used, does and will meet all of these requirements; that is why Mellin's Food is a good and satisfactory infant's food.

Write and ask us about the use of Mellin's Food. We give special attention to letters regarding unusual conditions.

Mellin's Food Co., Boston, Mass.

"We are Advertised by Our Loving Friends."



Margaret B. Newton, San Antonio, Texas.



No. 3165. Suite "William & Mary" Design

Sofa, Arm Chair and side Chair to match. Solid Mahogany covered in fine silk velour or panne mohair plushes, and trimmed with gold braid and silk edging fringe, characteristic of this period. Any piece sold separately.

High in Quality but Low in Price

Those who know of Karpen Furniture by its reputation for quality are surprised on learning of its moderate price. So many people have come to realize this, that their patronage has made this the largest business of its kind in the world.

Solidly built of high grade materials, gracefully modeled and beautifully finished, this furniture will always satisfy you, no matter how inexpensive a piece you purchase.

Karpen Guaranteed Upholstered Furniture

is made the safest for you to purchase, because we guarantee your money back if any purchase bearing our trade-mark fails to satisfy.

As no other maker marks or guarantees his product, Karpen Furniture is proven by this, the safest to purchase.

Karpen Furniture is made for every conceivable use in any room in the home; be it modest or palatial.

Karpen Furniture is sold by leading dealers.

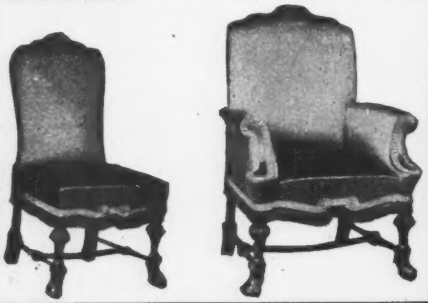
Ask to see our trade-mark when shopping.

Our Free Book of Designs "C M" with its hundreds of pictures and pages of practical information for buyers will assist you in selecting.

Write for Book "C M" to-day

S. KARPEN & BROS.

Karpen Bldg., Chicago Karpen Bldg., New York
20 Sudbury St., Boston (11)



For two generations the standard for Shampooing



Send 10 cents for a sample half-cake of Packer's Tar Soap. Our booklet, "How to Care for the Hair and Scalp," free on request.

The Packer Mfg. Co.
Suite 87, 81 Fulton Street
New York

"Ask your doctor"

Thousands of physicians know from long experience in their practice that

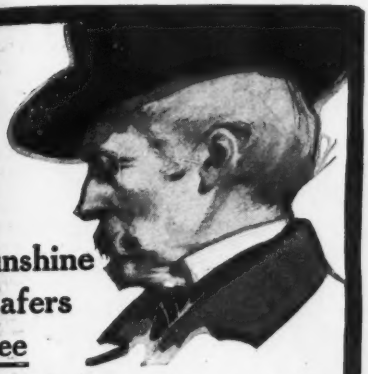
ESKAY'S FOOD

added to fresh cow's milk makes the best substitute for mother's milk.

Ten feedings of "Eskays" and our helpful mother's book "How to Care for the Baby," *free* on request.



SMITH, KLINE & FRENCH CO.
451 Arch Street
Philadelphia



Sunshine Wafers Free

Thin wafers made of whole wheat flour, buttered, salted and toasted crisp—they spur the appetite with their delicious, nutty flavor.

Sunshine

Toasted Whole Wheat Wafers

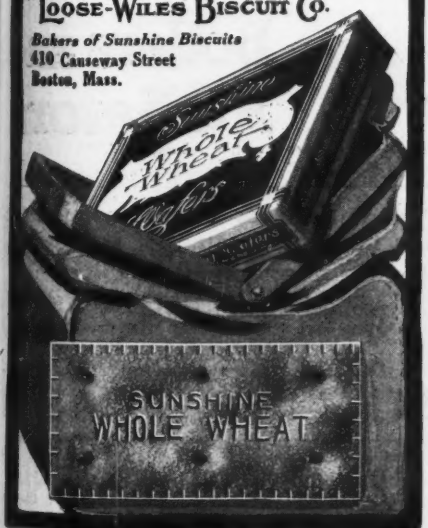
are as thoroughly wholesome as they are good to eat. Just the things for the evening "bite" and the between-meal lunch—or to put in your grip when you travel. When once you've tasted them you'll think of a score of uses. The one biscuit that is liked as well by men as by women and children.

Send a Postal for Samples

Give your name and address and the name and address of your grocer. Ask your grocer for Sunshine Toasted Whole Wheat Wafers—they are one of the Sunshine Specialties, the Quality Biscuits of America.

Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co.

Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits
410 Causeway Street
Boston, Mass.



Perfect Safety from FIRE



Of all the strong arguments in favor of Tile roofing, the single fact that it is absolutely fire-proof should be enough to satisfy anyone.

If wood lath for the inside have been condemned as a menace to life, why put such combustible material as wood shingles on the part most exposed to the possibility of fire?

Over half the enormous fire losses in this country are due to flames communicated from adjoining buildings.

Terra Cotta ROOFING TILES

are not only fire-proof, but furnish absolute protection from the elements. They are leak-proof, moisture-proof, and by being non-conductors of heat and cold, add to comfort and health.

Most of the arguments against wood shingles can be applied to slates, for slates are not fire-proof—they also attract lightning.

While the sun warps shingles and the wind rips them off, slates are brittle, moisture gets under them, the settling of a building affects them, and they lift up and break.

The character of a building is in the roof, and from the standpoint of architectural beauty, Tiles have all the advantages.

A poor roof makes a cheap-looking house—a beautiful, durable roof adds more real value—more selling value—than anything else.

To select a cheaper material is false economy, as the first cost of the Tile roof is all its cost. It lasts forever without repairs.

Terra Cotta Roofing Tiles prevent depreciation—a vital point when investment as well as home-building is to be considered.

Leading architects are not only recommending to customers, Terra Cotta Tiles for roofing, but are putting them on their own homes.

Every piece of Tile produced by us has our name—a guarantee of highest quality—stamped on the inner side. Look for it.

Write for our illustrated booklet "The Roof Beautiful," printed in colors, referring to the origin and use of Tiles. It contains views of many beautiful homes with roofs of Terra Cotta Tiles, and is sent free upon request.

LUDOWICI-CELADON CO., CHICAGO
Manufacturers of
Terra Cotta ROOFING TILES

A Pierce heating equipment is as safe an investment as a gilt-edge bond.

PIERCE MARK

It pays dividends—real money, money saved on fuel; money saved on repairs.

This saving is real. There is no saving in skimping on coal and shivering. A Pierce heating outfit will give you all the heat you need—steam or hot water—and still save fuel. It saves because a Pierce Boiler is so built that every heat unit in every chunk of coal is utilized, and because, with over 200 styles of boilers, it is possible to exactly meet the heat requirements of any house without waste.

We do not make installation—see your plumber or steam fitter for this—but we stand back of every Pierce outfit and guarantee satisfactory service. There are over 200,000 Pierce Boilers in successful operation today.

If you are undecided as to what kind of heat you should put in your house, write for our heat primer, "What Heat for Your House?" If you want to know why you should insist on Pierce Boilers and Radiators, write for our booklet, "Commonsense Heating." Either or both will be sent free on request to anyone who is interested.

Pierce Boilers and Radiators

The Pierce, Butler & Pierce Manufacturing Company, 251 James Street, Syracuse, N. Y.
Branch Houses and Salesrooms in all Principal Cities.

THERE'S no floor varnish which equals "61" Floor Varnish nor has the floor-wear quality "61" possesses. It's heel-proof, mar-proof, water-proof.

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

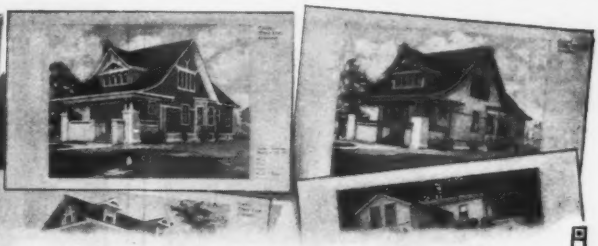
SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE PANEL

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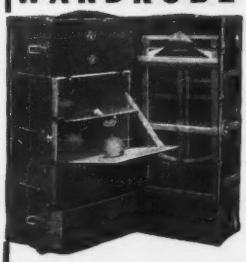
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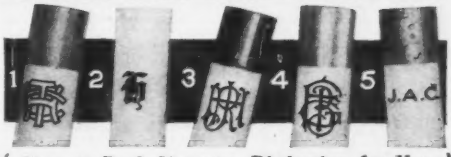
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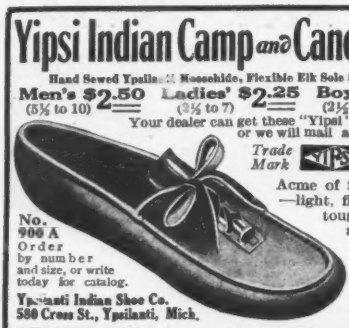
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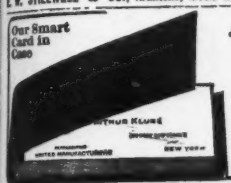
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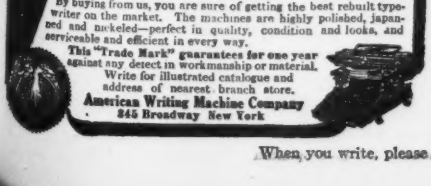
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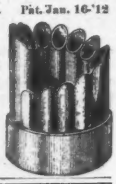


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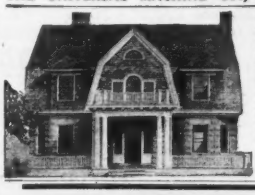
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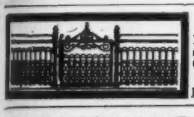
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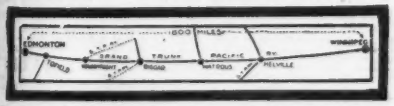
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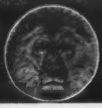
















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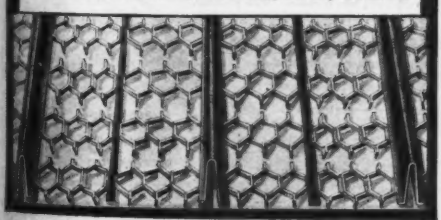
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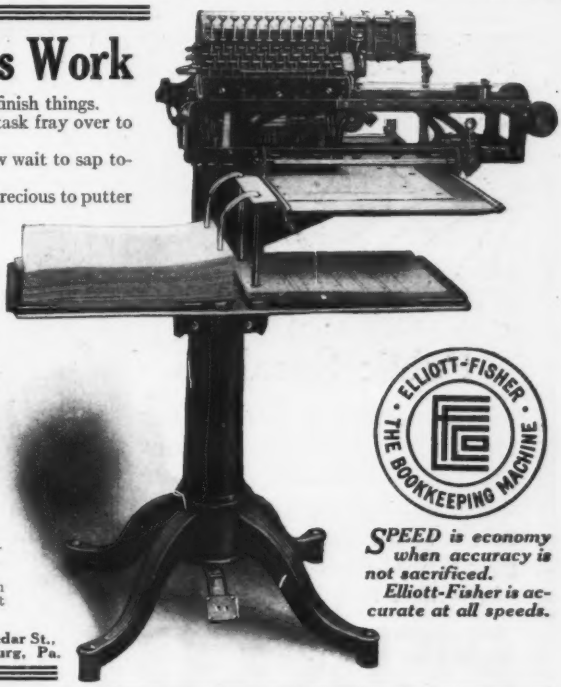
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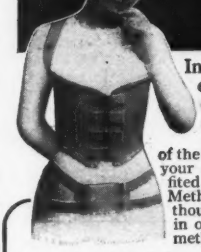
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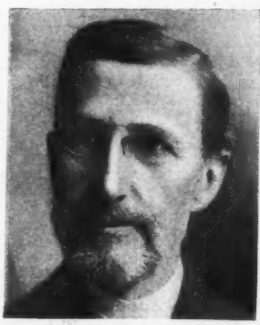
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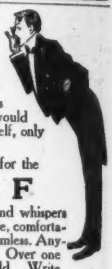
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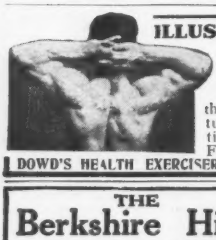
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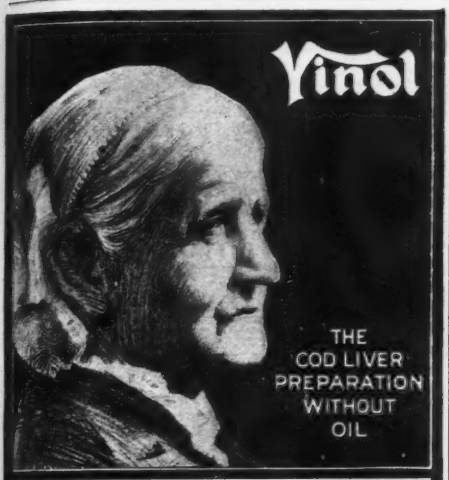
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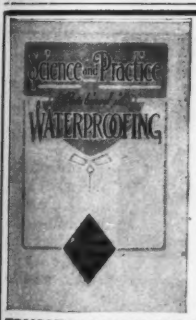


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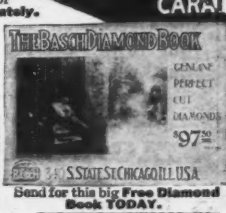


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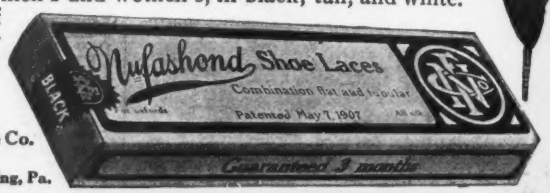
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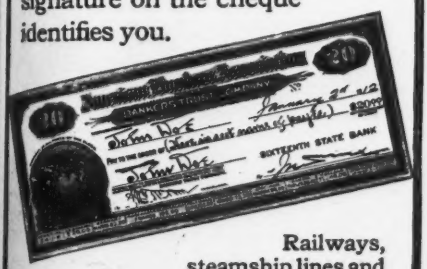
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with "A.B.A." Cheques. Hotel men of all countries like to accept them from guests. Your signature on the cheque identifies you.



Railways, steamship lines and the best shops, all over the world, know that "A.B.A." Cheques are as good as gold.

Foreign money is simplified for the traveler who has a wallet of "A.B.A." Cheques. The exact value of each $10, $20, $50 and $100 Cheque is stated in the money of the principal nations.

William J. Burns National Detective Agency protects holders of "A. B. A." Cheques from forgery. Their engraving and the special paper on which they are printed make them almost impossible to counterfeit.

"A.B.A." Cheques are the only travelers' cheques acceptable under the law for United States customs duties.

Write to Bankers Trust Company, Wall St., New York, for information as to where the Cheques may be obtained in your vicinity, and explanatory booklet, "THE CHEQUE UNIVERSAL."

BUY THEM FROM YOUR OWN BANKER
OR IF HE CANNOT SUPPLY THEM APPLY TO
BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.



About one per cent of your clothing outlay will keep you fairly well supplied with

PARIS GARTERS

No Metal Can Touch You

They constitute a most profitable dress investment from the standpoints of appearance and comfort.

Easy to get, as the name **PARIS** is on each garter—



They are guaranteed to satisfy.

25 cents
50 cents

At all dealers

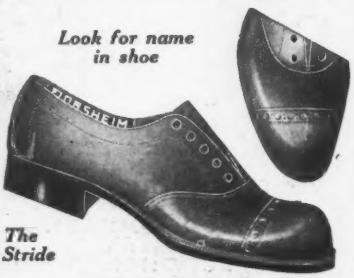
A. STEIN & CO.
CHICAGO, U. S. A.
New York, Flatiron Bld'g.

Tailored to Fit the Leg

The first real improvement in Men's Garters in 20 years

The Florsheim SHOE

Look for name in shoe



The Stride

Quality *and* Economy

are perfectly combined in the Florsheim Shoe. Unquestioned style, superior quality and "Natural Shape" lasts for comfort solve the shoe question "for the man who cares."

Ask your shoeman for Florsheim "Natural Shape" shoes and oxfords, or send us your order and we will have it filled by our nearest dealer."

Price $5.00

"Imperial" Quality $6.00

Write for illustrated loose leaf booklet containing 25 of the leading styles — it's free.

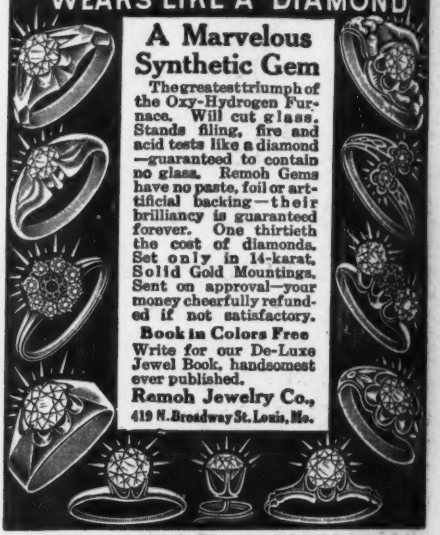
The Florsheim Shoe Company

563 Adams Street Chicago, U. S. A.

Rémoh Gems

NOT IMITATIONS

LOOKS LIKE A DIAMOND
WEARS LIKE A DIAMOND



A Marvelous Synthetic Gem

The greatest triumph of the Oxy-Hydrogen Furnace. Will cut glass. Stands filing, fire and acid tests like a diamond —guaranteed to contain no glass. Remoh Gems have no paste, foil or artificial backing—their brilliancy is guaranteed forever. One thirtieth the cost of diamonds. Set only in 14-karat, Solid Gold Mountings. Sent on approval—your money cheerfully refunded if not satisfactory.

Book in Colors Free

Write for our De-Luxe Jewel Book, handsomest ever published.

Remoh Jewelry Co.,
419 N. Broadway St. Louis, Mo.



THIS JOB PAYS $25-$50 Weekly

You Can Be An Auto Expert

We teach you the entire subject by mail in 10 weeks' spare time, and assist you to secure good position. Demand for trained men can't be filled. Simple, practical and personal instruction. Besides, we assist you to secure a good position. Free auto model to each student.

FIRST LESSON FREE — WRITE FOR IT NOW

Send Postal at once to the Original Auto School

Empire Auto Institute, 971 Empire Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

Owners—We Supply Competent Men

KREMENTZ

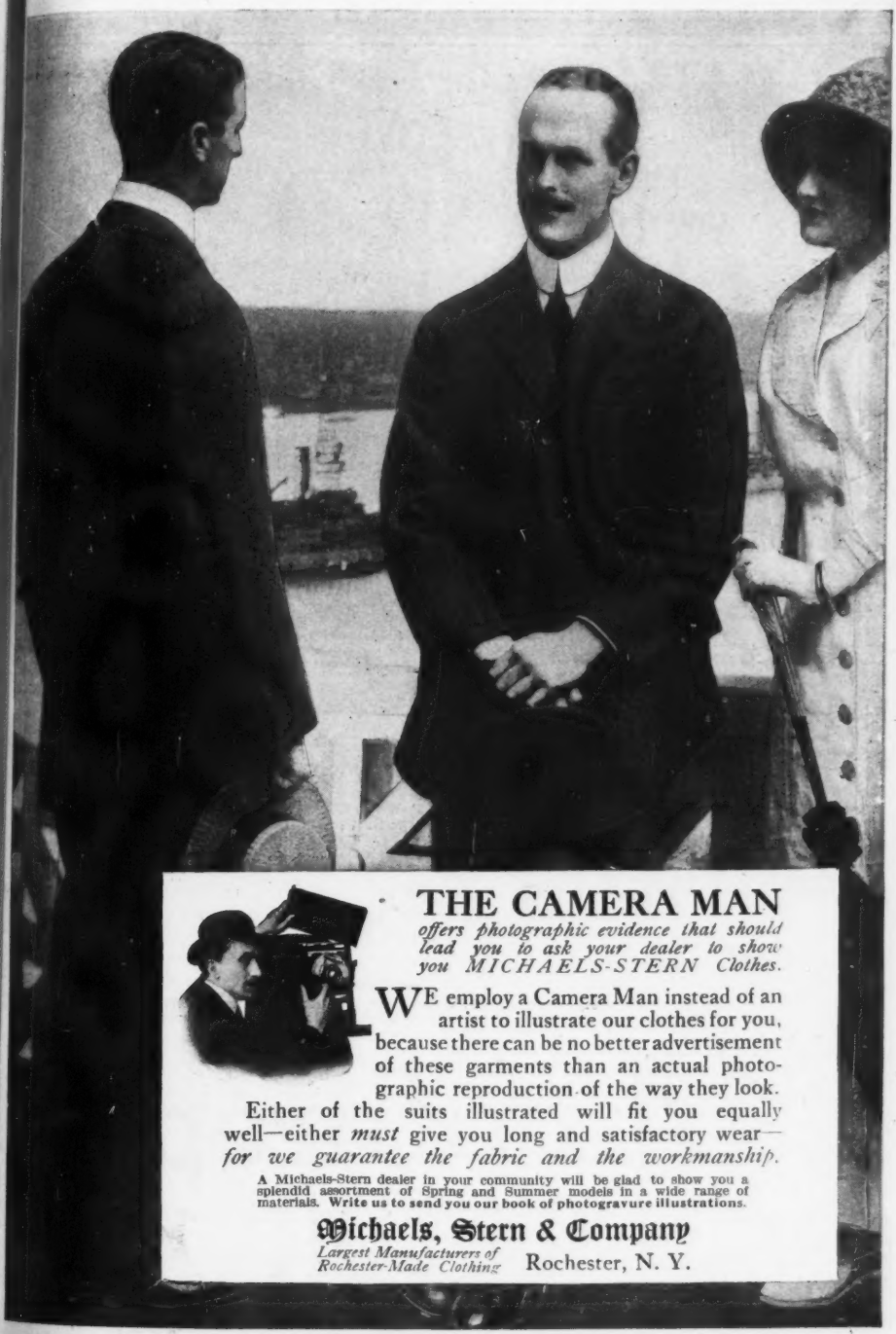
One-Piece COLLAR BUTTON

The unbreakable standard of collar button perfection. Made in 14-K. Rolled Gold Plate that wears a lifetime; also in 10-K. and 14-K. Gold. A new button free for every one broken from any cause. At all good jewelers and haberdashers. Booklet tells the story. Free on request.

KREMENTZ & CO., 92 Chestnut Street, Newark, N. J.

Krementz Bodkin-Clutch Studs and Vest Buttons go in like a Needle—Hold like an Anchor.





THE CAMERA MAN

offers photographic evidence that should lead you to ask your dealer to show you MICHAELS-STERN Clothes.

WE employ a Camera Man instead of an artist to illustrate our clothes for you, because there can be no better advertisement of these garments than an actual photographic reproduction of the way they look. Either of the suits illustrated will fit you equally well—either *must* give you long and satisfactory wear—*for we guarantee the fabric and the workmanship.*

A Michaels-Stern dealer in your community will be glad to show you a splendid assortment of Spring and Summer models in a wide range of materials. Write us to send you our book of photogravure illustrations.

Michaels, Stern & Company

Largest Manufacturers of Rochester-Made Clothing Rochester, N. Y.



1 to 8 Mills per Shave

YOU strop the AutoStrop Razor as quickly, handily and expertly as the head barber. That's why barbers recommend it.

Stropping makes the 12 blades last 600 to 3600 shaves. So a shave costs only 1 to 8 mills. The most economical shaving ever accomplished. Compared with it the cost of a "dollar" razor is extravagance.

Get an AutoStrop Razor on trial at your dealer's today.

AutoStrop Razor consists of silver-plated razor, 12 blades and strop in handsome leather case, price $5. Same price in Canada and United States. Factories in both countries. Send for catalogue.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 355 5th Ave., New York; 400 Richmond St., W., Toronto; 61 New Oxford St., London; Schleusenbrucke, No. 8, Hamburg

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

STROPS ITSELF STROPS ITSELF

GOTHAM SHIRTS



THE IDENTIFICATION MARK

"The Shirt of a Gentleman"

Reminder:—

If your dealer can't furnish you, tell us at once. We'll forward immediately your *Signed* and *Dated Personal Copy* of "*The Gotham Book de Luxe.*" Only a *very Limited Edition* of this *valuable Style Book* is printed.
Send for your copy now. It awaits your address.

A sage quotes Emerson as saying, "A shirt that fits lends a peace and poise which pedigree cannot give."

Whether the gentleman of Concord said this or not, all men will recognize it as *undebatable* truth. As we *dress better*, we meet better people. As we meet better people, it is needful that our clothing meet the requirements. ¶ The Gotham Manufacturing Company is producing shirts at a *reasonable price* which will help you measure up to the standard. ¶ Good stores everywhere sell GOTHAM SHIRTS. Every GOTHAM SHIRT has the dignity that only art and the love of labor lend.

Excellence of *material*, perfection of *workmanship*, and an earnest desire to please are factors in producing GOTHAM SHIRTS. GOTHAM SILK SHIRTS are the masterpieces of the shirtmaker's craft. The silk is the very finest obtainable; *durable*, *washable*, full of lustre. Gotham Silk, Madras, Mercerized and other good fabrics retail at $1.00 to $7.50.

GOTHAM MANUFACTURING COMPANY. Dept. D.
Fifth Avenue Building, Madison Square West, New York City

Also makers of Gotham Summer Underwear, Pajamas and Soft Collars

Winston Churchill's New Novel "*The Inside of the Cup*"



begins in the APRIL issue of HEARST'S MAGAZINE—The World To-Day.

It is the greatest novel Mr. Churchill has written—greatest in the power and scope of the theme, and greatest also in the interest that carries you fairly breathless from page to page.

There is nothing in "Richard Carvel," or "The Crisis," or "Coniston," that can even compare with the daring conception and dynamic power of "The Inside of the Cup." In the years to come, it will stand out as the **one great** delineation of current American life.

"The Inside of the Cup" is the first novel Mr. Churchill has published as a serial. Many other magazines have tried to secure a serial from him, but HEARST'S MAGAZINE alone has succeeded.

Hearst's Magazine

The World To-Day

is also the only review magazine to publish fiction; it refuses to be bound by an old and rusty convention, and stands out as the one magazine big enough and progressive enough to give its readers ALL that can possibly be of interest or value to them. In each issue we find the best—and only the best—at any price.

James Montgomery Flagg

has drawn the illustrations. His picture of the hero is reproduced above. There is no artist more popular with the American public, or who could more fittingly illustrate this novel. All that good pictures can add is found in his superb drawings.



Make Sure of It To-day by signing the coupon below and mailing it to us with only a silver quarter. You will at once be entered for the next three issues of Hearst's Magazine, including the first three installments of Churchill's masterful novel. This is in itself a saving of 33⅓%, for Hearst's Magazine regularly costs $1.50 a year. All you have to do is sign the coupon below, enclose a quarter, and mail it—AT OUR RISK—to

Hearst's Magazine
The World To-Day
381 Fourth Avenue
New York City

Hearst's Magazine, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Gentlemen: Having read your advertisement, I enclose a quarter. At Your Risk, for the next three issues of Hearst's Magazine—The World To-Day.

Name .....

Street .....

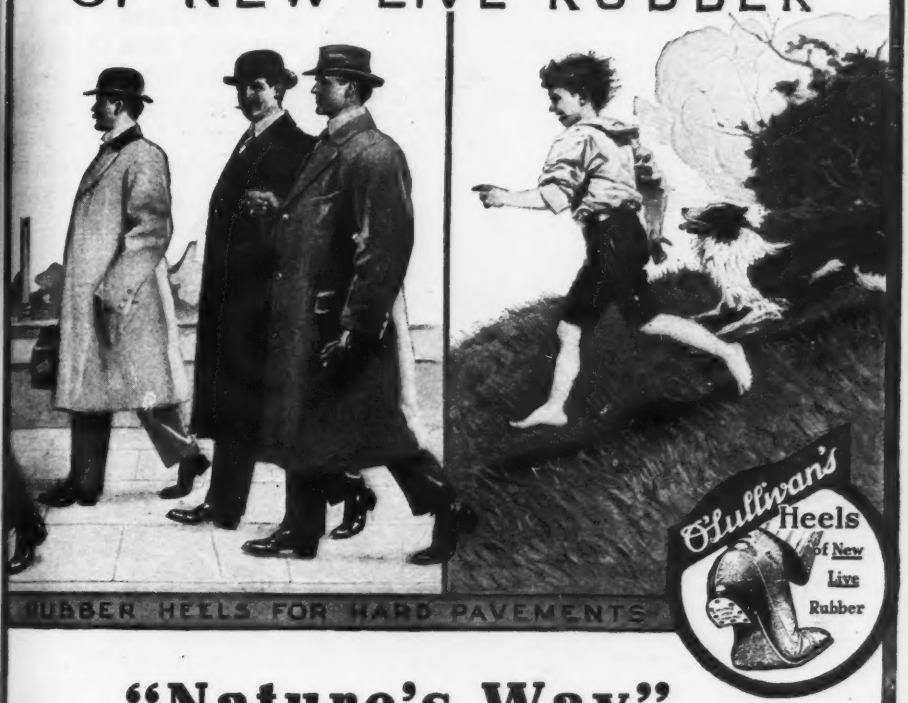
City .....

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O'Sullivan's Heels

OF NEW LIVE RUBBER



RUBBER HEELS FOR HARD PAVEMENTS

"Nature's Way"

HOW easy it used to be—didn't it? You could run around all day—and never feel too tired to run some more, because you ran on soft pads which Nature put on your heels. You can have the same lightness of tread to-day if you attach the resilient

O'Sullivan's Heels of New Live Rubber

to your shoes. You will be copying Nature exactly.

Make every step an easy one, and save your energy for the big job.



The leading men on the stage and in the world's affairs are among the 3,000,000 who shave with the Ever-Ready. Where price is no object, the Ever-Ready is. If you don't find the Ever-Ready the best shaving "safety" that ever touched your beard, permit us to refund your dollar.

The 12 Bladed

Ever-Ready Safety Razor

Complete

$1



Extra Blades 10 for 50c.

Each blade guaranteed superb. Your nearest Drug, Hardware or General Store sells Ever-Ready razors and blades. Most liberal guarantee ever given with a razor or blades.

If a dealer offers you an imitation say "No," and we will send you the Ever-Ready outfit direct, prepaid.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., Inc.
Herald Square New York City

THERE are imitations of "Porosknit" Underwear. But you can be sure of the GENUINE—for it alone has the actual "Porosknit" label and *unconditional* guarantee shown below—a guarantee with no time-limit or quibble. Read it.

The Genuine has this Label

TRADE MARK

"Porosknit"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. DEC. 19 1905

and is **Guaranteed**

The absolute, exclusive guarantee is proof of *quality*, of durability. "Porosknit" is cool, light, elastic. "Porosknit" Union Suits are comfort idealized—no messy bulging at waist line—easy to button and unbutton—and *stay* buttoned.

For MEN **50c** All Styles Shirts and Drawers, Each For BOYS **25c**

Union Suits, $1.00 for Men; 50c for Boys

Write for booklet showing Styles

CHALMER'S KNITTING COMPANY, 8 Washington St., Amsterdam, N.Y.



Handled by Good Dealers Everywhere

Porosknit Porosknit Porosknit Porosknit

Chalmers Guarantee

If, in your opinion, this garment, labeled as below,

Be Sure It Has This Label

TRADE MARK "Porosknit" REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

It Means Genuine "Porosknit"

fails to give you its cost value in underwear satisfaction, return it direct to us and we will replace it or refund your money, including postage.

This guarantee applies to every genuine "Porosknit" garment not stamped "Seconds" or "Imperfect" across the "Porosknit" Label.

Chalmers Knitting Company, Amsterdam, New York

ARROW COLLARS and SHIRTS

BALTIC—a notch collar with ample space for cravat. Easy to put on or take off. Stays closed in front, yet permits the wearing of a large knot cravat. *$1.50 a dozen*

WHEN you buy an Arrow Shirt you know in advance that the color is fast, the style right, the garment well made, the fit perfect. *$1.50 and $2.00*



CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., 455 RIVER STREET, TROY, N. Y.
SEND FOR BOOKLETS

© 1911, BY C. P. & CO., N. Y.



Kahn~Tailored~Clothes

Measure Up To The Big Moments In Your Life.

THEY give you that well-poised, at ease, "forget yourself" air, which is the *essence* of present-day style. They give you those curve-chumming, hip-hugging body-lines that differentiate *tailoring* from *clothing*.

New Wool
Right From The Sheep's Back

NOT just *pure wool*, but *new wool* is used for "Kahn-Tailored-Clothes." New wool right from the sheep's back means that the cloth is supple and full of "life," and, that therefore it is more *"tailorable"* than old wool, no matter how pure. Over 500 pure-wool, new-wool Spring Patterns are ready for *your* survey at our Representative's.

At Once—
Order Your Easter Clothes

GO *to-day* to our Authorized Representative in your town and be measured for your Easter Clothes—$20 to $45. Our seal, pictured below, is in his window and on our label. It guarantees our tailoring as though bond-backed. *Free* for a postcard —"The Drift of Fashion," the famous tailor-shop-in-print. Simply address

Kahn Tailoring Company
of Indianapolis, Ind.

ÆTNA-IZED?



ÆTNA

ÆTNA-IZE YOUR INCOME

If you earn One Hundred Dollars or more monthly, why not devote Five Dollars of it to insuring yourself a continuous income of Twenty-five Dollars a week in case of Disability? To do this is to ÆTNA-IZE Your Income.

DISABILITY INSURANCE costing Sixty Dollars a year, (payable semi-annually or quarterly if you prefer) will provide an income of **$25** per week while you are disabled by **EITHER ACCIDENT OR ILLNESS.**

And in addition

$5,000 to your family if your **ACCIDENT** results fatally.

$5,000 to **YOU** if it causes loss of both hands; or both feet, or one hand and one foot; or one hand and one eye; or one foot and one eye.

$2,500 to **YOU** if it causes loss of one hand, or one foot; or one eye.

These amounts (except for illness) are **ALL DOUBLED** if your accident happens in a public passenger conveyance or elevator, or in a burning building.

If your occupation puts you in the "Preferred" class, and you are under 50 years of age and in good health, send us the coupon and we will tell you more about how to

ÆTNA-IZE YOUR INCOME

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

ACCIDENT AND LIABILITY DEPT. HARTFORD, CONN.

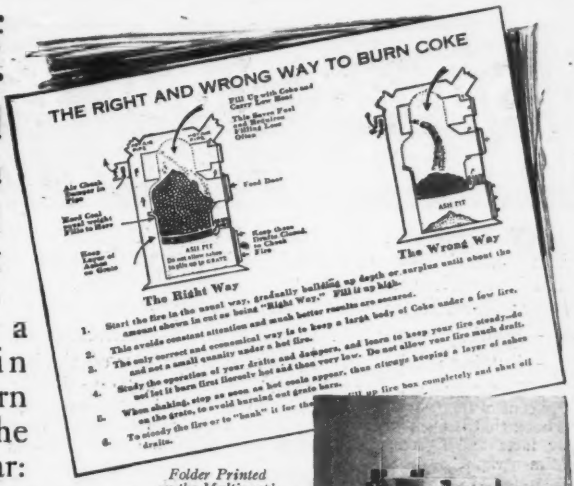
TELL ME HOW TO ÆTNA-IZE MY INCOME

Age_____ Name_____

Occupation_____ Business Address _____

How every step of the way to better business is aided by the Multigraph

A WHOLESALE coal company is using the Multigraph in a way that many a sales-organization in other lines might pattern after. We'll number the steps to make them clear:



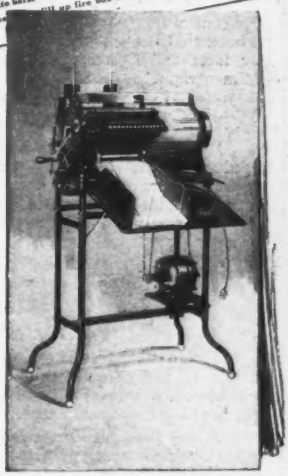
Folder Printed on the Multigraph

1. Multigraphed letters locate prospective customers, saving the salesmen's time.

2. The salesmen get the retailer's interest—and orders—by being able to offer definite selling-helps.

3. Multigraphed letters furnished the retailer free of charge help him to dispose of his stock.

4. Folders printed on the Multigraph show the consumer how to burn the coal to the best advantage, thus strengthening the retailer's good-will.



The Multigraph: Complete Unit, for Printing and Typewriting

THE MULTIGRAPH

Produces real printing and form-typewriting, rapidly, economically, privately, in your own establishment

Think that's work enough for one machine? Not for this one! Besides doing the sales-work, it saves printers' bills by turning out the wholesaler's letter-heads and printed forms, letter-heads for the retailers, and even the imprints on the salesmen's business-cards.

You can't buy a Multigraph unless you need it

That's a fixed principle in our sales-policy. We've declined many an order because we couldn't see where the intending purchaser would get his money back in profit or saving.

But nine times out of ten it's the other way around. The Multigraph is a resourceful machine. It's adaptable to so many uses, in so many ways, that it has an army of enthusiastic users—many of whom have bettered their selling, system or saving by utilizing the suggestions our representative made.

Shall we send a representative to help you determine whether you can profit by using the Multigraph? Or would you rather inform yourself further?

We shall be glad to furnish literature, specimens and such data pertaining to your line of business as may be in our files. Write today. Use the coupon.

Ask us also about the Universal Folding-Machine and the Markoe Envelope-Sealer—two great economizers of time and money for any office that has large outgoing mails.

What Uses Are You Most Interested In?

Check them on this slip and enclose it with your request for information, *written on your business stationery.* We'll show you what others are doing.

AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.
1824 E. Fortieth St., Cleveland

Printing:
- ___ Booklets
- ___ Folders
- ___ Envelope-Stuffers
- ___ House-Organ
- ___ Dealers' Imprints
- ___ Label Imprints
- ___ System-Forms
- ___ Letter-Heads
- ___ Bill-Heads and Statements
- ___ Receipts, Checks, etc.
- ___ Envelopes

Typewriting:
- ___ Circular Letters
- ___ Booklets
- ___ Envelope-Stuffers
- ___ Price-lists
- ___ Reports
- ___ Notices
- ___ Bulletins to Employees
- ___ Inside System-Forms

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.

Executive Offices
1824 East Fortieth Street
Cleveland Sixth City
Branches in Sixty Cities
Look in your Telephone Directory

European Representatives: The International Multigraph Company, 59 Holborn Viaduct, London, England; Berlin, W.-Krausenstr. 70 Ecke Friedrichstr.

Speed Your Business
With Edison Rotary Mimeograph!

This marvelous duplicating machine—The *Edison Rotary Mimeograph*—places you in command of one of the mightiest constructive forces employed in the business world. The Typewriter, the "Rotary" and the U. S. Mails, *working in unison*, are irresistible *trade winners* for merchants and manufacturers.

—Making commercial conquests in hotly contested fields.

—Putting millions of dollars of *new business* on the books of business concerns.

We simply don't dare put down in black and white the amount of money the "Rotary" earns for 90 per cent of its owners. The figures, to the uninitiated, seem almost *unbelievable*. We want to send you a book that is filled with reports from users in many different lines. These *definite statements*, backed by facts and figures, give conclusive proof of the money-making possibilities of The Edison Rotary Mimeograph.

A Rapid-Fire Duplicator!

It swiftly duplicates *typewriting* or *handwriting*, producing *perfect copies*. Has a capacity of 17,000 to 20,000 copies a day. Makes up to 2,000 copies *from a single* original at the rate of 50 to 100 *per minute*—

AT A COST OF ABOUT 20 CENTS PER THOUSAND.

It is so simple in operation that anybody can run it. A *clerk* can take the place of your *printer* and in half an hour save his entire week's pay.

Just turn the crank, feed the paper—*the "Rotary" does the rest.*

Bombard Your Mailing List
With Business-Getting Letters, Quotations, Etc.

The Mailing List is one of the most valuable assets of many a valuable business. Have you considered the *potentialities* of a *Mailing List* comprising both customers and "live prospects"?

Make your Mailing List a veritable gold mine by a vigorous, persistent "follow-up," which The Edison Rotary Mimeograph will handle at insignificant cost.

You can easily put *thousands of dollars in new business* on your books, if you make proper use of the "Rotary."

You can take advantage of the "*psychological moment*" to send out letters, prices, proposals, to thousands of possible buyers.

Merchants and manufacturers by tens of thousands employ this method successfully.

Write for Books, Samples of Work and Special Demonstration

Do this today. Learn what the "Rotary" is doing for others in similar lines. Study its possibilities as applied to your special requirements. Comparison will prove its supremacy over all other duplicating machines in economy, speed and efficiency.

Ask for our "76" catalog, and "Testimony from Users"; also name of our local dealer, who will be pleased to demonstrate the machine.



New Edison No. 76 Rotary Mimeograph

A. B. Dick Company
Makers
738 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago
15E Murray Street, New York
Agencies Throughout the United States and Canada

(4)

Old Hampshire Bond

[4]

RARE wine from a tin cup would lose its charm. Your most earnest business argument lacks in power when written on poor paper.

Old Hampshire Bond is good business stationery. We do not say it's the best. We say it is good and request you to pass comparative judgment upon

Old Hampshire Bond

and *all* others.

[5]

ISN'T it strange, though, how many bond papers have been born "old?" Just because of the standard set by Old Hampshire Bond we now find offered by both printer and maker, stationery marked "Old THIS Bond" "Old THAT Bond" "Old SOME-OTHER Bond" and many of the titles sound like or suggest the real HAMPSHIRE.

You know why all this is done and you will act accordingly.

Buy the real standard to get the best and that of the best repute.



[6]

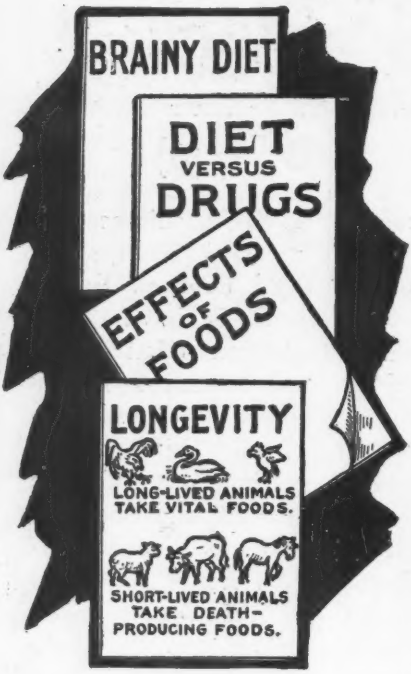
YOU should see the Old Hampshire Bond Book of Specimens. It shows a wide selection of letterheads and business forms. One style of printing, lithographing or engraving, on white or one of the fourteen colors of Old Hampshire Bond, is sure to express exactly the feeling-tone you desire for your stationery.

Hampshire Paper Company

South Hadley Falls
Massachusetts

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively

Popular Educational Food Campaign

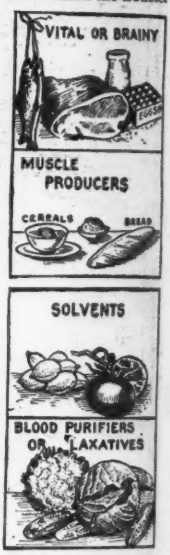


Free: Four Booklets Which Have Taught Many People to Cure Themselves.

A university student writes from Lincoln, Nebraska:

"I have confidence in this system. It has relieved an unsightly skin and mental inertia through the valuable suggestions and hints in your four booklets. There is a mine of practical hints in them; enough to convince a sceptic were he to stick to the rules faithfully and give it a trial.

"Your little books eliminated chronic catarrh from my system in about three weeks. *To put it weakly, I was astonished.* I know now, that butter, eggs and rich cream caused the trouble. I thank you for your knowledge and hope to learn more of your system in the future."



Different Classes of Foods Cause Different Diseases.

I have produced in myself *at will* from time to time such complaints as rheumatism, catarrh, fevers, kidney trouble, blackheads, sores, dandruff, etc., by eating different classes of foods to excess, proving that the waste from each class of foods produces an entirely different disease. For instance, eggs, cream, butter, cheese, milk and salt are mucus-making foods which produce catarrh. Starch and eggs (paste-making foods) in wrong combinations congest and produce headache, dullness, brain fag, etc., while lean meats, green vegetables, and fresh, juicy fruits do not.



G. H. Brinkler, Food Expert

NO FOODS SOLD
NO FASTING
NO EXERCISES

A thin man, after being out of work nearly a year through weakness, was restored in three weeks to hard work as a carpenter at full pay. In such cases the change from a clogging, death-producing diet to energizing foods caused a literal transformation.

Another patient, deaf in the right ear, owing to a discharge caused by an excess of mucus-making foods (cream, butter, cheese, etc.), was completely cured of deafness and catarrh by taking correct combinations of suitable foods.

A case of kidney and bladder trouble of ten years' standing was saved from a surgical operation, and the objectionable discharge cured within ten days, because the loss of control was due entirely to the constant irritation from certain irritating foods and drinks.

Correct Combinations of Foods Cure Diseases.

I have always cured the above-named symptoms in a few days or weeks by returning to a correctly combined diet. The experiments have been fascinating and the results underlie success in life.

People Write:

"My brain power and general efficiency have been about doubled this year by selecting brainy foods. I have made a fortune in real estate and the credit is honestly yours."

"The government should investigate and teach the Brainy Diet System for the good of the nation."

"The hints in Booklet No. III, on foods for curing congested liver, nourishing the brain, etc., are worth untold dollars, although the books are free."



Brainy Diet

A chronic sufferer, weighing 415 pounds, unable to exercise, took correct combinations of ordinary daily foods and reduced over 150 pounds (in public life, under many witnesses) gained strength with firmer flesh, and lost rheumatism.

(1) Test of Brainy Diet
(2) Diet *versus* Drugs
(3) Effects of Foods
(4) Key to Longevity

Send 10 Cents for Mailing
Send Addresses of Your Sick Friends

G. H. BRINKLER
Food Expert, Dept. 14, Washington, D. C.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



Stop "Making Steam" for the Other Fellow

The majority of workers are "stokers"—making "steam" to help *some other man* win success.

Why not win success for yourself and work your way to the top of your chosen trade or profession by sheer force of ambition? The I. C. S. can help you to do this.

If you are willing to spend a small part of your idle hours, gaining the knowledge that will put you ahead of your fellow workers, the I. C. S. will show you how. No matter where you live—how old or how young you are—what your previous education—you can become a *master* of your business.

Just mark and mail the coupon and without further obligation on your part, detailed information will be sent you telling how the I. C. S. will lead you to success.

Over 400 students each month voluntarily report an increase in salary due to I. C. S. training—why not increase ***your*** earning power?

Mark and mail the coupon now.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 841, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.

Automobile Running	Civil Service
Mine Superintendent	Architect
Mine Foreman	Chemist
Plumbing, Steam Fitting	Languages
Concrete Construction	Commercial English
Civil Engineer	Building Contractor
Textile Manufacturing	Architectural Draftsman
Stationary Engineer	Industrial Designing
Telephone Expert	Commercial Illustrating
Mechan. Engineer	Window Trimming
Mechanical Draftsman	Show Card Writing
Electrical Engineer	Advertising Man
Elec. Lighting Supt.	Stenographer
Agriculture	Bookkeeper
Electric Railways	Salesmanship
Structural Engineer	Cotton Manufacturing
R. R. Construction	Woolen Manufacturing
Metal Mining	Toolmaking
English Branches	Foundry Work
Gas Engineer	Pattern Making
Foreman Plumber	Blacksmithing
	Surveyor
	Poultry Farming

Name .....

Present Occupation .....

Street and No. .....

City ..... State .....

Chatter Concerning Cheese

BY FRANKLIN O. KING

This World is like a Big Round Cheese, and It is Populated with all Sorts and Conditions of Humanity. Some of us are Helpful, some Harmful, but Many of Us are Merely like Mud on a Wagon Wheel—we neither Help the Wheel go Round, nor add very Much to the Appearance of Things. A Few of us Think We are the "Whole Cheese," but We're Not, and Few besides Ourselves have Inflated Ideas regarding our Importance. The Trouble with Most of Us, however, is our inability to take Life Seriously, and a Tendency to Underestimate Our Own Intrinsic Worth. More Men have Lost Out through "Cold Feet," than by Reason of "Swelled Head."

You haven't any Real Reason for being Poor, and *You Know It.* If you would make a *Real Stand* against Poverty, and Put up Half the Battle You are Capable of, Nothing in the World could Prevent Your final Success. To Win, however, Under Present Conditions, requires not only Tireless Industry, but the Development of a Trait most of us know very Little about—FRUGALITY. *Saving* is the Antidote for *Slaving.* Every Little Bit Added To What You've Got Will Some Day Buy You a House and Lot. Don't be a Jelly-fish. Cut loose from Gay Companions—Cut out a Few Habits. Cut down Expenses, and You'll Cut a better Figure with Your Friends and Family.



Two Texas Gulf Coast Products

The Systematic Saver Accumulates slowly, unless his Savings are Put to Work where They can Earn Something Worth While. Fifteen Hundred Dollars put into the Savings Bank will, in One Year, at 3 per cent, earn You less than Fifty Dollars. Half of Fifteen Hundred Dollars invested in One of our Ten-Acre Danbury Colony Farms, in convenient Monthly Payments (Protected by Sickness and Insurance Clauses) will Earn Freedom from Care, and that Comfort which comes from the Ability to Sit under One's "Own Vine and Fig Tree," with a certain Income Insured.

The Best Incentive to Persistent and Systematic Saving is the Desire to Get a Home. The Best Place I know of to Get a Home is in the Rain Belt of Gulf Coast Texas, where You can Grow Three big Money-Making Crops a Year, and where Irrigation and Fertilization do not Eat up the Profits Your Hands Create.

M. L. Mebene, who owns a farm just across Chocolate Bayou from our land, received the past season $2300 for his six-acre strawberry crop, f. o. b. cars, Chocolate Bayou Station.

Do You Know that Growers of Figs, Strawberries and Early Vegetables clear a Net Profit of $300 to $500 an Acre in Gulf Coast Texas? Do You Know men have realized more than $1,000 an acre Growing Oranges in our Country? If You Do Not know these things, you should read up on the subject, and you must not fail to get Our Free Book, which contains nearly 100 photographs of growing crops, etc.

What would you think of a little town of about 1,200 People situated near our lands, where they ship on an average of $400,000 worth of Fruit, Vegetables, Poultry, Eggs, etc., a year? During 1910 this Community shipped nearly $100,000 worth of Strawberries alone.

I believe You could save 25 cents a day if you Tried. I Know You would TRY if You Could Realize one-half the Opportunities offered by this Wonderfully Fertile Soil of our Danbury Colony. Remember—Our Early Vegetables get to Northern Markets in Mid-Winter and Early Spring, when they command top prices.

We are situated within convenient shipping distance of Three Good Railroads, and in addition to this have the inestimable Advantages of Water Transportation through the Splendid Harbors of Galveston and Velasco, so that our Freight Rates are Cut Practically in Half. The Climate is Extremely Healthful and Superior to that of California or Florida—Winter or Summer—owing to the Constant Gulf Breeze.

Our Contract Embodies Life and Accident Insurance, and should You Die, or become totally disabled, Your Family, or anyone else You name, will get the Farm without the Payment of another Penny. If You should be Dissatisfied, we will Absolutely Refund your Money, as per the Terms of Our Guarantee.

Write for our Free Book. Fill Out the Blank Space below with your Name and Address, plainly written, and mail it to the Texas-Gulf Realty Company, 1373 Peoples Gas Bldg., Chicago, Illinois. Read It Carefully, then use your Own Good Judgment.

* * *

Please send me your book, "Independence With Ten Acres.

May issue of Cosmopolitan



The Homemaker

Get Your Canadian Home *from the* Canadian Pacific

WHY farm on high-priced, worn out lands when the richest virgin soil is waiting for you in *Manitoba, Saskatchewan* and *Alberta*, the great Prairie Provinces of Western Canada? In many parts of the United States you have to spend as much money to fertilize an acre of your farm, as a fresh, rich, virgin acre will cost you in Western Canada.

The first prize of $1,000 for the best wheat in the world was awarded to a Western Canada farmer at the New York Land Show—farmers on our low-priced lands won first, second and third prizes for wheat in competition with the world. Go where you too can prosper, where you will find perfect health, where you can earn a farm and a home in a few years' time at most—many farmers have paid for their farms with one crop—where it does not take a lifetime of drudgery to make a competence and where energetic efforts bring riches quickly.



Land from $10 to $30 an Acre
Ten Years in Which to Pay

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company offers you the finest irrigated and non-irrigated land along its lines at low figures, and on long terms of payment—lands adapted to grain growing, to poultry raising, dairying, mixed farming, and to cattle, hog, sheep and horse raising—in the Prairie Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Select your own land. Decide what kind of farming you want to follow, and let the Canadian Pacific Railway put you on the road to fortune. Magnificent soil, good climate, good markets, excellent schools, good government, all are awaiting you in Western Canada; and a great Railway Company whose interest it is to help you to succeed, is offering you the pick of the best. *The best land is being taken first.* Don't wait. Ask for our free books today. Learn why 131,114 Americans from the best farming states in the United States moved to Western Canada in the last twelve months. Thousands are getting the *choicest* farms. Come and share in the rapid development, and the great increase in values that are taking place in these three great Prairie Provinces, where you can easily get a farm that will make you more money for life than you can earn farming in any other place on the Continent. This coupon, a postal card or a letter will bring you by return mail full information, handsome illustrated books and maps. Write and investigate today.

B. L. Thornton, General Agent
Canadian Pacific Railway Colonization Department
112 West Adams St., Chicago, Ill.
For Sale—Town Lots in all growing towns.

☐ Book on Manitoba ☐ Book on Saskatchewan ☐ Book on Alberta
(Make a cross in the square opposite the book wanted)

B. L. Thornton, General Agent,
Canadian Pacific Railway Colonization Department,
112 West Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me the books indicated above.

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... State .....

OF course you've heard of the Spencer Steam or Hot Water Heater. You've read

—How it reduces heating bills ⅓ to ½;

—How it successfully burns the small, inexpensive sizes of hard coal;

—How, owing to its unique water-jacketed magazine, it requires coaling but once every 24 hours in ordinary weather, or 12 in severe;

—How it keeps up heat for 10 to 12 hours without attention.

Possibly you've been a bit skeptical about these unusual claims—they've sounded 'most too good to be true, but—

Do you think we would keep on spending thousands of dollars to merely tell you these things, if they were not so?

Do you think the sales of the "Spencer" would have increased nearly 1000% in the last six years, if the heater, itself, had not lived up to our claims?

Our advertising is not to sell you anything directly, but to set you thinking there must be something in our remarkable claims for the "Spencer" money-saving and labor-saving features.

To more fully realize the truth of these unusual economies, we want you to send at once for our two free books—a descriptive catalog and an interesting collection of letters giving the unbiased testimony of 60 "Spencer" users throughout the country.

Should you desire to get first hand information from some owners in your immediate locality, we can supply you with such list on request. Or, should you prefer to leave the question in the hands of your architect or heating engineer, ask them about the "Spencer."



The "Spencer" is not only best for residences, but it is an ideal heater for apartments, flats, schools, churches and public buildings of all kinds. Owing to its ability to keep up heat for 12 hours at a stretch, it does away with the services of a night fireman. The owner of a building equipped with a "Spencer" has little difficulty in securing and holding tenants.

All we ask is that before you decide on *any* heating equipment, you investigate the "Spencer"—the heater that gives the most efficient heating with the greatest saving of money and labor. Just mail us a postal to-day and we'll gladly send you both books free.

SPENCER HEATER CO.

550 Peoples National Bank Bldg., Scranton, Pa.

BRANCH OFFICES:

New York City, 501 Fifth Ave., Cor. 42nd Street
Chicago, 160 N. Dearborn Street
Philadelphia, Morris Building
Boston, 79 Milk Street
St. Louis, Century Building
Detroit, Ford Building
Buffalo, White Building

Canadian Sales Representatives:
The Waldon Co., Winnipeg, 92 Princess Street
and Toronto, 208 Lumsden Building.

SPENCER SAVES

TRY THIS

GOOD "3-IN-ONE" OIL

"3-in-One" is a perfect lubricant for all light machinery. It goes right into the contact point of all bearings, removes dirt, reduces friction, makes every action part work better and last longer. It will not dry out, cake, turn rancid or collect dust and is the only oil on earth that positively will not gum.

"3-in-One" cleans and polishes wood or metal surfaces and prevents rust in any climate or weather. This good oil is indispensable for a hundred uses about home, shop or office. Ask any good hardware dealer, druggist or general store. Try it yourself for:

Sewing Machines "3-in-One" lasts longer, costs less and lubricates better than any machine oil or cheap mineral oil. It won't turn rancid, gum, collect dust to soil the fabric. A little "3-in-One" will remove all dirt from the bearings and make the hand wheel, treadle, bobbin, foot, etc., of any machine, new or old, work exactly right. "3-in-One" saves time in sewing, saves the hard labor of pumping and expensive repair bills when the machine breaks down or parts wear out before they should. It's the best oil for any make of machine. Polishes the wooden case —prevents rust on all metal surfaces, particularly the nickel.

Typewriters "3-in-One" is just right for oiling all the delicate parts. It cuts away gum and grease, cleans the typefaces, prevents rust on all the metal and makes machine work faster and better. Your typewriter needs "3-in-One."

Guns "3-in-One" makes trigger, lock and every action part work easily, accurately and without hitch. It cleans and polishes the wooden stock, prevents rust on metal parts, removes residue of burnt powder (black or smokeless) and keeps barrels bright and shiny—inside and out. Preserves the wooden stock.

Furniture Every housewife needs "3-in-One" for cleaning and polishing chairs, tables, beds, hardwood trimmings, bathroom fixtures, etc. Has no disagreeable odor and contains no grease or acid to soil or injure. "3-in-One" is the best furniture polish sold—better than any varnish, because it is not greasy or sticky. "3-in-One" is also best for razors, bicycles, fishing tackle, office fixtures, clocks, fans, talking machines, scales, tools, and many other things. You can't afford to be without this good oil.

"3-in-One" Oil Company 42 E P, Broadway, New York City

FREE

Just tear off this corner coupon, sign your name and address plainly and mail the coupon to us. We will send you, *absolutely free*, a sample of "3-in-One" oil and our 24-page "3-in-One" dictionary. Do it right now—this minute.

3 IN

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Library Slip worth 5% of the purchase price free with every bottle. Exchangeable for books and magazines.



"3-in-One" Oil Company, 42 E P, Broadway, New York.

Gentlemen:—Please send me sample of your "3-in-One" oil, also your "3-in-One" dictionary—both free.

Yours very truly,

Name .....

Address .....



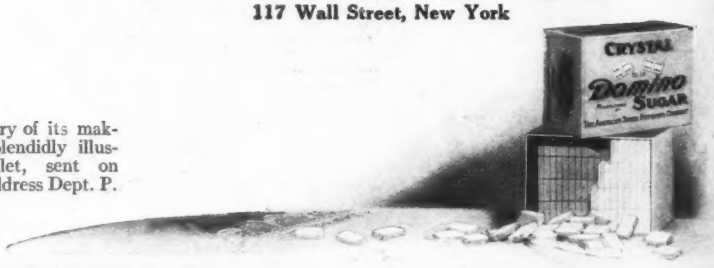
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Beauty goes below the surface with Crystal Domino Sugar. Goodness and purity are in its every sparkling grain.

Each step of its refining and crystallizing is guarded by modern methods of scrupulous cleanliness. It almost makes itself in a wonderful web of glistening machinery that leaves no chance for impurity or contamination.

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Read the story of its making in our splendidly illustrated booklet, sent on request. Address Dept. P.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

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You need some light, nourishing food as you stop to rest.



Peter's Milk Chocolate

never cloys—does not create thirst, and is the most wholesome luncheon in the most convenient form.

¶ From the smallest store in the village to the biggest candy store in the city, remember you are always safeguarded when you buy **Peter's,** because the Peter Process and the Peter Package will always guarantee to you fresh, pure, and wholesome chocolate candy.

"High as the Alps in Quality."

3 Years to Pay

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Meister Piano $175

30 Days' Free Trial

IN YOUR OWN HOME

We Pay the Freight If the piano proves to be all we claim for it and you decide to buy it, these are the terms of sale:

$1 a Week or $5 a Month

No cash payment down. No interest on payments. No extras of any kind. Piano stool and scarf Free.

Sold direct from the maker to you at a guaranteed saving of $100. No dealer's profit for you to pay.

Send now for our beautiful **Free Catalog** which shows eight styles of Meister Pianos.

Our resources exceed $4,000,000. We sell more pianos direct to the home than any other concern in the world.

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Great Suit Offer!



Just Write Us

and we will send you absolutely **free** by return mail, postpaid, a large outfit containing a big variety of cloth samples, fashion figures, tape measure, order blanks, etc. Everything **free**, and **we will start you in a paying business. A most liberal offer on a suit for yourself** that will make you wonder. Terms, conditions and privileges **that will astonish you.** We will name you so much lower prices on men's fine clothing that it will surprise you.

We Want a Live Agent

in your town. You can make $1,000 to $2,000 per year. If you will write us before we get an agent in your town **you will get a wonderful offer.** As soon as we get an agent in your town he will get profits on every dollar we sell in his territory. **We turn all our business over to him.** That's why our agents make so much money. If you want a suit for yourself **answer quick,** before we get an agent in your town, you will then get all of our great inducements. (30)

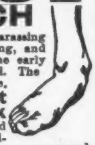
American Woolen Mills Co., Dept. 25, Chicago

FLAT FOOT

WRONGLY CALLED **BROKEN ARCH**



is the most painful, distressing and harassing condition that can afflict a human being, and affects 90 per cent of our people. In the early stages the condition is easily corrected. The trouble follows every weakening disease.



Send for the **A-KE-LES Foot Trouble Symptom Blank** and learn the exact stage of your own foot trouble, and the proper methods for correction and relief. The experience of the leading Foot Specialists of the World is at your command. The blank is free—write for it now.

A-KE-LES Foot Comfort Company, 184 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

The A-KE-LES Devices make any shoe a good shoe for a bad foot. Ask at good shoe stores.



Here is a Big Table Value

$8.85

See Our Catalog for Other Great Bargains

This Library Table $8.85

shows the kind of values we give. Size of top, 26x44—large drawer with wood knobs; pedestals are massive and shapely—comes in golden oak or mahogany finish—remarkably well constructed—it's a table that will last for years. Order one today—if you're not satisfied we'll refund your money, including freight charges. State what finish you prefer. **Cash Catalog Free**—Send us a postal and get our Cash Catalog free—every prospective furniture buyer should get this catalog—it is a money-saver.

PHILLIPS BROS. & WEIL, Dept. 41, 819 W. 63rd St., Chicago, Ill.

Ask your dealer for the



Engel-Cone E. C. Ventilated Shoe

and be comfortable on the hottest days this summer

Sizes 6—12 for Men . . .	$3.00
Sizes 2½—6 for Women and Boys	2.50
Sizes 9—2 for Boys and Girls	1.50

Address for catalog, giving us your dealer's name if he cannot supply you.

ENGEL-CONE SHOE CO.
19 New Street, East Boston, Mass.

3¢ a Day Buys This Famous ILLINOIS Watch



If you can save three cents a day, we will sell you an Illinois Watch at a price lower than you can buy a high-grade watch anywhere else in the country. We are the Big Old-Reliable Credit House you have heard so much about—the large firm which has furnished over 1,000,000 homes all over the United States on the 3c-a-day plan, and we have just made a special deal which enables us to quote astonishingly low prices on the World-Famous Illinois Watch. If you have any use for a watch, either man's or lady's, write us. Just say, "Send me your Free Watch Catalog."

Spiegel-May-Stern Co.
940 W. 35th Street, Chicago, Ill. (187)



Rent 10 Months Then It's Yours!

This Is the Offer That Has Astounded the Typewriter World!

A stupendous and far reaching inducement to encourage the use of typewriters.

The Famous Model No. 3 Oliver

—The machine with the type bars that strike downward—that has made the "write-in-sight" principle mechanically practical. It is so simple children learn to operate it in ten minutes—faster than the fastest expert—possesses phenomenal strength and durability.

Fully equipped, just as perfect as though you paid cash—you get every perfection, every device, which ever went out with this model—you get all the extras, metal case, base-board, tools, instruction book, etc.—guaranteed flawless.

No Cash Until You See It—until you try it in your home or office, then you make your decision—no salesman to influence or hurry you—if you keep it, you pay only one month's rent down; it will earn its own way thereafter.

Stop Paying in Ten Months—no interest—no chattel mortgage—no collectors—no publicity—no delay. Positively the best typewriter value ever given—the best selling plan ever devised.

If You Own a Typewriter Now—trade it in as part payment—we will be liberal with you. If you are renting an old typewriter, you will want to send it back when you see this one.

Send your name and address on coupon and we will tell you more about this unusual offer—more about this splendid typewriter—it won't cost you anything and you will be under no obligation—we won't send a salesman. Tear out the coupon now.

TYPEWRITERS DISTRIBUTING SYNDICATE
159MO N. State Street, Chicago

---------- **COUPON** ----------

TYPEWRITERS DISTRIBUTING SYNDICATE
159MO N. State St., Chicago

You may send without placing me under any obligation, further information of your typewriter offer.

Name.....

Address.....

My old machine is a..... No.....

"DREAMLAND" Swaying Hammock-Couch



$10 **All Ready to Hang the Minute You Receive It!**

The most perfect and serviceable hammock ever constructed. A combination hammock and couch. Constructed so as to conform to every curve of the body. Irresistible and restful. As a hammock or couch-bed it is perfectly designed for outdoor sleeping.

No Home Complete Without It

You can add ten years to your life by sleeping and resting out of doors. The **Dreamland Hammock Couch** enables you to do it. Can be used for any purpose and will fit indoors or out. For outdoor sleeping it is unequalled. Suitable for porches, camps, bungalows, dens or cozy corners.

Combination Hammock-Couch or Bed

The "Dreamland" has the swinging feature of the hammock—the refined elegance and luxury of a couch—and the restfulness, irresistible and inviting features of the perfect bed. All three combined in one!

How It Is Made The hammock proper consists of a canvas body, extra heavy and of double thickness, inside of which is placed a wooden frame interlaced with rope. The canvas is extremely strong and serviceable and doubly reinforced on the sides and on the ends. This is the strongest construction ever put into a canvas hammock. It will never sag—never tear—never overturn. Practically indestructible. Nothing to get out of order.



The mattress is made of the finest grade of cotton felting, heavily tufted and side stitched. Fits snugly, easy to remove. Covered with an extra fine quality of specially woven fabric. Made in three colors—tan, brown and slate. Weight of mattress 22 lbs.

We Guarantee that the "Dreamland" is constructed with the very highest quality of material. If you find that we have misrepresented the "Dreamland" in any way, we will refund every cent you have paid to us.

Remarkable Book and Camp Guide Free

For a good many years we have been collecting data to put into book form. Now we have published it. You can have a copy FREE. This book tells all about different kinds of tents, how to select a good tent, what kind of tents are best suited for different purposes, how to prepare for a camping trip, what to take with you, what to do when you get there, what to take along to eat and a lot of other valuable information that every lover of outdoor life should possess. Write at once. Get one of these books FREE before they are all gone.

Send this Free Coupon

Don't wait. Simply sign your name and address to the coupon and mail now. By sending it now you can take advantage of the special price we are making on the "Dreamland" Hammock-Couch. Send today!

FREE COUPON

H. Channon Company
Dept. 1045
Randolph and Market Sts.
Chicago, Ill.

Without any obligation on me, please send me detailed description of your "Dreamland" Hammock-Couch and also your "Camp Guide"—all free.

Name.....

Address.....

1045

Answer This Advertisement to Learn How Our Agents Make $45 to $90 a Week

This clean, high class money-making business must appeal to you. A business where you will meet men in the best walks of life who will be intensely interested in your proposition. A big money making surprise for agents.

Read how Agent H. C. Wingo sold 720 sharpeners in six weeks; profit $1,080.00. Agent Stauffer sent in third order for 300 machines. Agent Stevens averaged 30 Sales a day. Agent Kirgan sold 6 machines in 10 minutes. Agent Krantz, N. D., writes: "Had a good day, sharpeners selling fine; took 27 orders." Agent Witte, Michigan, writes: "Gave 6 demonstrations and took 9 orders." Agent Medved, Minn.: "Have sold 42 machines and worked but 6 evenings.

Over 250,000 of these Clauss Never-Fail Sharpeners in the hands of satisfied customers.

I want an agent, in every county as local representative for one county, or as general agent for several counties; to act as sales manager for the Clauss Never-Fail Razor Sharpener—the Twentieth Century Wonder Machine.

There are unlimited possibilities in this business for ambitious men in every state in the Union to get into a permanent money-making business. Perhaps you have never answered an advertisement of this kind. Just sign your name and address on a postal card and judge for yourself.

THE ONLY AUTOMATIC MACHINE THAT HONES AND STROPS ANY RAZOR—OLD STYLE OR SAFETY



Guaranteed to sharpen every razor—safety or old style.

Absolutely perfect in its work. Has proven its value by the demand of thousands of razor users in every part of U. S.

QUICK SELLERS

Every man who shaves should buy the wonderful Clauss Never-Fail Razor Sharpener. I guarantee that razor blades, ordinary, old style, safety or of any description can be put in the most perfect condition and you will be delighted and enthused over the Never-Fail service.

$100 reward for any Razor—old style, or safety—that can't be sharpened and kept in the best condition on the Never-Fail, provided the blade doesn't need grinding.

Sold with a positive guarantee for life.

$45.00 TO $90.00 A WEEK

I can show you absolute proof where hundreds of men who joined me in this dignified money-making business, without experience, are making a large income, from $45.00 to $90.00 a week.

WANTED AT ONCE

THIS-IS-YOUR-CHANCE—a live, hustling agent in every district must succeed—everything is in his favor. The Never-Fail solves a problem, fills an existing demand—every man who looks at it sees its value. Sales are easy to make. I back you up, tell you how to sell, what to say, how and when to say it. *No experience necessary. Big profit to you.* You make more out of each sale than my company.

OLD AGENTS

who have made successes selling other things, have doubled their incomes handling my quick selling sharpeners.

DON'T SEND ME A CENT

Just let me know you are open for a proposition—a post card will do. I will send complete information, details, description of the business, sworn-to proof. I want you to know what this advertisement means to you. Do not delay. Territory is going fast. Write today, and give the name of your county. Address Secretary

THE NEVER FAIL CO., 1353 Colton Bldg., Toledo, O.

GRAY HAIR

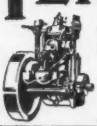
OVERCOME without dye and harm. Giving the scalp new vigor. Vendahuwa restores faded or gray hair to its natural color, increases its growth, makes it soft and glossy. $1 a bottle, sent prepaid in plain wrapper. Sales agents wanted.

Booklet and special offer free.

THE VENDAHUWA COMPANY, 18 West 34th St., New York City

FERRO MARINE ENGINES

$60 to $500 The Engine that Mastered Niagara



The World's Standard Two-cycle Marine Motor. Ten sizes; one, two and three cylinders; 3 to 25 horse power. Exclusive 1912 improvements. *48-page Practical Treatise on Marine Engines free—a valuable reference book.*

THE FERRO MACHINE & FOUNDRY CO.
114 Hubbard Avenue, Cleveland
Agents in principal Cities and Ports.

There's inspiration to the writer in a Spencerian Pen. It transmits his thoughts without balk or blot. The name

SPENCERIAN

on pens means smoothest points, highest elasticity, greatest durability. Get the Spencerian Pen that suits your handwriting.

Sample card of 12 different styles with 2 good pen-holders sent for 10c.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.
349 Broadway,
New York.



Folding BATH TUB



Costs little, no plumbing, requires little water. Weight 15 pounds, and folds into small roll. Full length baths, far better than tin tubs. Lasts for years. Write for special agents offer and full description. **ROBINSON MFG. CO., 1 Yeager Street, TOLEDO, OHIO.** *Manufacturers Turkish Bath Cabinets.*



"Can take a pound a day off a patient, or put it on. Other cures may temporarily alleviate, but this cure is permanent." —*N. Y. Sun*, Aug., 1891. Send for lecture "Great Subject of Fat."

No Dieting. No Hard Work.

DR. JOHN WILSON GIBBS' TREATMENT
For the Permanent Reduction of Obesity.

Harmless and positive. NO FAILURE. Your reduction is assured—reduce to stay. One month's treatment, $5.00. Mail, or office, 1270 Broadway, New York. A PERMANENT REDUCTION GUARANTEED.

"The cure is positive and permanent."—*N. Y. Herald*, July 9, 1893.

"On Obesity, Dr. Gibbs is the recognized authority."—*N. Y. World.*

PRICE $7.50 UP



Make $20 a Day

with our wonderful **Champion Picture Machine.** Takes, develops, finishes photo in half minute; 300 an hour. No dark room. **Experience unnecessary.** Photo Post Cards and Buttons are all the rage! You coin money anywhere. Small investment: big profit. Be your own boss. Write for Free Book Testimonials etc

AMERICAN MINUTE PHOTO CO.
572 Nehoc Blk., Dept. B-572, Chicago, Ill.

That Corn Will Go for Good



It will be ended forever in 48 hours, if you use a Blue-jay plaster.

The pain ends instantly when you apply it. Then the B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In two days it comes out, root and all.

No soreness, no discomfort. Nothing else known does what Blue-jay does.

That's why millions use it. You will never let corns disturb you when you find this out.

Nor will you ever pare them. Paring takes off just the top of the corn. And a slip of the blade means infection—sometimes a dangerous one.

The right way—the easy way—is to end them completely with this famous Blue-jay plaster. Prove it today.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters (161)

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of B & B Handy Package Absorbent Cotton, etc.

HYOMEI for Catarrh





BREATHE this soothing antiseptic air; heal the sore, inflamed membrane and destroy the microbes that cause catarrh. HYOMEI is made from Australian Eucalyptus and some Listerian antiseptics. It contains no cocaine, opium or other harmful or habit-forming drug.

The HYOMEI treat[illegible] successful that [illegible] catarrhal

Complete outfit (as illustrated) which includes inhaler, $1.00. If you now own an inhaler, you can get an extra bottle of HYOMEI for 50 cents. Sold by pharmacists everywhere.

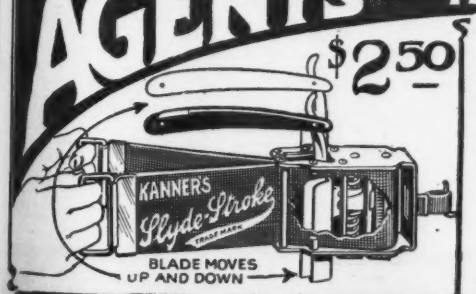
Vapor Treatment

In conjunction with the inhaler use this vapor treatment as directed before retiring:

Into a bowl of boiling water pour a scant teaspoonful of HYOMEI; cover head and bowl with a towel and breathe for five minutes the soothing, healing, antiseptic vapor that arises. Small trial bottle free on request from

BOOTH'S HYOMEI CO., Box F, Buffalo, N.Y.

AGENTS WONDER SELLER



THE TRUE DIAGONAL STROKE

To sharpen a razor perfectly—it must be stropped diagonally—from heel to toe. Kanner's **SLYDE-STROKE Stropper** is designed on that principle. The blade moves **up and down**, as the leather is drawn back and forth across its edge. A double action with one operation—a perfect heel to toe stroke. The result is the sharpest, keenest, smoothest cutting edge possible. Better than the most expert barber can produce and **always the same.** The **SLYDE-STROKE Stropper** is an absolutely new machine. The only one on the market that gives the true diagonal barber's stroke. Sharpens ordinary razors, and every make of safety blade equally well and quickly. Can't get out of order and **cannot** cut the strop. Kanner's **SLYDE-STROKE Stropper** is sold under an absolute money back guarantee.

Agents will find the SLYDE-STROKE a wonderful seller. A moment's demonstration—a sale, and on to the next. Profits are enormous. Write for sample outfit and territory now.

S. B. KANNER, 556 Broadway, New York

THE MOST SENSATIONAL
MOTOR CYCLE
OFFER EVER MADE

The Inside Story of Motor Cycle Making, Selling, and Why You Are Asked to Pay $50 to $75 Tribute on a Motor Cycle

I WILL SAVE YOU THIS $50 TO $75

I want to tell you personally a few inside facts about the Motor Cycle and Bicycle business.

My authority for telling you these facts is that I have been in the Motor Cycle and Bicycle business all my life. I know every detail regarding the business "from A to Z." Up to the present time no one could own a Motor Cycle without paying too big a price for one.

In the last few years, my whole time has been devoted to reducing the cost so that everyone could afford to own a Motor Cycle and Bicycle, and have the pleasure of enjoying the most extreme and exhilarating sport ever devised.

I sell you for $139.65 as good a machine as you would pay $190.00 or more for from other manufacturers. It has taken me a number of years to reduce this price which is from $50.00 to $75.00 under other makes. The reason I am able to make you this low price is the fact that I personally am financially interested in more factories producing this kind of goods than any one other man in the world.

Furthermore, in buying a Motor Cycle or Bicycle from me, you save from $50.00 to $75.00, which on other makes goes to pay their agents, and various other expenses. This extra expense does not make the machine one whit better. Would a buyer of good judgment pay this additional expense of $50.00 to $75.00? If you got a better machine, there would be some excuse. But you don't. In buying the American, you get a machine built by the best motor cycle and bicycle mechanics in the world. Not only this, you get a "Built-by-hand" machine with a guarantee longer than other makers give you, a machine that has won its share of speed and economy tests, one that is up to date in every detail.

The engines are full 4½ to 12 H. P., both plain and ball bearing, flat belt, idler, free engine pulley (you can start from the saddle), grip control and every other up-to-date feature. The equipment is the best produced in America, standard make chains, 2½-inch tires, standard carburetors, full size saddle.

You cannot buy any better equipment on any other make machine for the simple reason that there is none better made or sold by any maker in the world. You get the best of everything and save from $50.00 to $75.00.

The local agent of other makes of machines sold through agents and middlemen will try to give you various excuses why the American is not the equal of the machine they sell. They are not telling you facts—their motive is a selfish one. They want you to buy their machine and pay from $50.00 to $75.00 more for something that in my judgment is not as good as the American. This is also the judgment of owners of Americans.

I have been selling bicycles and motor cycles for twenty years. I know the arguments used. My name is known to everyone closely identified with the Bicycle and Motor Cycle business in the United States and Europe.

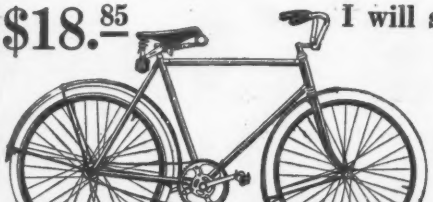
You save from $50.00 to $75.00 on my "Built-by-hand" Motor Cycle, and from $10.00 to $30.00 on my "Built-by-hand" Bicycle. If you buy and are not satisfied that I have saved you this amount, you can return the machine to my Company and I personally will pay you back the full amount you pay.

I sell you for $18.85 a hand-made Bicycle equal in every detail to a Bicycle that you will pay $45.00 for in your home town. My Bicycle is guaranteed for life, no other manufacturer gives you such a guarantee.

If you are interested in motor cycles or bicycles, write for my literature before you buy. It is free. Tell me which you are interested in—a Motor cycle or bicycle.

A. J. Musselman
President
American Motor Cycle Co.
515 American Bldg., Chicago

$18.85



I will save You from $10 to $30 on my hand-made Bicycle

My machines are finished with fancy, artistic, colored heads, nickel-plated front forks, clinch tires, steel lined rims, imported roller chain, imported pedals, with and without steel mud guards, regular and motor cycle sized saddles, with and without coaster brake.

These bicycles are not made in quantities to make a price, but are hand finished, made of the best materials and made to stand long and rough usage, then the price was made. Compare the above finished and equipped machine with any make regardless of its name plate. I will save you $10 to $30.

The Following Page is Worth $50 to $75 to You

Why Pay $50 to $75 Tribute?

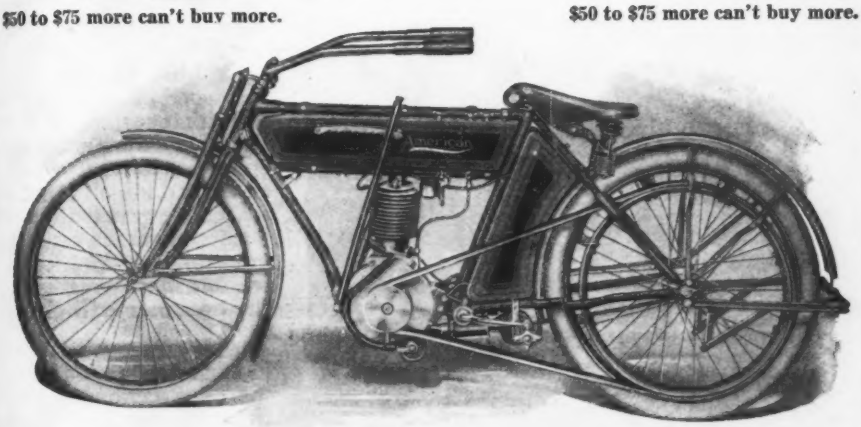
What do you get for it?

$139.65

$50 to $75 more can't buy more.

$139.65

$50 to $75 more can't buy more.



YOU BUY THE AMERICAN AT WHOLESALE PRICE $139.65

YOU GET THE HIGHEST EFFICIENCY IN AMERICANS. COMFORT, SAFETY, SPEED ALL CONVENIENCES AND ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION BACKED BY THE MOST LIBERAL GUARANTEE AND STILL SAVING YOUR $50.00 TO $75.00.

Carefully compare the following specifications with those of *any* other motorcycle—no matter what price or what make.

American Engines are long stroke, full 4½ to 12 horsepower, single and twins, both plain and ball bearings, flat belt and idler, double spring forks, standard make carburetors. Bosh magneto (on magneto models) standard make tires, large size, 28x2½ inches. Long wheel base full 57 inches, large size wheel guards, Musselman coaster brake—the most powerful coaster brake known. The largest sized saddle. Automatic and pressure lubrication, double grip "twist of the wrist" control. All parts standard and interchangeable. Other makes can give you no better and charge you $50 to $75 more.

Why Your Choice Should Be An American

Every other motorcycle maker asks you to buy his make, on *one point*. One because his has a free engine; another because he is the first maker, another because of the ignition and so on—all claim superiority on one point. The American has *all* of these superior points. Everyone of them. Not one but all. You can't get a more flexible engine no matter what you pay. Any time you want to hit 'er up to make a try at any speed or hill climbing record, you will find the American has the power. When you want to throttle down to a snail's pace you will find the American won't balk. Strike a bit of rough, rocky road you will find the springs take up the jars and jolts. You will find the saddle easy and comfortable no matter how rough the road or how long a trip you make. In fuel and oil consumption you will find the American holding records—for economy.

Read Opposite Page It Tells Why and How

Your machine shipped the same day order is received

When it comes to durability and endurance the American holds records. Read the specifications again and you will know why. Where Chrome steel is best the American has it. Where vanadium is best the American has it. Where hand work is best, we use hand work. Where machine work insures greater accuracy, specially designed machines are used.

Our new 1912 literature is a regular motorcycle education. It tells you just what you want to know about motorcycles. It is matter you must have if you want full motorcycle value. It is information you ought to have if you are only thinking about buying a motorcycle or bicycle.

A. J. Musselman,
President
American Motorcycle Company,
515 American Building,
Chicago

A. J. MUSSELMAN, President,
American Motorcycle Company, Chicago
515 American Building, Chicago

I am interested in a motorcycle or a bicycle
(state which). I want to save money.
Please send me free your literature and
wholesale prices.

Name .....

Address .....

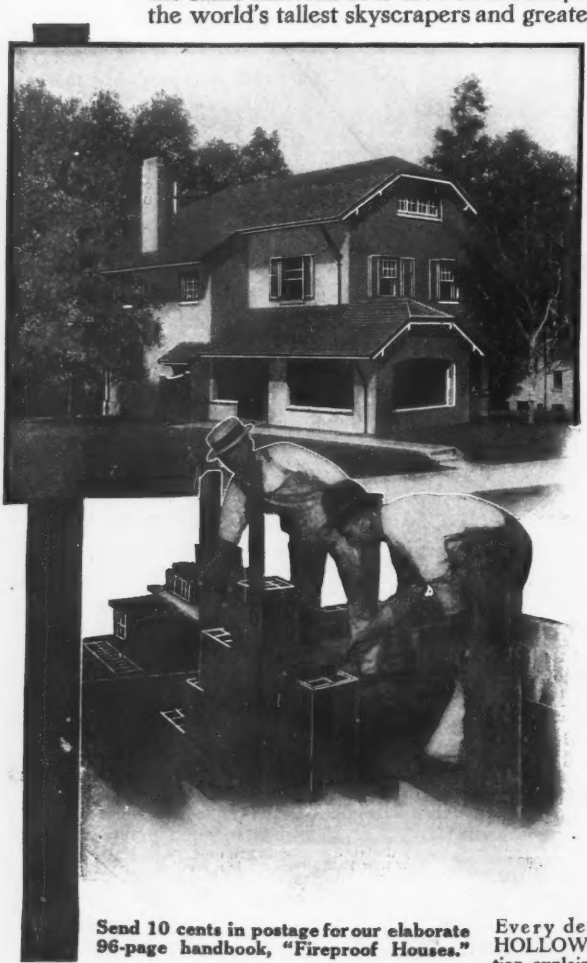
City .....

State .....

Whatever price per square foot you may plan to pay for a substantial residence or other moderate sized building, its construction will be far superior in every way when built of

NATCO·HOLLOW·TILE

The name "NATCO" stamped on each tile assures you it is the same material as is used in the fireproof construction of the world's tallest skyscrapers and greatest public buildings.



YOU can build your outer walls of NATCO at no greater cost than for brick, brick and wood, stone and wood or concrete. You will gain enormously in fire-safety, in maintenance economy, in investment value. The all-around inbuilt blankets of air reduce greatly the winter heating expenses, assure a remarkably dry interior at all seasons, in hot weather keep the house amazingly cool.

At a very reasonable advance in first cost, you can also plan the construction of all partitions, floors and roof in NATCO. Such a house represents a standard far beyond comparison with any other form of construction. It brings about the *total* elimination of interior and exterior fire-hazards. No structural deterioration is ever possible. It realizes a perfection of construction from every standpoint, not to be approached with older standards.

NATCO construction is fireproof, age proof, moisture proof, sound proof, vermin proof, warmer in winter and cooler in summer.



Send 10 cents in postage for our elaborate 96-page handbook, "Fireproof Houses." Every detail of NATCO HOLLOW TILE construction explained, with technical drawings and typical floor plans, also illustrations from photographs of forty-five houses built of NATCO HOLLOW TILE, ranging in cost from $4,000 to $200,000. An invaluable guide to the prospective builder. Write today.

NATIONAL·FIRE·PROOFING·COMPANY

Dept. N Pittsburgh, Pa. ***Organized 1889*** **Offices in All Principal Cities**

FREE

A Book of Valuable Ideas for Beautifying the Home



WE will send you *free* of charge our book "The Proper Treatment for Floors, Woodwork and Furniture," two sample bottles of Johnson's Wood Dye and a sample of Johnson's Prepared Wax.

This text book of 50 pages is very attractive — 80 illustrations — 44 of them in color.

The results of our expensive experiments are given therein.

There is absolutely no similarity between

Johnson's Wood Dye

and the ordinary "stain." Water "stains" raise the grain of the wood. Oil "stains" do not sink below the surface of the wood or bring out the beauty of the grain. Varnish "stains" are not stains at all; they are merely surface coatings which produce a cheap, shiny, painty finish. Johnson's Wood Dye is a dye. It penetrates the wood; does not raise the grain; retains the high lights and brings out the beauty of the wood.

For Artistic coloring of all woods in the following shades:

No. 126 Light Oak
No. 123 Dark Oak
No. 125 Mission Oak
No. 140 Early English
No. 110 Bog Oak
No. 128 Light Mahogany
No. 129 Dark Mahogany
No. 130 Weathered Oak
No. 131 Brown Weathered Oak
No. 132 Green Weathered Oak
No. 121 Moss Green
No. 122 Forest Green
No. 172 Flemish Oak
No. 178 Brown Flemish Oak
No. 126 Fumed Oak

Johnson's Prepared Wax

will not scratch or mar. It should be applied with a cloth, dries instantly —rubbing with a dry cloth gives a velvety protecting finish of great beauty. It can be used successfully over all finishes.

We want you to try Johnson's Wood Dye and Prepared Wax at our expense. Fill out the attached coupon, being careful to specify the shades of dye wanted. We will mail you the booklet and samples promptly. Do not pass this page until you have mailed the coupon.

S. C. Johnson & Son

Racine, Wis.

"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

Please Use This FREE COUPON

I accept your offer of Free Booklet Edition (K.S. 5) and two sample bottles of Johnson's Wood Dye. Send me shades Nos ..... And one sample can of Johnson's Prepared Wax.

Name .....

Address .....



The Key Hole Is In the Knob

of a Corbin Unit lock set and it is shipped from the factory with all parts attached and accurately adjusted. It cannot stick or bind. Send for book EK15 telling about it.

P. & F. CORBIN

DIVISION

The American Hardware Corporation

NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

P. & F. CORBIN of Chicago P. & F. CORBIN of New York P. & F. CORBIN DIV., Philadelphia

$635 Buys the Material to Build This Home



Our Design No. 117

Here is a Bungalow in every sense of the word. It has been built at a low cost of completion again and again, by the use of our system of furnishing material to work to the best of advantage both as to use of material that will work without waste and saving in labor. Size 39 ft. 6 in. wide by 27 ft. deep. 6 good-sized rooms, bath, pantry, closets. Plenty of windows for light and ventilation. No waste space anywhere. Material we furnish is excellent stock throughout. Interior entirely clear Georgia Pine. Construction is standard; no "makeshift" of any kind allowed. Excellent hardware, Washington Red Cedar Siding and Shingles. Handsome front door. A home that anyone can be proud of. A profitable investment that will net handsome returns.

$530 Buys the Material to Build This Home



Our Design No. 163

A two-story, semi-bungalow type of house. Indeed, the most economical, practical and up-to-date house of its kind ever designed. Can be built and manufactured at a price so low that it will surprise you. Think of it! This house is 26x26 ft. square; has four excellent rooms on the first floor; interior can be arranged to suit almost any whim or fancy. Second floor: two good sized bedrooms, large closets and bathroom. As a real estate or home investment there is no house designed its equal. The entire interior is furnished in clear Georgia Pine. Only standard, solid, sensible construction specified. Double floor, double walls, Washington Red Cedar Shingles and Siding of clear stock. Millwork the best of its kind. The picture cannot do this design justice; the house itself is many times more pleasing. If you are interested don't fail to write at once.

$825 Buys the Material to Build This Home



Our Design No. 132A

A handsome residence; up-to-date, excellent design, standard, solid construction. Size 25 ft. wide by 31 ft. 6 in. deep. 8 rooms, pantry, bath, closets galore. Beautiful light and ample ventilation in every room. A residence in every sense of the word. Artistic from every point of view. Spacious front porch. Material furnished for house in half siding and half shingles or all siding. A home that will outshine its neighbors. Excellent material throughout. Write for further information. Our Plan Book gives further information with Floor Plans for all the above houses. Do not fail to send for it at once. It is FREE.

A $10,000.00 Plan Book FREE

Free Book of Plans

We publish a handsome illustrated book, containing designs and floor plans—of Houses, Cottages, Bungalows, Barns, etc. We can furnish the material complete for any of these designs. This book is mailed free to those who correctly fill in the coupon below. Even if you have no immediate intention of building, we advise that you obtain a copy of our FREE BOOK OF PLANS. It's a valuable book. We have spent more than $10,000.00 developing and completing the plans in this book.

We Are Experts in Building Material Values and Designing Homes That Can Be Built At a Great Saving

Our Guaranteed Building Proposition insures you ample quantities to complete the job strictly according to plans; prompt shipment from our mammoth Chicago storage yards—we will load while you wait. Chicago enjoys lowest freight rates to all points. Safe delivery. Absolute satisfaction in the entire deal is what we offer.

We Save You Big Money On Lumber and Building Material!

The Chicago House Wrecking Co. is the largest concern in the world devoted to the sale of Lumber, Plumbing, Heating Apparatus and Building Material direct to the consumer. No one else can make you an offer like the one shown above. We propose to furnish you everything needed for the construction of these buildings, except Plumbing, Heating and Masonry material. Write for details so clear that there will be no possible misunderstanding.

What Our Stock Consists of

We have everything needed in Building Material for a building of any sort. Lumber, Sash, Doors, Millwork, Structural Iron, Pipes, Valves and Fittings, Steel and Prepared Roofing. Our stock includes Dry Goods, Clothing, Furniture, Rugs, Groceries, etc., Machinery, Hardware, Wire Fencing—in fact, anything required to build or equip. Everything for the Home, the Office, the Factory or the Field, besides everything to wear or to eat. Send us your carpenter's or contractor's bill for our low estimate. We will prove our ability to save you money. WRITE US TO-DAY, giving a complete list of everything you need.

$2.00 Buys a Complete Set of Blue Prints

While the object of this advertisement is not to merely sell plans, but to sell the Material, yet in order to save time we will send you a set of plans for the house described, including the necessary specifications and a full descriptive list of material, also our HANDSOME BUILDING MATERIAL catalog, transportation charges prepaid, for the low cost of $2.00. This is only a deposit, a guarantee of good faith, and the proposition to you is that after receiving these blue prints, specifications and list of material, if you can place an order with us for complete bill of material, we will credit your account in full for the $2.00 received, or we will allow you to return these plans, specifications, and list of materials to us and we will refund $1.50, thereby making the total cost to you 50 cents.

How We Operate

We are the first in the market to furnish Building Material under this system—our service is not equalled anywhere. We are offered the cream of the markets—forced sales, overproductions—receivers' sales—we buy cheap and sell accordingly. Usually when you purchase your building material for the complete home shown above, elsewhere, it will cost you from 40 to 50 per cent. more than we ask for it. By our "direct to you" methods we eliminate several middlemen's profits. We can prove this to you.

Our Guarantee

This company has a capital stock and surplus of over $1,000,000.00. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed in every detail. If you buy any material from us not as represented, we will take it back at our freight expense and return your money. We recognize the virtue of a satisfied customer. Thousands of satisfied customers prove this. We refer you to any bank or banker anywhere. Write. Our responsibility is unquestioned. Our best guarantee is hundreds of letters of recommendation sent us by our customers who built our houses. Copies of which we will send you. We will name you delivered prices on application.

Chicago House Wrecking Co.

Thirty-fifth and Iron Streets

C H I C A G O

SEND US THIS COUPON

CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING CO.

I saw this ad. in May Cosmopolitan

Send me your Plan Book.....

NAME.....

Town.....

Co..... .....State.....



"If that had happened a year ago, my wife would have been a nervous wreck for a week afterward."

In millions of homes, the cares of household and children or the constant strain of social and charitable duties rapidly undermine the health of the wife and mother. Each day finds her more tired out, irritable, unhappy—almost a nervous wreck. There is nothing in the world like

Pabst Extract

The "Best" Tonic

to soothe and strengthen shattered nerves and rebuild the tired, worn brain and body back to normal health and strength. The lupulin of the hops acts directly upon the nerves, soothing and strengthening them, while the rich, nourishing food element of the barley malt quickly braces up the whole system and restores nature's balance. Your doctor will recommend it.

Most Druggists Sell It—Order by the Dozen



Pabst Extract
The "Best" Tonic

builds up the overworked, strengthens the weak, overcomes insomnia, relieves dyspepsia—helps the anaemic, the convalescent and the nervous wreck. It prepares the way to happy, healthy motherhood and gives vigor to the aged.

The United States Government specifically classifies Pabst Extract as an article of medicine—not an alcoholic beverage.

Order a Dozen from Your Druggist
Insist upon it being "Pabst"

Warning
Cheap imitations are sometimes substituted when Pabst Extract is called for. Be sure you get the genuine Pabst Extract. Refuse to accept a substitute. No "cheaper" extract can equal Pabst in purity, strength and quality.

$1000 Reward
for evidence convicting anyone who, when Pabst Extract is called for, deliberately and without the knowledge of his customer, supplies an article other than genuine Pabst Extract.

Library Slip
good for books and magazines, with each bottle.

Free Booklet
"Health Darts," tells ALL uses and benefits of Pabst Extract. Write for it—a postal will do.

Pabst Extract Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

Why the Brush never touches the Can



"Please hurry with that Dr. Lyon's"

DR. LYON was by no means content with producing the purest, finest and most efficient dentifrice. He deemed it of equal importance to provide the utmost hygiene and elegance in its manner of use. To this refinement of method as well as quality, the long established place of distinction, apart from merely commercial tooth preparations, is due. For it is equally the fame of

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

(Prepared for nearly half a century by a doctor of dental surgery)

that it is unrivaled for the *life-time* preservation of the teeth, and that any number of persons can use it from the same can, each serene against all thought of common contact.*

The patent measuring tube which forms the neck of the can, delivers just the right quantity of powder to the brush by a tap of the finger. The brush and the can never touch. Yet another vital advantage of Dr. Lyon's being in *powder form:* It brings no saccharine, glycerine, gelatine, glucose or honey to form sticky masses between the teeth to cause decay. It encourages thorough brushing, keeping the gums healthy and hard. Tartar and discoloration disappear. A natural fragrance of breath is maintained. Use Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder night and morning—ABOVE ALL, AT NIGHT. Train your children early to its constant use.

What Dr. Lyon's does not do should be entrusted only to your dentist to do.

Sold Everywhere

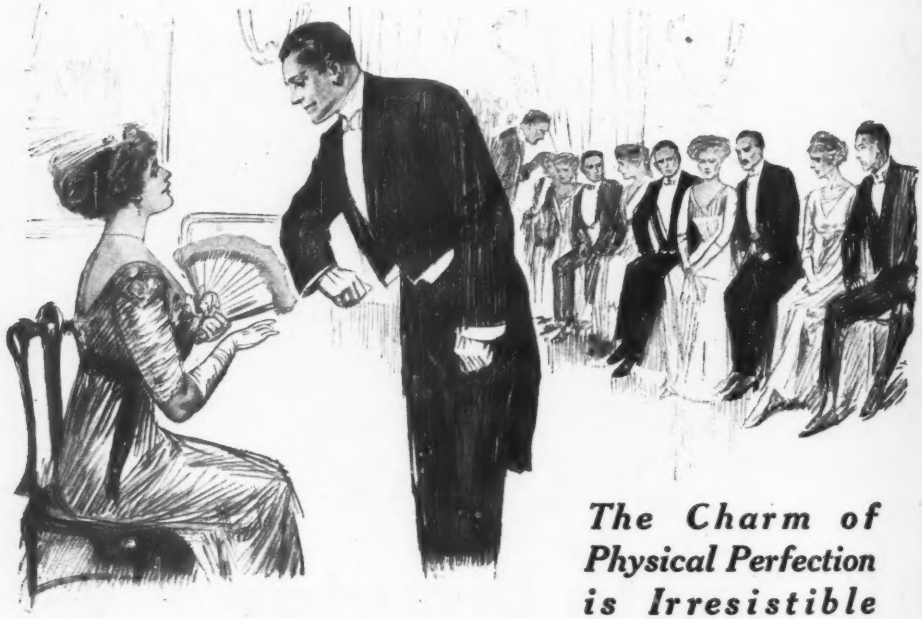




****So long has this feature enjoyed high appreciation that Robert Louis Stevenson, in his famous romance, "The Ebb Tide," mentions Dr. Lyon's and the fact that any number of persons can use it with perfect propriety and neatness.***

Wall Flowers Can Become Social Favorites

Thousands of scrawny, bony, FRIENDLESS men and women have developed their bodies to normal, ATTRACTIVE proportions through the use of Sargol.



The Charm of Physical Perfection is Irresistible

Men instinctively admire the well-developed woman with the graceful shoulders, beautiful arms and rounded bust.

Just as women naturally prefer robust well-built men.

If you are thin it is undoubtedly because your food is not properly assimilated—**you do not retain and absorb the valuable flesh-forming elements in what you eat.**

Sargol stops this grievous waste of nourishment—food-fats and muscle-building protein are readily absorbed—MILLIONS OF NEW FLESH-FORMING CELLS are directed into their proper channels and hurried by the blood to all parts of the body—particularly to those places where impoverished Nature is crying for them **to round out and develop the emaciated figure to its normal, beautiful proportions.**

FREE—50c Package—FREE

AT OUR EXPENSE we want to prove to you that Sargol is all we claim it to be. We ask for nothing but a fair trial. So strong is our faith in Sargol that we will send you, on request, a regular, full-size 50c package, **ABSOLUTELY FREE.** Also a valuable treatise on nutrition and letters from many happy users of Sargol.

Write to-day for **FREE** package to Dept. 10-S.

THE SARGOL COMPANY

10 S, Herald Building, Binghamton, New York

Famous physicians and other well-known users endorse Sargol. Its efficiency has been proven and you don't have to take our word about it. Read the following letter.

"FIFTEEN POUNDS AND STILL GAINING"

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Although I shun publicity, I think it my duty to reciprocate for the good results derived from Sargol by permitting you to publish this letter.

I must confess that I have suffered the constant humiliation of being thin. No matter what I ate I never could take on flesh.

Since taking Sargol, my frame is filling out, so that I have gained 15 pounds in weight and am still gaining. I can recommend Sargol to all who are abnormally thin.

Yours very truly,

A—— J—— S——.



Stops **Prevents**

You do not have to suffer from Seasickness or Carsickness

"Mothersill's" Seasick Remedy is a positive, guaranteed preventive of, and cure for, Seasickness and Carsickness, with no bad after effects.

For Seasickness Officials of Steamship Companies plying in the most turbulent waters of the world—The English Channel, Bay of Fundy, etc., have tested it and seen it tested under the most trying conditions, with most gratifying results, and without exception, every passenger who took "Mothersill's" Seasick Remedy as a preventive before embarking, or as a cure after seasickness had been pronounced, was enabled to make his or her trip in comfort.

For Carsickness In the treatment of Carsickness, "Mothersill's" is again invaluable. It has been eminently successful in mountainous sections, where poor roadbeds, sudden changes of altitude, and the constant twisting and turning of tracks are especially conducive to carsickness.

"Mothersill's" Seasick Remedy contains no Cocaine, Morphine, Opium, Chloral, Acetanilid, or their derivatives, whatsoever. It has been analyzed most exhaustively by analytical chemists of the highest international repute and their tests show no trace of these drugs.

"Mothersill's" is a powder put up in gelatine capsules; fifty-cent box sufficient for 24 hours; one-dollar box for longest continuous journey. If your druggist does not keep it, he can obtain it for you from any leading Wholesale Druggist, or send to us direct.

"Mothersill's" Seasick Remedy used according to directions, when travelling on sea or land, will actually relieve you of this distressing malady. You may safely take it with every assurance of perfect action and no bad after effects.

We positively guarantee satisfaction or refund the money.

Read these letters from people who know "Mothersill's"

Aboard S.S. Hamburg
April 7th, 1911

Gentlemen:—I have been Surgeon for a great many years with the American and Hamburg-American Lines in their Trans-Atlantic Service, and have had occasion to make a special study of seasickness and want to state that I cannot too highly recommend Mothersill's Seasick Remedy to the travelling public. I also wish to compliment you on the prompt action and absolute harmlessness of your preparation. Very truly yours,

(Signed) JOHN H. BILLINGS,
Surgeon S.S. Hamburg,
Hamburg-American Line.

From the Author of "The Heavenly Twins," "The Beth Book," "Babs the Impossible," Etc.

10 Grove Hill, Tunbridge Wells
July 13, 1910

I enclose Postal Order with thanks for the box of Mothersill's. I have had much experience with the remedy and never known it to fail in any case of either Sea or Train sickness. Pray make use of my letter as a testimonial if you think it will make the remedy known.

(Signed) SARAH GRAND

Office of the General Secretary International Sunday School Association.

Dear Sir:—In regard to your remedy, of all of the members of our party (600 delegates from Boston to Rome and return) and a number of others, to whom I gave packages, none were seasick.

I shall never fail to recommend it on every possible occasion, and shall certainly never venture on the sea without it.

Yours truly,
(Signed) MARION LAWRENCE,
General Secretary.
Aug. 14, 1907.

From Sir CHARLES A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.

Fellow Roy. Coll. Phys., Ireland — Fellow Roy. Coll. Surg., Ireland — Medical Officer of Health, Dublin — Analyst for City of Dublin
President Society of Public Analysts — Prof. of Chemistry and Hygiene, R.C.S., Ireland — Vice-Pres., Inst. Chem., Gt. Britain

City Laboratory, 17 Castle St., Dublin, July 22nd, 1908.

Gentlemen:—I have examined several specimens of Mothersill's Remedy for Seasickness.

The properties of this remedy for that very disagreeable illness are not due to narcotics. I have made a careful test for the presence of the Alkaloids derived from opium, and other Alkaloids, and have not discovered a trace of any of them.

CHARLES A. CAMERON.

Send for booklet containing complete information of tests made on English Channel and unsolicited testimonials from many of the world's most prominent people. Address all communications to

Mothersill Remedy Company, Ltd., Main Office: **303 Scherer Bldg. DETROIT, MICH.**

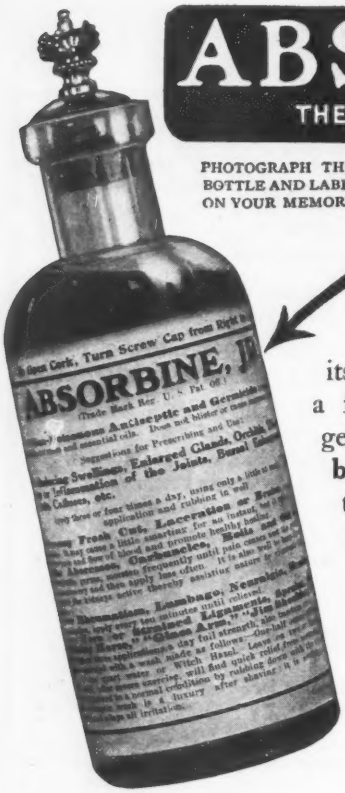
London, E. C., New York, Montreal, Paris, Milan, Hamburg, Etc.

ABSORBINE JR.

THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

PHOTOGRAPH THIS BOTTLE AND LABEL ON YOUR MEMORY.



Absorbine, Jr., is a mild and powerful liniment and in addition is an *antiseptic* and *germicide* of proven value. This makes it a different liniment and *doubles* its efficiency. It is concentrated, requiring only a few drops at an application and retaining its germicidal powers even diluted one part **Absorbine, Jr.,** to 100 parts water. Remarkably effective, yet mild and pleasant to use, as it is purely herbal. Containing no minerals or poisons, it is harmless to the most sensitive tissues. **Absorbine, Jr.,** has a pleasing odor and does not stain or leave a greasy residue.

Prescribe and Use Absorbine, Jr.

In every instance where a quick, safe and powerful germicide is required—this does not mean simply for throat affections, but for *cuts, bruises, lacerations, sores, ulcers, etc.,* where **Absorbine, Jr.,** not only makes the part aseptically clean, but promotes a rapid and healthy healing.

To reduce inflammatory conditions anywhere—*sprains, strains, wrenches, painful, swollen veins or glands.*
To reduce bursal enlargements and infiltrations—*wens, weeping sinews, etc.*
To *allay pain* anywhere—its anodyne effect is prompt and permanent.
To spray into the throat if sore or infected—a 10% or 20% solution of **Absorbine, Jr.,** will soothe and heal and destroy all bacteria.
In fact, wherever an effective germicidal liniment is indicated.

It Kills Germs

"**Evidence,**" a forty-eight page booklet, gives positive, clear-cut, emphatic evidence of what **Absorbine, Jr.,** has done and will do. This booklet, together with detailed laboratory reports, is free for the asking. Send for them today.

5 12 Cos.

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 66 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Enclosed find 10c. in stamps, for which send me postpaid TRIAL BOTTLE **Absorbine, Jr.,** pamphlet Evidence and laboratory reports.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Absorbine, Jr., is sold by leading druggists at $1.00 and $2.00 a bottle or sent direct, all charges paid.

A Liberal Trial Bottle

will be sent to your address upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps. Send for trial bottle or procure regular size from your druggist *today.*

Reprint from Laboratory Report made November 15, 1911, by A. R. Pyne, M.B., Dominion Analyst, 134 Carlton Street, Toronto, on Absorbine, Jr.

Test 1 was conducted with a 25% aqueous solution of Absorbine, Jr. There was no growth of the Bacillus Diphtheriae or Bacillus Coli on the sterile agar plates from one up to fifteen minutes, and nine minutes' exposure was germicidal to the Staphylococcus.

Test 2 was conducted in the same way with a 15% solution. There was no growth on the agar plates from the Bacillus Diphtheriae or the Bacillus Coli, fourteen minutes proving sufficient for the death of the Staphylococcus.

Test 3 was similarly conducted, using a 10% solution. Three minutes' exposure to this solution was germicidal to the Bacillus Coli, and seven minutes' exposure destroyed the Bacillus Diphtheriae.

Manufactured only by

W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F.,

66 Temple Street, Springfield, Mass.

Dioxogen

Prevents Sore Throat

MOST sore throats are caused by Germs.

Antiseptic gargles and mouth washes are helpful, but they do not *kill* the germs.

Dioxogen is more than an antiseptic, it is a germicide.

Dioxogen kills the disease germs.

Germs flourish in the mouth and throat. The least inflammation gives them a foothold where they multiply with marvelous rapidity.

Then comes the sore throat—the "white patches" the pain—the fully developed tonsilitis—quinsy or diphtheria.



Dioxogen relieves sore throat; used freely every day as a gargle and mouth wash,—prevents it.

It is harmless, even if swallowed.

Dioxogen, 98 Front Street, New York City

Get This Complete Course In Physical Culture---FREE!

Build Your Body Strong Against Disease



Your success in life depends first of all upon your physical qualifications. The men and women of today who do big things must be physically as well as mentally efficient. The weakling has no place in the scheme of things.

Only those are weak, sick or puny who choose to be—who lack the stamina or will power or whatever it is, to take up the battle against weakness and ill health, for every man, woman and child have it in their power to build for themselves a strong, powerful body, immune from disease. There no longer remains even the excuse of lack of means or the necessary knowledge with which to fight off weakness and the attending consequences, as it is only necessary for you to take advantage of our liberal offer and secure

BERNARR MACFADDEN'S PERSONALLY PREPARED COURSE OF INSTRUCTIONS IN SUPERB BODY BUILDING

Equal of Many Courses Sold at From $15.00 to $50.00

Bernarr Macfadden is recognized the world over as the leading exponent of physical culture. He has made a profound study of the science of body-building. The course which we offer you free reflects the knowledge which he has gained in his wide experience which includes the treatment of thousands of patients at his immense healthatorium, 4200 Grand Boulevard, Chicago. With this course in your possession you will have a weapon with which you can successfully combat man's two great enemies—Weakness and Disease.

In order to obtain this splendid body-building course, you only need to send us an eight months' subscription to the Physical Culture Magazine, the price of which is $1.00. We are making this unusually liberal offer with the object in view of familiarizing you with the vital importance of the Physical Culture Magazine in your daily life. We know that at the termination of your subscription, you will gladly renew it for the next year and the next—and the next—for you will feel that you positively cannot get along without it. It is the most needed magazine in the field of literature. It teaches how sickness may be avoided and how you may achieve the highest degree of health and strength by just a little physical attention every day. It prescribes a rational and effective treatment of every form of illness.

THIS COUPON INSURES YOUR HEALTH

Physical Culture Publishing Co., 205 Flatiron Building, New York

I enclose $1.00—Send me the course and the magazine. If not satisfied you will refund my dollar.

Name.....

Address.....

Just think, by simply filling in the attached coupon, you can get this magazine for eight months, and the complete physical culture course, too, for only $1.00.

Be fair to yourself and accept this offer today—now—before you forget it.

Just send a dollar bill, and we will mail the Physical Culture Course, and enter your name for an eight months' subscription to the Physical Culture Magazine. We will cheerfully return your money if you are not satisfied.

Walker's Special Offer $2.32

Regular Price $3.50



Eight Pints of Delicious Walker's GRAPE JUICE and the "Higbee" Vacuum Pint Bottle

WALKER'S Grape Juice for 1912 is so *exceptionally choice* that we believe it will pay us to make a Special Factory Cost Offer. We know that once you try Walker's in your home, you will always insist upon it and that we will profit by your future purchases. For a limited period, therefore, you can buy from your dealer or from us, eight full pints of our choice juice in handsome "ten-pin" bottles (*never sold for less than $2.00*) and the Higbee Vacuum Pint Bottle (*never sold for less than $1.50*) all for $2.32 charges prepaid.

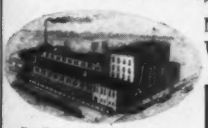
We selected the Higbee Vacuum Pint Bottle as the most appropriate premium after thoroughly satisfying ourselves that it was the most serviceable and the strongest of its kind made. It keeps liquids or food stuffs hot for 24 hours or cold for 48 hours. Ideal for use in nursery, home, office, factory or sick-room. Can be cleaned easily and is made entirely of glass. The exceptional quality of

Walker's GRAPE JUICE

this year is due to two reasons: first, the recent abundant Crop in the Chautauqua Grape Belt; second, Walker's exclusive purifying process which extracts the bitterness common in ordinary grape juice and leaves it pure, sweet and the most delicious food-drink you ever tasted. We know that everyone trying it will ask for it afterwards.

Only One Combination to a Customer At Your Dealer's or Direct from Us

We have attempted to deliver these Special Combinations to all dealers and yours will probably have them on sale. However, if we have overlooked him, remit $2.32, mentioning his name and address, and we will see that you are supplied. We will receive thousands of orders and prompt action on your part will insure prompt delivery on ours. With every box, we will send free our new booklet of dainty grape juice recipes and desserts. (Owing to excessive transportation charges, the price of this Combination west of the Mississippi, excepting Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Louisiana, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and Minnesota will be $2.47.)



New Home of Walker's Grape Juice

WALKER GRAPE PRODUCTS COMPANY
Dept. B, Erie, Penna.

DEALERS: If not already supplied, write for our special proposition on this Special Premium Combination.

Write name and address on margin and tear off coupon here.

WALKER GRAPE PRODUCTS CO
Dept. B, Erie, Pa.

Enclosed find $2.32 (or $2.47) for which please send me one of your Special Combination Boxes prepaid.

Name.....

Address.....

"My Baby"

Bless the little treasure. She'll be a young lady before we know it.— Mother must keep young—must be both parent and chum. Baby's dainty cheeks will be carefully guarded—Mother's girlish complexion retained by the use of Palmolive.



How Palm and Olive Oils Have Made PALMOLIVE Unlike Any Other Soap

The ancient Orientals have taught a mighty lesson on the care of the skin. For ages past the famous beauties of the Orient have possessed marvelous complexions, as a result of using Palm and Olive Oils.

PALMOLIVE Soap owes its splendid cleansing and beautifying properties to this secret of the Orient. Palmolive is, therefore, quite different from all others. It is *more* than a mere soap.

Palmolive Does More Than These Oils Alone Can Do

Now, after 36 years of study, of determining what heretofore has been utterly *lacking* in soap, we have *blended* these two beautifying oils in a pure soap.

Fresh, Green Hue From Olive Oil

Palmolive is perfectly pure. Contains no free alkali. No artificial color is used. The olive oil used in Palmolive gives this soap its delicate green.

This is why Palmolive is used by so many mothers for bathing Baby. If the child's skin is properly cleansed and nourished from the start, in later years it will show the good effects of the early Palmolive treatment.

A Pure, Oriental Fragrance

Palmolive's delicate odor is faintly, yet delightfully fragrant. The dainty odor is one of sweetness and purity.

Palmolive Conquers Hard Water

Palmolive lathers freely in HARD water as well as soft. This feature alone makes it doubly valuable where soft water is not plentiful.

Palmolive Lasts Longer

When you try Palmolive you will be delighted that it lasts so long. It remains firm even when worn to wafer thinness.

Palmolive's surprisingly low cost compared with its high quality, its wide variety of uses, its wonder-working effect upon all complexions, its long lasting ability, makes it extremely economical.



Price 15c

Send two 2-cent stamps for sample and free booklet, "The Easy Way to Beauty"—NOW!

B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO.
524 Fowler St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Palmolive Cream

A pure white cream, manufactured in our own laboratories after an original formula.

Penetrates and softens the skin, cleansing the deepest pores. Leaves the skin in the pink of condition.

Send the band from a cake of Palmolive Soap and we will send you a generous facsimile jar of Palmolive Cream, postpaid.



Price 50c

"Play Ball"

Get in the game with your old jimmy pipe.

Just as umps walks over to the plate and tells 'em "play ball," you jam your jimmy pipe brimful of "P. A." and fire-up before the first goes across. Then you're ready for what's next!

Rooting for the winner or condoling with the short end fellows—*you take it straight*—there's nothing that gets 'em over like "P. A."

Why, say, you can smoke till the last man's out—smoke it *red-hot* while the boys are kicking dust around bases, or kind of *cool-like*, when things look dismal—and never will you get anything like a near-nip on that tongue of yours! "P. A." isn't one of the *fire-brands!*



T. J. Lynch, President of the National League of Professional Base Ball Clubs, who thoroughly enjoys a good pipe smoke.



Ban B. Johnson, President of the American League of Professional Base Ball Clubs, who is a great smoker and admirer of the pipe.

PRINCE ALBERT

the National-American joy smoke

"P. A." is what men call *regular tobacco*—a pennant-winning joy smoke that hits the ball right in the teeth—which means it just strikes the spot—whether it's hitched up to a pipe or rolled into a cigarette.

And say for the men who roll them—well, just isn't anything quite so bully good, so satisfying as Prince Albert.

Don't muff this: stop making pick-ups of dust brands that lack flavor, and burn up like powder and don't get you a lot! Just you get a *real* cigarette smoke, via "P. A."—and make a hit with yourself! Talk about flavor, and satisfaction, and long-burning! Why, "P. A." is an education!

Your signal right now is to swing on the nearest shop and get next to some Prince Albert—*and go to it while the going's good*—and the season's young!

Anywhere, everywhere, in the tidy 10c. red tins, 5c. red cloth bags and pound and half-pound humidors.



R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

CIRCULATION and RESULTS

THE CIRCULATION OF THE

Boston American

DAILY AND SUNDAY, IS OVER

400,000

the largest in New England, Morning, Evening or Sunday.

During the past three years the AMERICAN

Gained 3,112,900 LINES OF ADVERTISING

a greater gain than that made by all the other Boston newspapers having Sunday editions combined for that period. A record without parallel in New England, if not in the entire United States.

The American has both *quantity* and *quality* of circulation and the tremendous amount of advertising carried, both foreign and local, offers ample testimony that it gives *splendid*, *substantial* and *profitable results* to *all* classes of advertisers.

The American is the only Boston newspaper whose circulation was examined and certified to by a recognized circulation authority in 1911, and so far as known the only Boston newspaper to invite the Association of American Advertisers to make an examination in 1912.

THE BOSTON AMERICAN

Boston Office: 80 Summer Street | St. Louis Office: 1301 Third Nat. Bk. Bldg. | New York Office: 1121 Brunswick Bldg. | Buffalo Office: 206 A Ellicott Square | Chicago Office. 802 Hearst Bldg.

Cordova Hand Bags

The breath of the early Spring woods is in these motifs. The soft, subtle shades keep pace. The shapes are original, exclusive and command instant approval. The leather—Spanish cowhide—is the most durable that can be used in a bag. There are many other motifs and shapes.

The prices are moderate. There are over one thousand Cordova articles of equal beauty. Send for booklet.

No. 519-19. Arrowhead Motif. Width 7¾ in., length 9¾ in. Equipped with Coin Purse, Card Case and Mirror.

No. 519-18. Pine Cone Motif. Width 7¾ in., length 9¾ in. Equipped with Coin Purse, Card Case and Mirror.

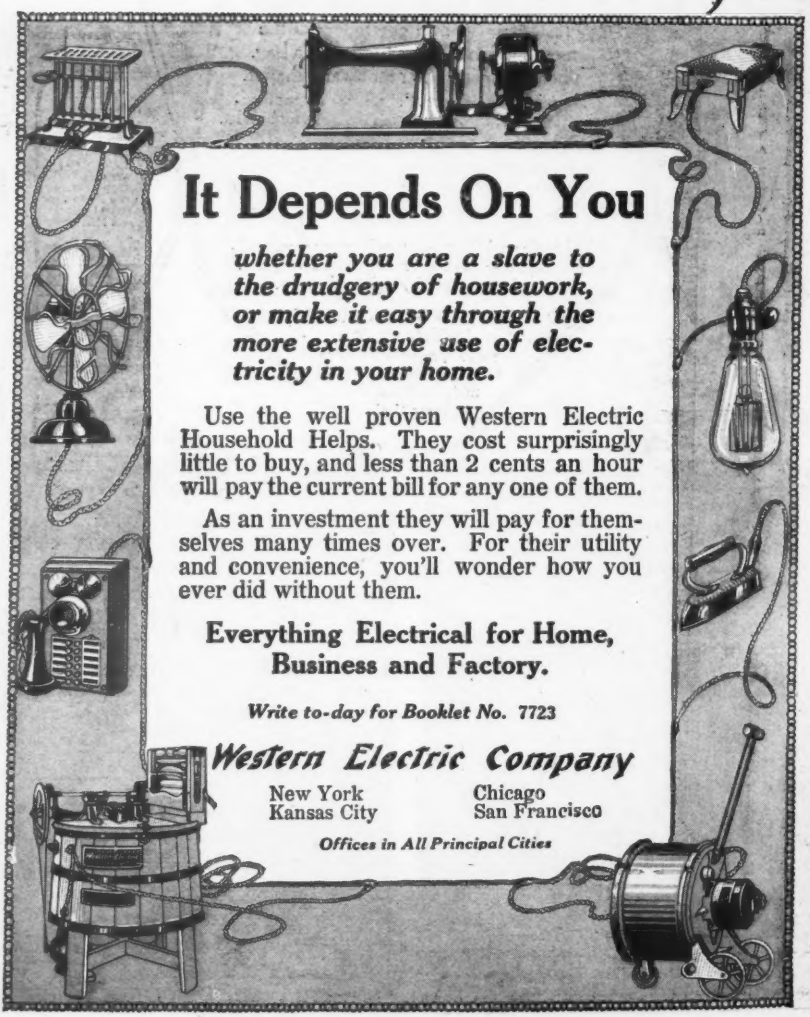
The Cordova Shops Buffalo

This trade mark is a guarantee of permanence, workmanship, richness of color treatment and elegance. Sold everywhere by high-grade stores.

THE CORDOVA SHOPS
Buffalo, N. Y.
NEW YORK BRANCH
(*Wholesale and Export Only*)
286-288 Fifth Ave.
New York



Western Electric Household Helps



It Depends On You

whether you are a slave to the drudgery of housework, or make it easy through the more extensive use of electricity in your home.

Use the well proven Western Electric Household Helps. They cost surprisingly little to buy, and less than 2 cents an hour will pay the current bill for any one of them.

As an investment they will pay for themselves many times over. For their utility and convenience, you'll wonder how you ever did without them.

Everything Electrical for Home, Business and Factory.

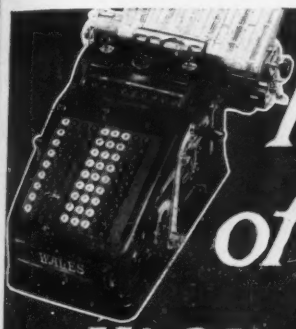
Write to-day for Booklet No. 7723

Western Electric Company

New York Chicago
Kansas City San Francisco

Offices in All Principal Cities

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



Here's Proof of Real Service in an Adding Machine

More Than 40 Models

Mail Coupon

When you are considering the purchase of an adding machine, stop when you run across the word "service." Find its real meaning.

It should mean that the machine possesses mechanical construction so durable, so practical, that it will faithfully serve you at least 5 years. This is the meaning of "WALES Service." It is one reason why it is absolutely *unnecessary* for us to maintain an expensive army of repair men.

WALES

Visible Adding and Listing **Machine**

—the only adding machine guaranteed 5 years—the adding machine that has "service" built into it at the factory so well that it never taxes you with the expensive supervision of an inspection corps.

Some of the largest and most careful buyers in the country—Sears, Roebuck & Co., Illinois Steel Co., International Harvester Co., and 1500 and more banks—all considered the question of service when they finally bought the WALES. They accepted the WALES features of visible printing, visible total, easy handle pull, etc., as a matter of course—as necessary to a really *good* adding machine.

You will certainly learn something of interest if you mail the coupon.

The Adder Machine Company
257 Walnut St., Kingston Station
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Agents in All Leading Cities

Pin Coupon to your Letterhead

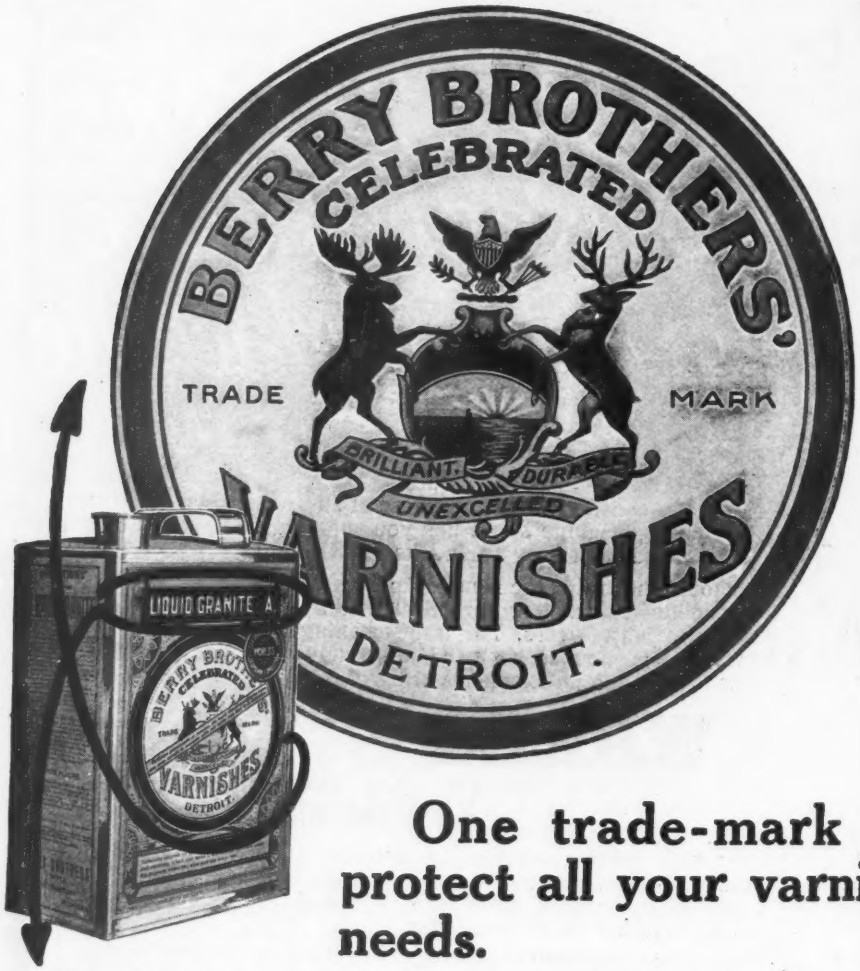
Send particulars of your free trial offer and booklet describing the WALES Visible.

Name .....

Address .....

Business .....

Cosmopolitan



One trade-mark to protect all your varnish needs.

The Berry Brothers' Label—with its trade-mark of 54 years' standing—can be your guide to the right varnish for every purpose.

It is a guide you need—for there is much unsatisfactory varnish offered for your use.

Make sure of the Berry Brothers' label wherever your money pays the varnish bills. You can trust the painter or dealer to help you pick the right one of Berry Brothers' many good varnishes for your particular need. But make it *your* business to see this trade-mark and label on the cans.

Any dealer or painter can supply Berry Brothers' Architectural Varnishes.

Send for free booklet: "Choosing Your Varnish Maker."

BERRY BROTHERS, Ltd., DETROIT

Branches—New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco.
Factories—Detroit, Mich., and Walkerville, Ont.

TRADE MARK **LIQUID GRANITE** — For finishing floors in the most durable manner possible. **There is no substitute.**

WOOD FINISH **LUXBERRY** — For the finest rubbed (dull) or polished finish on interior woodwork. It has for upwards of 50 years been the standard.

ELASTIC INTERIOR FINISH — For interior woodwork exposed to severe wear. Stands the action of soap and water to an unusual degree.

ELASTIC OUTSIDE FINISH — For front doors and all other surfaces exposed to the weather. Great durability under most trying conditions.

SPAR VARNISH **LUXBERRY** — For ship spars, decks, yachts, launches, canoes and all other surfaces exposed to wind, wave or weather. Does not turn white. It has stood years of test in actual service.



Drudgery Gone! Quicker Ironing! Better Ironing!

DO you know that the old way of ironing *wastes* a full third of your ironing-time?

You're not ironing when you're running to and from the range; changing irons; or fussing with irons too hot or too cool.

"American" Electric Ironing is *all ironing*—better, cleaner work in a third less time. And in saving time it also saves *strength!*

"AMERICAN BEAUTY" ELECTRIC IRON

Guaranteed for Three Years

THE time-saving, effort-saving and better work of *"American" Electric Ironing* are due to the "American Beauty" Iron.

One iron does all the work—light or heavy. Attach it to any electric lamp-socket, and it makes its own heat inside the iron.

It heats quickly, stays hot, and stays clean. You don't have to change irons. You lose no time cleaning a sooty surface. And the heat is easily regulated without leaving the ironing-board—even to turn a switch.

Thus without hurry or worry you can turn out an ordinary all-day ironing by three o'clock—with time to rest and tidy-up before getting early dinner.



The "American Beauty" Electric Iron —Guaranteed for Three Years; $5

But be very sure you get the "American Beauty" Iron. It's made to utilize the heat to the utmost, directly upon the work, without appreciable loss through sides or top. The handle is always cool.

This iron weighs 6½ pounds—the best weight for all-around household work. Yet it is so well balanced that it is very easy to handle; and its pointed nose works into small tucks and ruffles.

The "American Beauty" Iron is sold by electric supply houses, department stores and hardware dealers. The price anywhere in the United States is $5. Canadian prices are higher.

If you prefer, we will ship the "American Beauty" direct, carriage prepaid, upon receipt of price.

Our booklet "Heat without Fire" describes many attractive electric heating-devices for household use. We shall be glad to send it to you.

AMERICAN ELECTRICAL HEATER CO.

Oldest and Largest Exclusive Makers

1345 Woodward Ave. Detroit, U.S.A.

Quality Is Economy

The Beauty of Manufactured Things is Preserved or Destroyed by the Varnish

Your Car, Carriage, Piano, Fine Furniture and Natural Wood Trim, can look only as well as the Varnish on them.

What's the use of paying big money for their Elegance, if the charm is ruined by cheap-John Varnish?

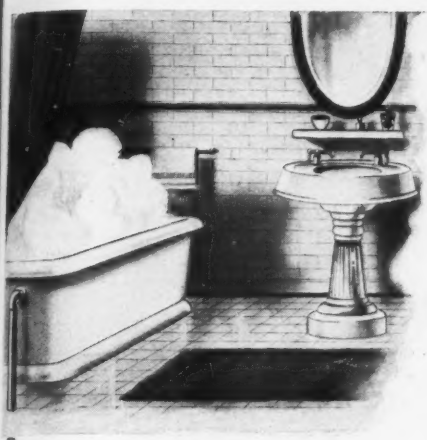
Murphy Varnishes are made, at large cost and with ceaseless care, to preserve the beauty of your fine things—and they *do* it.

You really ought to send a post card for our free book, *Quality and Economy in Varnish and Varnishing.*

The Varnish That Lasts Longest

Murphy Varnish Company
FRANKLIN MURPHY, President
Associated with Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal, Canada

NEWARK, N. J.
CHICAGO, ILLS.



Do You Realize What it Means to Have All the Hot Water You Can Use All the Time?

Hot water—steaming hot—every minute of the day and night—wash days, scrubbing days—in the middle of the night—an immediate and inexhaustible supply ready at your instant command, simply on the turning of a faucet.

The Humphrey Automatic Geyser

heats the water as it flows. You simply install it in the basement or kitchen, connect it to the regular gas and water pipes, light the small pilot, **and turn the faucet.**

Turn **any** hot water faucet in the house, instantly the water comes steaming hot. It continues to flow as long as the faucet remains open. Closing the water faucet shuts off the gas.

And the cost? You can't heat water by any other method so economically. With gas at $1 per thousand the Humphrey will supply ten gallons of steaming hot water for one cent.

Requires no attention. Simply connect it up, light the very small pilot—and forget it. That's all there is to it. It is all automatic—and it is always on the job.

With the Humphrey Automatic Geyser in the house the hot water is on exactly the same basis as the cold. You turn the faucet and you get hot water at any time and in any amount.



You Pay Only for Gas that Actually Heats Water

The Humphrey Automatic Geyser reduces your fuel bills, combines economy and luxury, and provides more hot water.

The Humphrey Book, beautifully illustrated, full of interesting facts about hot water. Write for your copy today.

Humphrey Company
717 N. Rose St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Branches in all large cities.





Dear Mother:

If I could come, feeling that my children would not be a burden to you, I would gladly do so, because the house is too heavy a burden for me. It is impossible to meet the notes on the home and provide a comfortable living for the children.

As I see the little sum of money, that George left, growing smaller each day, the uncertainty of the future has assumed a serious aspect. The shock of George's sudden death was enough without this unexpected worry of things which are all new to me. Devotedly,

Charlotte.

Travelers Insurance Co.,
Hartford, Conn.

Gentlemen:

Please accept my thanks for your kind remittances which you have sent me each month, following the sudden death of my husband. It is hardly necessary for me to tell you how much this monthly income has saved me from worry and possible privation.

My husband's untimely death left me the care of two children and I shudder as I think what might have become of us without his forethought and your promptness. Very truly yours,

(Mrs. J. B. F.) Sarah B. F——

WHICH OF THESE LETTERS WOULD YOUR WIFE WRITE?

AS the father, upon your forethought and labor rest the welfare, decent living and happiness of your wife and children. In case of your death, our Guaranteed Low Cost Monthly Income Policy means a monthly income for your family not a princely fortune, but enough to "make both ends meet."

Our interesting booklet tells all about it; write for one today.



The Travelers Insurance Company

HARTFORD, CONN.

Please send me particulars regarding Guaranteed Low Cost Monthly Income Policy.

Name_____ Business Address_____

Date of Birth_____ City_____ State_____

Cosmopolitan

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

Expansion, Progress, Efficiency

That is the meaning of the consolidation, on March 1st, of the sales organizations in America of the three leading and standard makes of typewriters, the

Remington
Smith Premier
Monarch

This one greater unit under a single executive control is the

Remington Typewriter Company

the Greatest Typewriter Organization in the World.

This consolidation affords our customers an unrivaled variety of product—three distinct makes of typewriters, each of a different type and each the best of its kind. Our regular typewriters, billing typewriters, wide carriage typewriters, adding and subtracting typewriters, etc., cover every conceivable requirement of the typewriter user.

It insures to every present owner or future purchaser of Remington, Monarch, or Smith Premier Typewriters the best, the most complete, the most far reaching, the most efficient service ever provided to users of the writing machine.

Remington Typewriter Company

(Incorporated)

New York and Everywhere

WHO SAID ALL THIS ABOUT

"THE WOOD ETERNAL" **CYPRESS?** "THE WOOD ETERNAL"

(Here's a part of the good things they said:)

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(Here's who said it—) a reprint from:

U. S. GOVT. REP., Bulletin 95, June 30, 1911, pp. 44-46.



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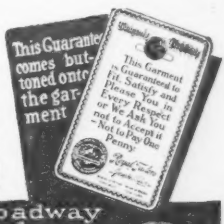
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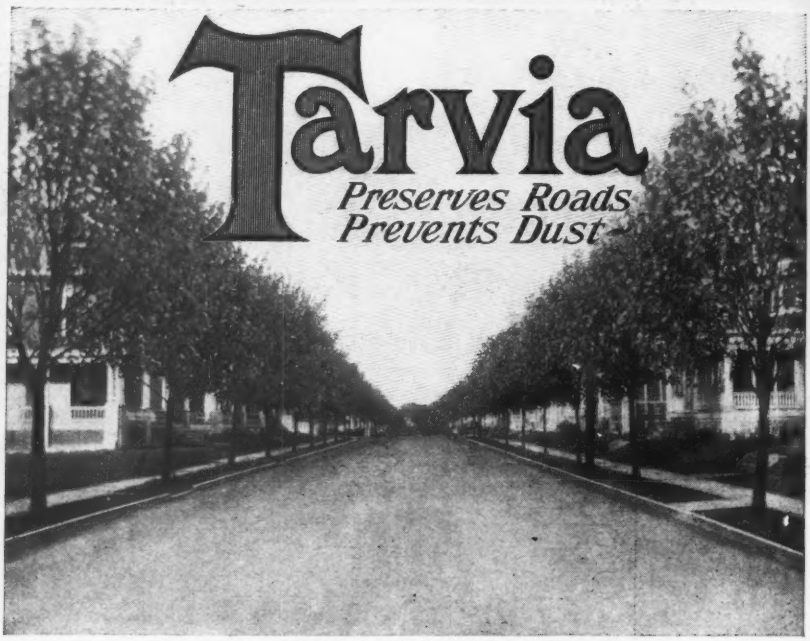
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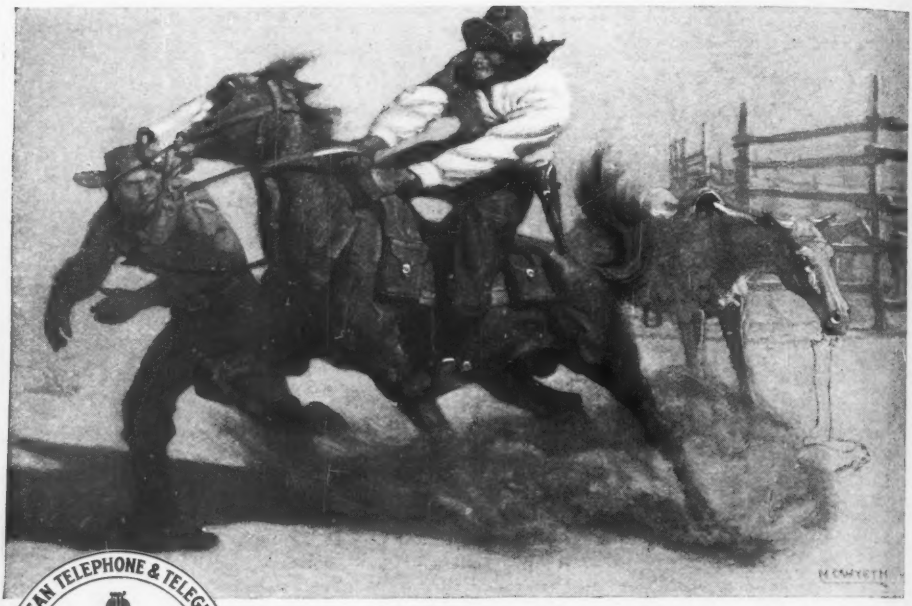
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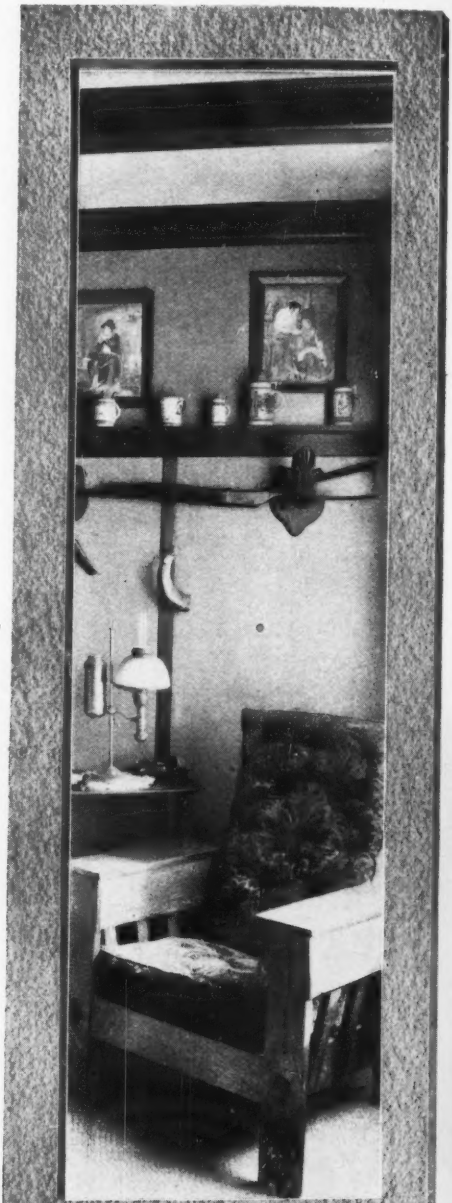
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We have no quarrel with the manufacturer who offers *steamed* beans—or the grocer who sells them—or anyone who wants to buy them.

But the Government insists that there shall be no misrepresentation on the can. Only beans that *are* baked can be labeled "baked." Steamed beans cannot be labeled "baked." To be sure of the kind you are getting, *read the label on the can.*

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Heinz Baked Beans
(Oven-Baked)

There are four kinds of Heinz Beans:

Heinz Baked Beans With Pork and Tomato Sauce

Heinz Plain Pork and Beans (Without Tomato Sauce)

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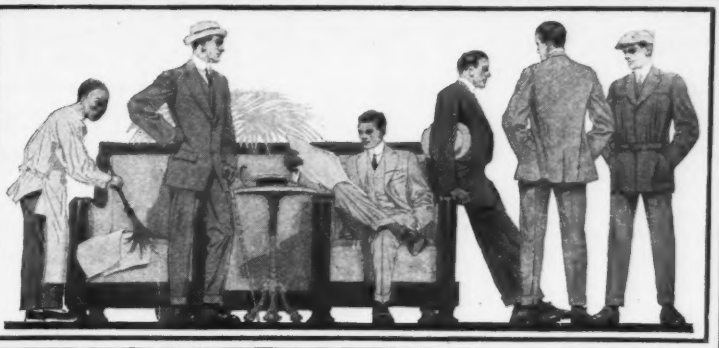
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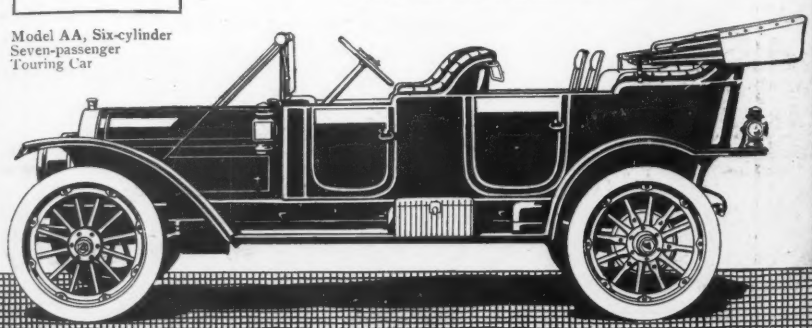
Some of these differences are:

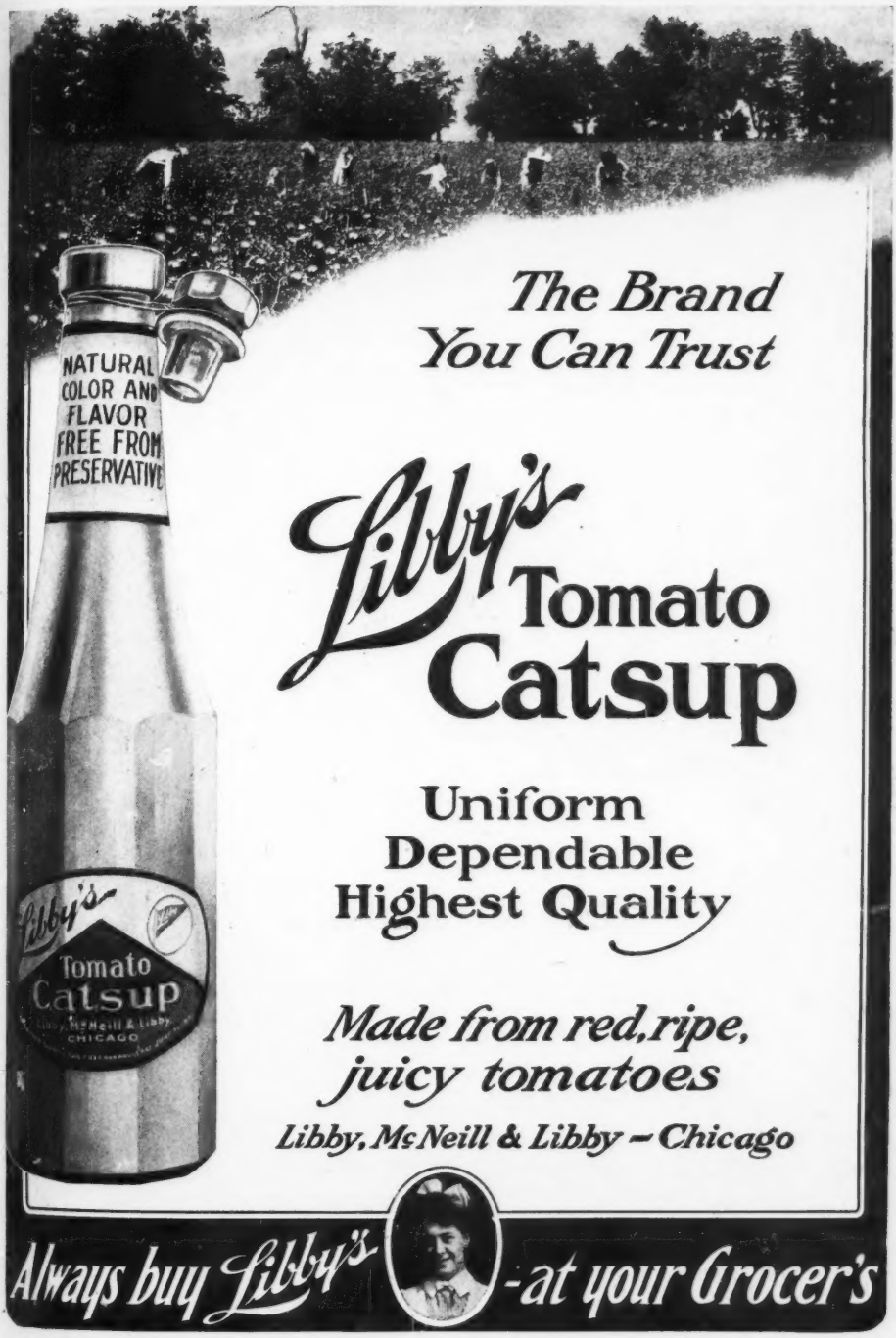
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